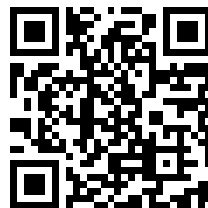

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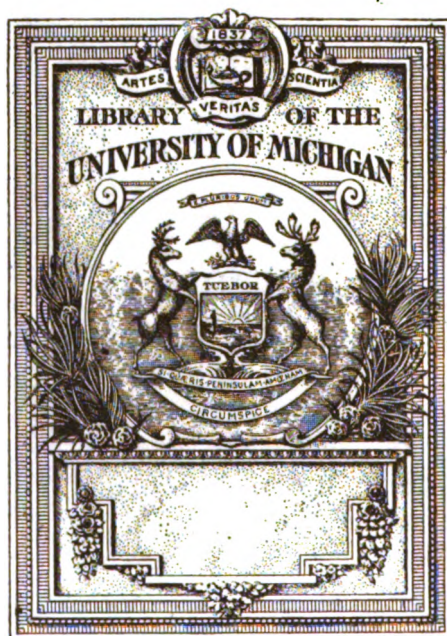




St. Nicholas

Mary Mapes Dodge

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"FLY! THE ENEMY COMES!"

[A BOY'S SERVICE.]

ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS,

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

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A BOY'S SERVICE.

BY ELIZABETH UNDERHILL.

"SPEED boldly, Jean; the safety of God's elect depends on thy fleetness and courage," said a French peasant woman, as, standing at the door of a hut perched over a gorge in the Cevennes mountains, she bade farewell to her young son. He, mounted on a small white pony, looked fearlessly out of his bright blue eyes, and, tossing back his abundant tresses of fair hair, bent to kiss the mother's hand; then descending a steep, winding path, over which his intelligent animal picked a slow, sure footing, the young rider disappeared in the dark aisles of a pine forest.

Jean Cavalier was ten years old; his cradle had been rocked to the howl of mountain storms; he was accustomed to scale heights with fearless agility, being sure-footed on paths that only the mountain-born could safely tread, and he now dauntlessly faced a hazardous ride and the peril of imprisonment to save the lives of five hundred Christian men and women. It was nearly noon; all the huts, sheep-cotes, and cottages in the lower adjoining valleys were deserted by their inhabitants, who had started at dawn for the secluded mountain of Bourges, there to seek consolation and strength in the worship of God.

This was the period of that so-called "religious" war in France, which lasted twenty years, and in which the king, Louis XIV., employed sixty thousand soldiers to exterminate three thousand Protestants, because they persisted in worshipping their Maker in their own fashion. Through the upper valleys, for some weeks previous to the time of this story, there had been found, in rock cavities and hollow trees, bits of wood carved with the words, "Manna in the desert," and with certain symbolic marks whereby all the faithful knew that the great pastor, Brousson, emerging from his secret cavern

dwelling, would meet and minister to his persecuted flock in the afternoon of the first day of the year 1703, at the Bourges Mountain. Notwithstanding all precaution, news of the intended convocation had reached the town of Hais, and Captain Daiguirrier, with six hundred men, was coming up from the plain, eager to surprise and butcher the innocent congregation,—a kind of achievement not unfrequent in those tragic years.

Just before noon to-day, Jean, when climbing the rock back of his father's hut in search of a missing goat, spied the red bonnets of the cavalcade, traversing a defile far below; he knew well their terrible purpose, and, hurrying down, said to his mother:

"I have seen the king's troops going up; there is none to give warning but me."

Twenty minutes later, Jean was riding alone through the dim forest, intently conning the network of paths so familiar to him, and trying to choose one by which he could elude and outstrip the assassins. Issuing, at length, from the woods, he paused, hesitating between two routes,—one smoother, though longer,—by which, trusting to his nimble pony, he might speedily arrive, unless overtaken by the troops; the other led through ravines and over rocks into the very heart of the mountains, and was a hazardous path, even for a skillful climber. If he took the latter, he must abandon his horse and trust his own speed and agility. Finally deciding on the smoother road, he was turning toward it when he heard the sound of a conch-shell, and, on the instant, a flash of scarlet streamed around a spur of the forest. Quick-witted Jean rode at once to meet the advancing soldiers.

"Whither go you?" asked the captain.

"To the upper hills to seek my father," replied Jean.

"This is not a safe country for youngsters like you to travel in alone," said the officer.

"I have confidence in God. Those who do no ill need fear none," returned the child, calmly.

"You shall come with me," continued the captain, suspiciously; "so fine a boy must not grow up a rebel. I shall dedicate you to the service of the king and the church."

Jean made no answer, riding on with his captors, apparently in submissive composure; but the vigilant little fellow, quick in expedients, contrived to fall back gradually, till, when the dismounted troops, painfully climbing, were half-way up a steep ascent, Jean was among the hindmost. A brook wound round the base of the hill, and Jean knew that near the stream was one of those caverns, common in a country of volcanic formation, the entrance to which was concealed by thick, clustering bushes. Seizing an opportune moment, the active boy turned his pony, dashed down into the brook, leaped from his steed, and ran into the cavern. Some minutes elapsed before the more clumsy soldiers could descend; when they reached the stream, the pony was scrambling homeward over the rocks, and no trace of his rider was visible. Little Jean tremblingly crouched in his covert during their brief, vain search; but soon, eager for a larger prey, the pursuers returned to join the rest of the band.

When the last echoes had died away, and only the brook's gurgle was audible in the stillness, Jean ventured from his retreat, aware that the distance had been increased, and the time for rescue lessened by his capture: but his childhood's steadfast faith never dreamed of failure; prayer and act were one, as lightly leaping from bowlder to bowlder, by intricate windings about pinnacle and crest,—here following the bed of a mountain stream, there swinging himself by gnarled roots over deep chasms,—the intrepid boy hastened breathlessly on.

Not far away, some hundreds of resolute men and women were assembled on a rocky platform amid

the desolate hills. Muskets stood near, ready for a sudden call to arms. Around the worshipers was a chestnut forest, through whose enormous trunks and leafless boughs the wind moaned in melancholy cadence, accompanying their psalmody and supplication. On a flat, smooth stone, at the base of a precipitous rock, stood the minister, who, while little Jean sped toward them, was thus addressing the congregation:

"What fear you? Did not God nourish his people in the wilderness? Did he not send the ravens to feed his prophet, and will he not again work miracles? Has not his Holy Spirit comforted his afflicted children? He consoles—he strengthens us. Will he not, in time of need, cause his angel to go before us?"

Concluding thus, the preacher advanced to a natural stone slab, serving as a sacramental altar, and the assembly, in reverential stillness, to which peril added a solemn awe, came forward two by two, bareheaded. A cry startled them.

"Fly! the enemy comes!" rang in shrill, childish treble from above the kneeling multitude, and looking up they saw, on the rocky summit before the pastor, a little figure, whose white goat-skin coat and locks of gold gleamed in the mellow sunset, as the rocks and caverns re-echoed his vibrating cry,

"Fly! the enemy comes!"

The startled throng, gazing up, knew not the son of their neighbor and friend, Roland Cavalier. The solemnity of the place, and the danger always near their worship, had infused their exalted minds with a sense of the immediate presence of the supernatural, and the simple-hearted peasants thought the child, Jean, a veritable messenger of heaven.

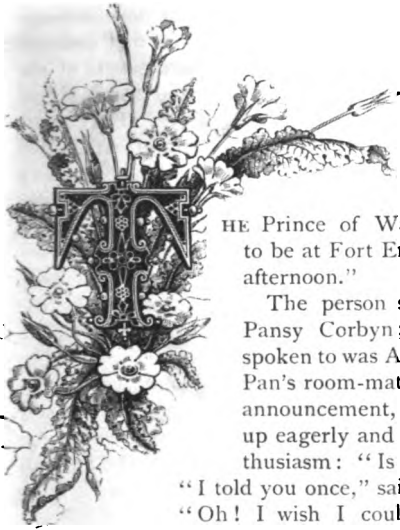
They quickly dispersed through pass and defile, and when the troops arrived, the early stars shone down on the deserted rocks and lonely forest.

Jean joined a party of fugitives, and lived to be a valiant and famous defender of the Protestant faith. While the commander cursed him as a treacherous little rascal, most of the congregation always maintained that God sent an angel to save them.



WHO TOLD ?

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.



THE Prince of Wales is going to be at Fort Erie to-morrow afternoon."

The person speaking was Pansy Corbyn; the person spoken to was Abby Gilfillan. Pan's room-mate. At Pan's announcement, she looked up eagerly and said with enthusiasm: "Is he?"

"I told you once," said Pan.

"Oh! I wish I could see him!" exclaimed Abby, without heeding Pan's fun. "Is he coming over here?"

"No, he is n't coming. Is n't it mean?"

"I think it's strange he is n't. He might find something in Buffalo worth seeing; but I can't understand what he wants to stop at Fort Erie for, unless it is to see the spot where his folks were whipped. Did n't we whip the British there?"

Pan colored as she owned that she did n't know, and declared that she never could remember history.

"Well," said Abby, "it's interesting to be studying ancient Greece when we are ignorant of historical ground which we can see from the seats where we recite. Oh! I wonder if the Prince could see a flag if we should fly one from our window. Oh! dear! dear! I do want to see him. I do wish we could, Pan."

"Well, why can't we?"

"Why can't we?" Abby repeated, "because we are such gumps as to be at boarding-school."

"I'll tell you, Abby," said Pan, making her tone low and confidential, "if you'll go, I'll manage it. I'll ask permission to go to Black Rock to see Aunt Porter: mother told Mrs. 'C.'" (this was the principal's wife) "to let me go whenever she could. And when I've got permission, I'll ask her to let you go with me. But instead of going to Aunt Porter's, we'll go across the river to see the Prince."

"I'm afraid we'll be found out. There'll be somebody there who knows us."

"Nobody in Buffalo knows us except the school-girls and teachers. We'll protect ourselves with veils and parasols. At any rate, I am willing to run some risk for the sake of seeing the Prince."

"So am I," said Abby stoutly. "I'm just crazy to see him. I know he must be perfectly lovely. Oh! I wonder if he'll be dressed in royal purple

and ermine, and scarlet and gold. Do you think he'll have plumes in his cap? I wonder if we'll see the crown jewels! Oh! I guess he'll have on a crown."

The next afternoon, Pan set out with Abby ostensibly for her Aunt Porter's. In reality, after buying some bouquets for the prince, they took a street car for the ferry. Hiding behind their parasols and with veils drawn down, they joined the crowd there waiting for the boat. They skulked around large men and behind women's spreading hoops, straining their eyes back of the barège veils to assure themselves that there were no familiar faces about them. The ferry-boat was crowded with people eager for a sight of royalty; but as far as the runaways could determine, all were strangers to them.

"Abby, my sweet duck, I believe we are safe," Pan said in a low tone, as they stood at one end of the boat, watching the bright Niagara.

"Yes," said Abby, venturing to push her veil to one side, "and we're having such a nice time. Think of those poor, cooped-up girls we've left behind us. I wish we had brought Angelica along."

"I don't wish so," said Pan. "A secret is n't safe with three."

"That is very true," said a voice beside them.

How it startled those guilty girls! They involuntarily snatched at their veils, and just as involuntarily whirled their faces toward the speaker.

"Perhaps you remember," continued the voice, "Gilbert Stuart's illustration of this."

The girls stared at the man with the voice, who was standing near them—a smallish, red-haired, but not unhandsome person. He continued:

"'I know a secret,' said Stuart, 'that's one,' and he chalked down the figure 1; 'my friend knows it,' he chalked another 1 beside the first; 'I tell it to you,' and he wrote a third figure 1 beside the other two; 'now, how many know my secret? 111,—one hundred and eleven, instead of three.'"

I believe you never saw two girls more uneasy than were Pan and Abby during this narration. Pan squeezed and pinched Abby's hand, and Abby squeezed and pinched back. Each understood this to mean that they must get away from this red-haired impertinence just as soon as possible. So before the anecdote was fairly told, they were moving away from the speaker.

They did not see him again till the boat had reached the Canada side. In getting ashore, they found themselves beside him. He volunteered some information about the order of reception exercises, but the frightened girls fell back in the human stream without a word to him.

"Impudent thing!" said Pan. "If he speaks to me again, I shall scream murder till I bring the Prince to my rescue."

But the truants soon forgot themselves in the interest of the vivid scene. There were flags and festoons, bowers and wreathed arches, flower-wrought words of welcome and loyalty.

The girls, thrilling with an undefinable kind of devotion toward they knew not what, ran forward with the eager crowd, eager as the most devoted of the Queen's subjects, toward the point where loyal shouts of welcome and blasts from brazen throats, and the booming of cannon, told the arrival of the heir-apparent to the most powerful of earth's kingdoms. They could hardly refrain from cheering as they came in sight of the staging and canopy where the Prince was to be presented to his people. And when they saw the beaming young man himself, bowing to the enthusiastic multitude, they were half wild with enthusiasm.

"Is n't he lovely?" cried Abby, stretching up her head to be rid of a towering, obstructing bonnet in front of her.

"Perfectly splendid," answered Pan, also stretching her neck up, and from side to side, dodging a bushy, uncovered head.

"I never saw anything so sweet," said Abby.

"Or so grand," said Pan. "He's perfectly sublime." Then she added petulantly, "I wish Canadians were n't so big; I have n't seen an inch of the Prince, except the top of his head."

"I have n't either," said Abby. "I wish I could be a giant for an hour."

"Then you'd be found out."

"Here's an empty carriage; let's climb into it," said Abby.

"Oh! let's!" said Pan. "Then we can have a splendid view."

It was a handsome, open carriage, and they climbed in, wondering that it had not been appropriated by some one else as an observatory. In their excitement their veils were thrown aside, and their parasols tilted back over their shoulders. Scarcely were they seated when Abby gave Pan a startling nudge, uttering a low, alarmful exclamation.

"There are Mrs. C. and all the girls!" she said.

They got on their veils in frantic haste, and threw up their parasols as screens. Then they tried to abandon themselves to enjoy the remainder of the performance. What they did do was to

fidget and worry, and to peep under their parasols in the direction of Mrs. C.'s party, and to issue bulletins to each other as to the maneuvers of the same. But at length they noticed some signal movements in the Prince's party. They were stretching up, straining their eyes and ears, when the coachman of the appropriated carriage, turning to them, said,

"You'll have to get out now; the Prince wants his carriage."

Think of it: those girls who wanted to keep themselves hid, had perched themselves in the Prince's carriage,—in the most conspicuous position but one on the grounds!

They got very quickly to their feet, with exclamations of surprise, confusion and apology. Abby jumped out at the right, Pan came out with a flying leap at the left, landing almost in the arms of the red-haired young man who had told them about Gilbert Stuart.

"I wonder the coachman allowed us to sit there," Abby said, as they went on, trying to lose themselves in the crowd.

Pan explained that it was ex-President Fillmore's carriage, taken over from Buffalo for the occasion. "The coachman, I suppose, is used to republican impudence."

They hastened toward the river, anxious to get the first boat, and arguing that it would take some time for Mrs. C. to collect her girls and get them into marching line, and so she would miss the first boat.

"Only think," said Abby, "if we had n't run away, we should have come along like honest folks with Mrs. C. and 'the girls.' instead of skulking along this way."

"I wish we had n't tried to cheat," Pan said, as they crowded into the little cabin. Once established there, they would be unable to get out, so great was the jam. They were securely packed to one side of the cabin, and had raised their veils for a taste of fresh air, when the keen-eyed Abby whispered cautiously:

"Don't turn your head; draw down your veil; steady! They are all on board, over to your left hand. Face around this way. We must keep our backs to them. Mrs. C. is looking straight at you."

There they were forced to stand in that herring-pack, heated to the verge of suffocation beneath their thick veils, afraid to turn their heads, afraid to have their voices heard, afraid to make any kind of movement, lest some peculiarity of manner might betray them. Then, shortly after the start, some of "the girls" by some slight re-arrangement of the crowd, were brought nearer the truants, actually touching. To nudge each other, to press

each other's toes, were the only interchanges of sympathy that Abby and Pan dared to make, even when Rach. Keeler said to Angelica,

"I should think those two girls would smother under those thick veils. Wonder why they wear them."

This remark aroused people's attention, and everybody in the neighborhood began to stir around and twist about, as well as the close pack would allow, and to stare at the veiled figures, and to ask who they were and what the matter was, and

the Prince. All regretted that Pansy and Abby had missed the treat.

"Don't you wish you had put off your visit to your aunt till to-morrow?" one of the girls asked.

"Yes," said Pan, growing very red. Then she asked for a cup of tea to divert attention from herself.

"How is your Aunt Porter?" Mrs. C. asked.

"Tolerably well," said Pan, faintly, her face fairly blazing. "What if aunt should be dying this minute!" she thought.



THE GIRLS DECIDE TO LEAVE THE CARRIAGE.

why they wore veils, etc., etc. Oh! how the faces under those brown veils did burn! Then, after another while, Rach. Keeler set her foot on Pan's skirt, for this school-girl wore her walking dress longer at that time than when she was five years older. For the rest of the ride, on the boat, she was pinned to the floor.

By avoiding the car which Mrs. C. took, our truants, without further adventure, reached the academy in time for tea. At the table, the one subject of comment was the trip to Fort Erie, and

"Did n't she go to see the Prince?" Mrs. C. asked.

Pan wished she could go through the floor. What should she say? She gazed at her plate with the desperate decision of pretending that she had not heard the question.

"Yes," Alice Hyde said, "Mrs. Porter went to see the Prince. I saw her there."

Pan jumped to take advantage of this light. She looked up, in a sprightly way, at Mrs. C. and said:

"Did you ask if Aunt Porter went to see the Prince? Oh, yes, she went."

"She was in Mrs. Judge Watt's carriage," continued Alice.

"Why, no," interposed Rach. Keeler. "That was n't Mrs. Porter with Mrs. Watt; that was Mrs. Kinne. She looks like Mrs. Porter; but it was n't Mrs. Porter; was it, Pan?"

The entrapped, bewildered girl could think of nothing to do or to say, but to turn her hot face and guilty eyes to her neighbor, and pretend ignorance of the appeal, and talk, talk, in a voluble, rattling, irrelevant way.

At the first pause, the neighbor asked in a tone to be heard by half the table. "Why did n't you go with your aunt to see the Prince?"

The distressed, hunted Pan lost all self-control, and snapped out an order to be let alone.

"I fear you are not well," said Mrs. C., surprised.

"My head aches," stammered Pan.

Pansy's troubles were not dismissed with the dismissal of the table. She was plied with questions and questions until, half-frantic with her vain efforts to evade them, she had involved and compromised herself, and had got half the girls in the house "mad at her."

At last, she rushed up to her room, locked the door, and fell on the bed sobbing.

"Oh! Abby, Abby, Abby!" she cried, "this is horrible. I've told fifty lies about this mean, mean scrape, and I'll have to tell fifty more before I hear the last of it."

"Yes," said Abby, with much sympathy, but in deep despondency.

"I would n't go through with what I've suffered in the last six hours to see all the kings and queens on the face of the earth in a row. The Prince was n't anything wonderful to see, anyhow. He looked like the young men we see on the street here every day."

"He is n't half as good looking as lots of them," said Abby, with a toss of her head; resentful, but tearful.

"No, he is n't," Pansy said, sitting up on the side of the bed, her eyes and nose very red. "He's homely; he looks soft; I would n't give a pin to see such a flat-looking fellow. I can't bear him. I wish he had n't come to Fort Erie; wish he had n't come to America; wish he had never set foot on the western hemisphere. What did he want to come traipsing across the Atlantic ocean for? Why did n't he stay at home and mind his own business instead of coming to that contemptible Fort Erie, and getting us into this horrible tangle? I'll never forgive him."

That wretched, wretched night which Pan and Abby tossed and groaned and dreamed through, they will never forget in this world. Should they confess or not? This was talked over, and cried over, and sobbed over, and prayed over, let us

hope. And it was yet undecided when, the next morning, they were dressing and waiting for the prayer-bell. They felt so restless, that before this rang, they went down-stairs.

In the room where the morning worship was to be held, they found Mr. C., the principal, reading the morning paper, and Mrs. C. giving some last touches to the arrangement of the room before sounding the prayer-bell. Mrs. C., a large-hearted, motherly woman, kissed Pansy, asking how the headache was, while Mr. C. put out his hand to Abby.

With a great, yearning throb toward her own dear mother, working for her off in a Pennsylvania village, saving for her, praying for her, Pan put her head on Mrs. C.'s shoulder, and told the story: while Abby, wishing she had a shoulder to hide her tears on, was explaining the situation to Mr. C. When the story had been fairly told, Mrs. C. said:

"I know, my dear girls, that you will feel doubly thankful for having made this confession, when I tell you that Mr. C. and I knew of this matter before you entered the room this morning. We read of it in the morning paper."

"In the paper?" cried Pansy, while Abby sat with wonder-opened eyes.

"Yes," said Mr. C., turning to the paper and reading from the report of the Prince's reception at Fort Erie:

"Two of the young ladies from the Buffalo Academy, members of Mr. C.'s family of boarders, climbed into an unoccupied carriage for a better view of the proceedings. They were very much surprised and embarrassed to learn, at the close of the ceremonies, that they had inadvertently placed themselves in a very conspicuous position, as the carriage was the reception coach used for the Prince of Wales."

Mr. C. finished the reading with his hand on the bell which was to call the family to worship. While it was ringing, Pan went over and took a chair by Abby.

"Oh! Abby," she said in a low tone, "what if we had n't confessed!"

"What if we had n't," replied Abby.

"It was that red-haired man who told. I know it was. He's a reporter on the *Courier*, I remember, now, seeing him one day, at a window in the *Courier* office. Any way, I think it was mean in him to tell, he might have known by the way we acted that we were runaways. He ought to have had a little mercy on us."

"If he had n't told, it would have been found out some other way," said Abby. "Things always are found out."

WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



How will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?—

Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower and star-flower and golden-rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hill-side nooks are empty and cold?—

Then the forest-tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,
And crumbled to dust?—

O then, as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown:"—
We will dream of green leaves, when the woods turn brown.

TOWED BY RAIL.

BY J. S. BUNNELL.

CLEAR the track! I want to tell the ST. NICHOLAS readers of a decided novelty I came across the other day, in that young giant of a city, San Francisco. Turning a corner, I saw high on the steep hill—for many of these San Francisco streets *are* steep hills—two car-loads of gay people, gliding rapidly forward without sign or trace of either locomotive, dummy-engine, or horse. Onward and upward went the little train, stopping itself now and then, and starting again, apparently with the greatest ease. No smoke was to be seen, no steam hissed and puffed, no clank of machinery was heard. No confusion of any kind. The motive power, like some of the greatest forces in nature, was hidden. What was it that pulled this pair of city cars along so easily? You shall hear.

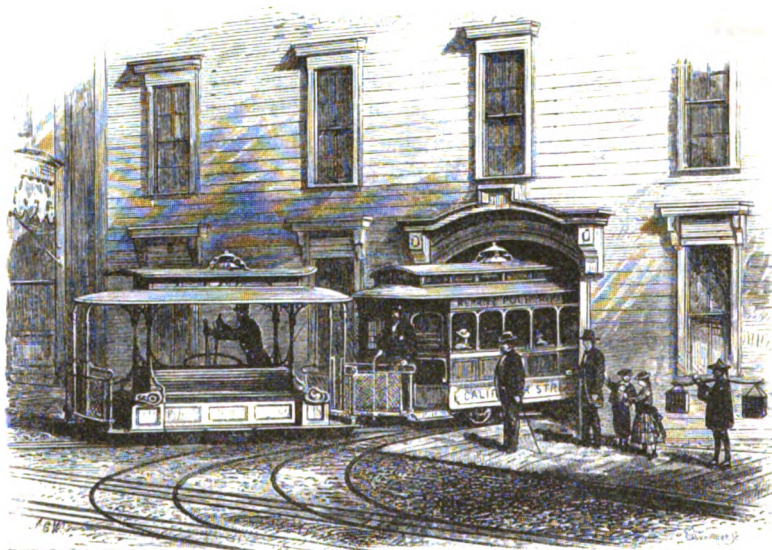
In the middle of the track, running its entire length, we find a continuous opening or slit, about as wide as a man's finger, into which fits a flat iron bar, projecting from the under side of the leading car; while below this opening, and down under the track, continually runs a thick wire cable or rope, in a space about large enough for a small boy to crawl in. The slit in the middle of the track is clearly seen in the picture on page 9, which gives a view of a portion of the road lying between two hills. Our artist was standing upon one hill, looking toward the summit of the other: the road descending to the valley. The long cable is made to run easily on small pulleys—say, ten feet apart—by a powerful steam-engine located about midway on the route; and this cable always is running down one track,

and up the other, into the engine-house, over and around ponderous iron wheels, which keep it in motion.

Whenever a car is to be started, the driver has simply to move a large lever, in the middle of it, shaped like a railroad switch, and the lower end of

down town, and in three minutes and a half be carried to the top of a high hill, many blocks away,—a hill three hundred feet above the water, half as high again as a tall church spire.

It is the wonder of everybody. The country people gaze, astonished, at the mysterious-looking



"STARTING OUT."

this lever, beneath the slit in the track, grapples the running-cable, like a vise or jaw, and away move levers, cars, driver, passengers and all.

You can see the driver in these pictures standing at his post. No one is allowed to speak to him, for he must be constantly on the alert, ready for action.

Just imagine, my boys and girls, a long rope extending down the street, trailing along behind a team of horses, on a winter's day; and suppose you wanted a ride on your sled, what more natural than that you should grasp tight hold of this rope, and take a tow, as the sailors say, gliding along with it at your pleasure; and when you choose to stop, you would need but to relax your hold, and your sled would be free immediately.

Now, by this time you should have exactly the idea of the wire-cable railroad, for in this case the wire-cable is the rope and the cars are the sled. Night and day, the endless cable, coated with tar, gliding like a long black snake, runs in and out of the grim engine-house on the hill, upon its long journey, while cars all along the track are continually grappling it and letting go. Think of the twelve thousand people carried over the road daily by this unseen giant power working beneath the ground!

We can start from a crowded street of the city,

car, and even the indifferent Chinamen are fairly puzzled over it. They gather in groups, with open mouths and peering eyes, trying to make out the strange proceeding. In China they would immediately suppose it to be witchcraft, as they did recently in the case of a steam railroad which some foreigners had built,—only twelve miles or so. All their troubles, ills and droughts, were attributed to it, and the people and government tore up the track. The screaming locomotive was an evil spirit.

But to return to our road. The huge engine doing all this work is driven as fast as ninety revolutions a minute by the steam furnished from two large boilers, and is rated as a two hundred and fifty horse-power engine. That you may know something of what that power is, let us imagine two hundred and fifty stout horses, in teams of two, standing in the street; we will allow ten feet for a team, which will make our line one thousand two hundred and fifty feet long. Get your slate and see if it would not. That is very near one quarter of a mile in length, and you can judge how far down your street the line would reach. If these horses should all start pulling at a given signal, think of the power they would exert!

Something would snap, would n't it?

Well, you may imagine three times as many horses, for a so-called two hundred and fifty horse-power engine can do the work of about seven hundred and fifty horses in the course of eighteen working hours. It is a great satisfaction, when riding in the car, to know that poor animals are not pulling and panting and straining heart and lungs to carry us up over the high hills. On one of the hilly railroads of this city many horses used to die of heart disease, so great was the strain upon the willing animals. Now a few tons of coal, and man's ingenuity, do all the work, and thoroughly well they do it.

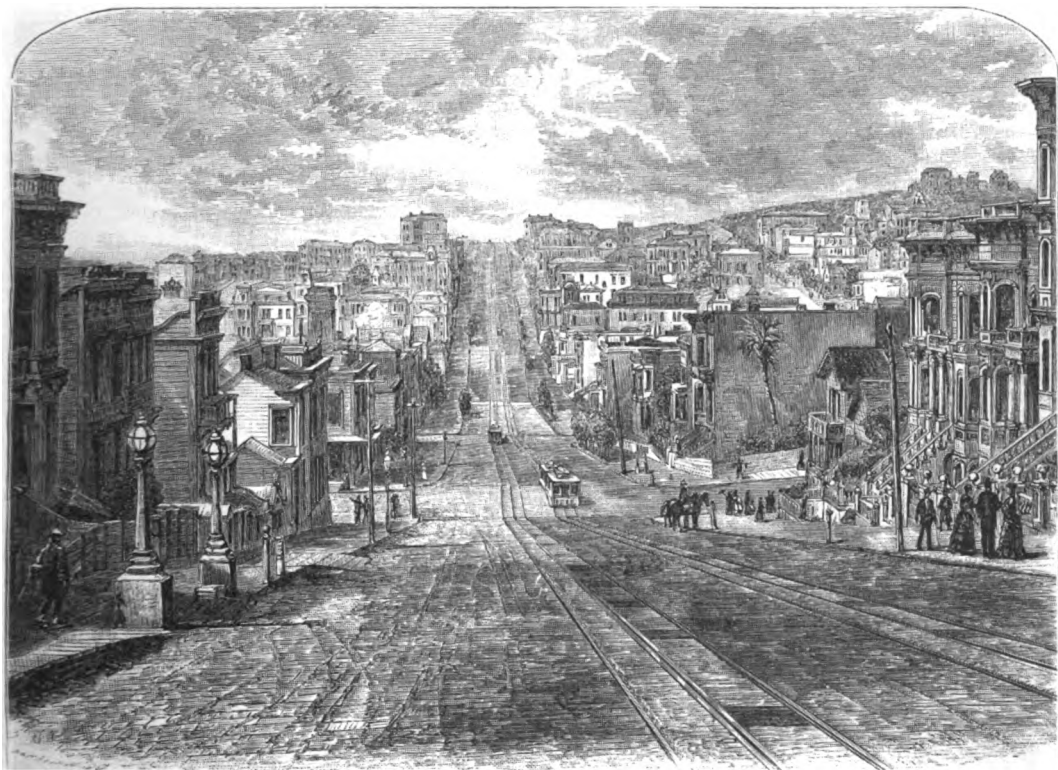
The huge wheels at the engine-house, already alluded to, are eight feet in diameter, and there are about thirty of them in all, rolling, rumbling, with a grinding din, suggesting the grim

for the strain on it of many cars with their loads coming up the hill is immense.

All this complicated machinery is located in a dark, gloomy-looking pit, twenty-five feet deep, under the street, arched over beneath the pavement with brick. Here is located an arrangement for keeping the cable taut at all times. It is a car heavily loaded with five tons of iron, and placed upon a steep, sloping track; a horizontal wheel lies upon this car, and around this wheel the wire cable runs,—thus acting as a heavy pulley, taking up the slack rope. The diagram on page 10 illustrates this.

At each end of the road there is one of these pits with just such a steadying car in it, as well as two in the central pit; for the engine-house is not far from midway of the road.

The length of the entire line is over a mile and a half, running east and west on California street,



CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

prison-house of some mighty spirit, bound, and faithfully serving little man. As the cable comes running swiftly in, it twists, turns, and circles around eight of these wheels, and before going out, takes as many more turns about another set of wheels. This is to prevent the cable from slipping;

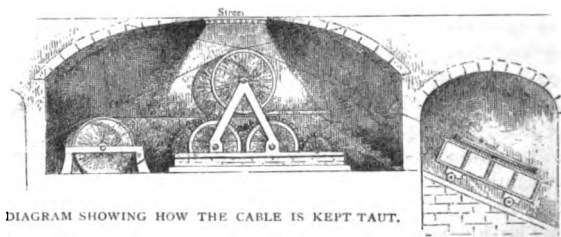
called by the street boys "Nob Hill," because it has so many elegant residences and gardens.

This is not the only beautiful street in San Francisco. In nearly all of the new parts of the city, elegant residences abound—spacious mansions and tasteful street cottages, all with projecting bay-

windows and flowery entrances. The business streets, too, with their fine shops and stately warehouses, give an air of enterprise and activity that fully accounts for the net-work of city railroads stretching in every direction. Even the most wretched part of the city, the Chinese quarter, has its railroad—one of the old style, however, and not in the least suggestive of the airy, mysterious cars which we have been considering.

Now let us hear about the cable. It is one inch and a quarter in diameter, say, the size of a baby's wrist, composed of small steel wires, about the size of grandmother's steel knitting-needle, all twisted into strands and these into one large rope. That makes a very strong tow-line, does n't it? But tough as this is, it has stretched fully sixteen feet by the weight of the cars, and has had to be shortened and re-spliced by skillful men, just as sailors

estimated to last six months, then it must be replaced by a new one. This is a very knowing cable. If any wire strand should break, it would, by a very ingenious device, which I shall not attempt to explain, telegraph its own disorder to



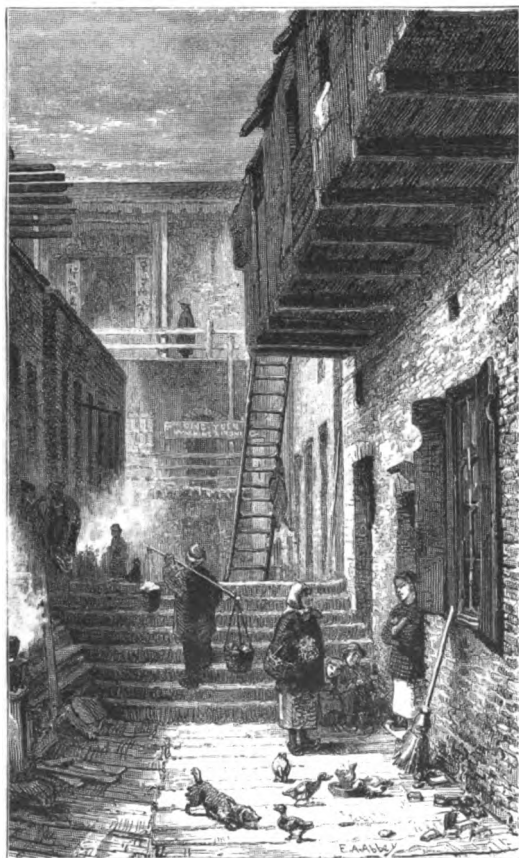
head-quarters, and there ring an alarm-bell, which would insure its immediate repair.

Every two days the cable must be freshly coated with tar, to prevent its being too much worn by the grasping and biting of the iron jaws, as the car-driver takes hold or lets go.

Wire cables are very generally used nowadays in many ways. Elevators are run by them, vessels are partly rigged with them; they are used for machinery in place of belting, for tow-lines and by tug-boats; and for many purposes they are both cheaper and better than hemp rope.

Money was lavishly spent in laying the road-bed. The projectors, being wealthy men, members of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, took pride in building something that would prove a model road, and they succeeded. First, a trench was dug, three feet and a half deep and the same in width, then large pieces of railroad iron, bent in the shape of a V were inserted in it, about ten feet apart, upon the top of which were riveted and bolted the rails,—the small T rail, such as is in common use by all the steam roads. These, bear in mind, were all riveted together, arranged, and leveled, and supported by temporary timbers, in exactly the places that they afterward were to occupy. Then the whole trench was filled to the top (excepting the space left for the cable to run in) with concrete and cement. This, hardening, the entire mile and a half of road became one long, continued block of stone, over three feet in diameter, lying in its earthy bed as solid as the "eternal hills," holding in its stony grasp the ties, braces and rails. Such a road, they claim, can never spread, never sag nor sink, and scarcely ever will need repairs, save as the rails wear out, and are replaced. So much for doing a thing thoroughly and well at once, though the first cost be great—in this instance, nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

The cars are models of beauty and comfort. A blue cadet-cap is worn by the employes, and



AN ALLEY IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

splice a rope; all the separate strands loosened and deftly tucked away again, so that the strain will be shared equally by all. A cable like this is

though no talking is allowed with the driver, a smiling conductor makes up for this loss by standing ready to answer questions at the rate, I should say from a brief observation, of about ten thousand a day, more or less.

One feature of the sitting accommodations is that of a low rail, about an inch high, dividing each seat from the next, just high enough to make it uncomfortable to sit upon; gently hinting to those inclined to crowd their fellows that a seat was intended for one only. The cars are built so low that the feet of passengers are but twelve inches

maiden mounts the low step and comfortably seats herself; then, at the bell-signal from the conductor, the sturdy driver grasps his lever, clamps down his iron brace grappling the cable, and again we are off, with far less jar and jerk than we receive in a horse-car. Over the hills we go, through a fine broad street, views all about, of shining bay, busy city, and flower-clad mountain, past beautiful private residences kept with a neatness and care peculiar to the front yards of the San Franciscans. Callas bloom luxuriantly among palm-trees, and showy flowers in the gardens regale the eye the



CARS IN FULL MOTION. (FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.)

above the street they are traveling, thus giving that charm one experiences when sailing in a low skiff, close to the water, but which is lost on the high deck of a steamboat. The illustration given on this page is made from an instantaneous photograph of the so-called dummy and passenger cars, coming down the grade at full speed. The dummy is a light, picturesque, open car, arranged with outside seats, and is generally preferred by passengers to the close car.

As we ride along, a daintily gloved finger hails the driver, from the sidewalk, and our car comes instantly and quietly to a stand-still, while the gentle

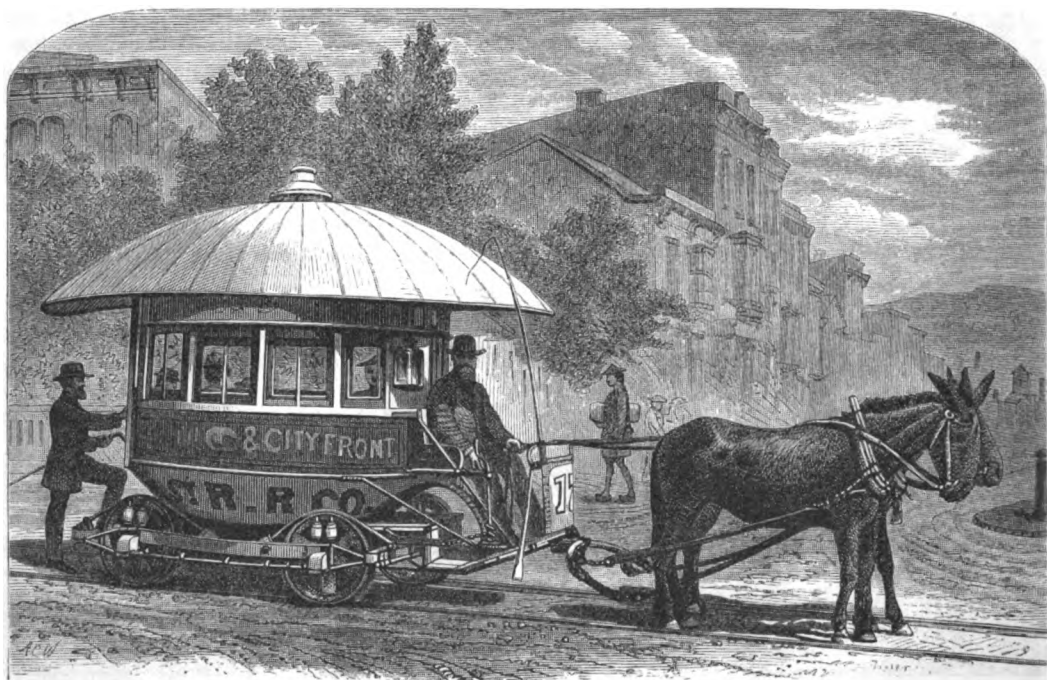
year round; and in the summer season the traveler fills his lungs with an air, the purest possible, coming fresh and bracing from the sparkling ocean, laden with the perfume of acres of blue and yellow wild Lupin.

This style of railroad is becoming very popular in San Francisco, where there are already three such lines in successful operation; and others are projected.

Among the oddities here in the car line, is the "balloon car," a picture of which is given with driver and mule attachment. These little "band-boxes on wheels" are intended for turning quickly on

their trucks, at the end of a route, without changing the position of the wheels, the driver keeping his seat. A bolt is withdrawn, enabling the mules to pull the upper part of the car entirely around, in

readiness for a return trip; the waiting passengers jump in, and off it starts, a fat, lumbering little thing, in jerky contrast to its elegant rivals so delightfully towed by rail.



"BALLOON-CAR."

A TALE OF TWO BUCKETS.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

TWO buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,
And after sundry wise remarks,—no doubt about the weather,—
"Look here," quoth one, "this life we lead I don't exactly like;
Upon my word, I 'm half inclined to venture on a strike;
For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,
We go down empty,—always shall, for aught that I can tell."

"That 's true," the other said; "but then—the way it looks to me—
However empty we go down, we come up full, you see."
Wise little bucket! If we each would look at life that way.
Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings, day by day.
The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide
Only the buckets *full* to count, and let the empty slide.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

This story is told by Will Gordon, a young fellow about sixteen years old, who saw for himself everything worth seeing in the course of the events he relates, and so knows much more about them than any one who would have to depend upon hearsay. Will is a good-looking boy, with brown hair and gray eyes, rather large for his age, and very fond of being a leader among his young companions. Whether or not he is good at that sort of thing, you can judge from the story he tells.

CHAPTER I.

WE MAKE A START.

I WAS sitting on the deck of a Savannah steamship, which was lying at a dock in the East River, New York. I was waiting for young Rectus, and had already waited some time; which surprised me, because Rectus was, as a general thing, a very prompt fellow, who seldom kept people waiting. But it was, probably, impossible for him to regulate his own movements this time, for his father and mother were coming with him, to see him off.

I had no one there to see me off, but I did not care for that. I was sixteen years old, and felt quite like a man; whereas Rectus was only fourteen, and could n't possibly feel like a man—unless his looks very much belied his feelings. My father and mother and sister lived in a small town, some thirty miles from New York, and that was a very good reason for their not coming to the city just to see me sail away in a steamship. They took a good leave of me, though, before I left home.

I shall never forget how I first became acquainted with Rectus. About a couple of years before, he was a new boy in the academy at Willisville. One Saturday a lot of us went down to the river to swim. Our favorite place was near an old wharf, which ran out into deep water, and a fellow could take a good dive there, when the tide was high. There were some of the smaller boys along that day, but they did n't dive any, and if they even swam, it was in shallow water near the shore by the side of the wharf. But I think most of them spent their time wading about.

I was a good swimmer, and could dive very well. I was learning to swim under water, but had not done very much in that line at the time I speak of. We were nearly ready to come out, when I took a dive from a post on the end of the wharf, and then turned, under water, to swim in shore. I intended to try to keep under until I got into water shallow enough for me to touch bottom, and walk ashore. After half a dozen strokes I felt for the bottom and

my feet touched it. Then I raised my head, but I did n't raise it out of the water. It struck something hard.

In an instant I knew what had happened. There was a big mud-scow lying by the side of the wharf, and I had got under that! It was a great flat thing, ever so long and very wide. I knew I must get from under it as quickly as I could. Indeed I could hardly hold my breath, now. I waded along with my head bent down, but I did n't reach the side of it. Then I turned the other way, but my hands, which I held up, still touched nothing but the hard, slimy bottom of the scow. I must have been wading up and down the length of the thing. I was bewildered. I could n't think which way to turn. I could only think of one thing. I would be drowned in less than a minute. Scott would be head of the class. My mother, and little Helen—but I can't tell what my thoughts were then. They were dreadful. But just as I was thinking of Helen and mother, I saw through the water some white things, not far from me. I knew by their looks that they were a boy's legs.

I staggered toward them and in a moment my hands went out of water, just at the side of the scow. I stood up and my head with half my body came up into the air.

What a breath I drew! But I felt so weak and shaky that I had to take hold of the side of the scow and stand there for a while before I waded ashore. The boy who was standing by me was Rectus. He did not have that name, then, and I did n't know him.

"It must be pretty hard to stay under water so long," he said.

"Hard!" I answered, as soon as I could get my breath, "I should think so. Why, I came near being drowned!"

"Is that so?" said he, "I did n't know that. I saw you go down, and have been watching for you to come up. But I did n't expect you to come from under the scow."

How glad I was that he had been standing there watching for me to come up! If he had not been

there, or if his legs had been green or the color of water, I believe I should have drowned.

I always liked the boy after that, though of course, there was no particular reason for it. He was a boarder. His parents lived in New York. Samuel Colbert was his real name, and the title of Rectus he obtained at school by being so good. He scarcely ever did anything wrong, which was rather surprising to the rest of us, because he was not sickly or anything of that kind. After a while, we got into the way of calling him Rectus, and as he did n't seem to mind it, the name stuck to him. The boys generally liked him, and he got on quite well in the school,—in every way except in his studies. He was not a smart boy, and did not pretend to be.

I went right through the academy, from the lowest to the highest class, and when I left, the professor, as we called our principal, said that I was ready to go to college, and urged me very much to do so. But I was not in any hurry, and my parents agreed with me that after four years of school-life, I had better wait a while before beginning a new course. All this disturbed the professor very much, but he insisted on my keeping up my studies, so as not to get rusty, and he came up to our house very often, for the purpose of seeing what I was doing in the study-line, and how I was doing it.

I thought over things a good deal for myself, and a few months after I left the academy I made up my mind to travel a little. I talked about it at home, and it was generally thought to be a good idea, although my sister was in favor of it only in case I took her with me. Otherwise she opposed it. But there were a great many reasons why I could not take her. She was only eleven.

I had some money of my own, which I thought I would rather spend in travel than in any other way, and as it was not a large sum, and as my father could not afford to add anything to it, my journey could not be very extensive. Indeed, I only contemplated going to Florida and perhaps a few other southern states, and then—if it could be done—a visit to some of the West India islands, and as it was winter-time, that would be a very good trip. My father did not seem to be afraid to trust me to go alone. He and the professor talked it over, and they thought that I would take good enough care of myself. The professor would have much preferred to see me go to college, but as I was not to do that, he thought traveling much better for me than staying at home, although I made no promise about taking my books along. But it was pretty well settled that I was to go to college in the fall, and this consoled him a little.

The person who first suggested this traveling plan was our old physician, Dr. Mathews. I don't

know exactly what he said about it, but I knew he thought I had been studying too hard, and needed to "let up" for a while. And I'm sure, too, that he was quite positive that I would have no let up, as long as I staid in the same town with the professor.

Nearly a year before this time, Rectus had left the academy. He had never reached the higher classes,—in fact, he did n't seem to get on well at all. He studied well enough, but he did n't take hold of things properly, and I believe he really did not care to go through the school. But he was such a quiet fellow that we could not make much out of him. His father was very rich, and we all thought that Rectus was taken away to be brought up as a partner in the firm. But we really knew nothing about it; for, as I found out afterward, Rectus spent all his time, after he left school, in studying music.

Soon after my trip was all agreed upon and settled, father had to go to New York, and there he saw Mr. Colbert, and of course told him of my plans. That afternoon, old Colbert came to my father's hotel, and proposed to him that I should take his son with me. He had always heard, he said, that I was a sensible fellow, and fit to be trusted, and he would be very glad to have his boy travel with me. And he furthermore said that if I had the care of Samuel—for of course *he* did n't call his son Rectus—he would pay me a salary. He had evidently read about young English fellows traveling on the Continent with their tutors, and I suppose he wanted me to be his son's tutor, or something like it.

When father told me what Mr. Colbert had proposed, I agreed instantly. I liked Rectus, and the salary would help immensely. I wrote to New York that very night, accepting the proposition.

When my friends in the town, and those at the school, heard that Rectus and I were going off together they thought it an uncommonly good joke, and they crowded up to our house to see me about it.

"Two such good young men as you and Rectus traveling together ought to have a beneficial influence upon whole communities," said Harry Alden; and Scott remarked that if there should be a bad storm at sea, he would advise us two to throw everybody else overboard to the whales, for the other people would be sure to be the wicked ones. I am happy to say that I got a twist on Scott's ear that made him howl, and then mother came in and invited them all to come and take supper with me, the Tuesday before I started. We invited Rectus to come up from the city, but he did not make his appearance. However, we got on first-rate without him, and had a splendid time. There was never a

woman who knew just how to make boys have a good time, like my mother.

I had been a long while on the steamer waiting for Rectus. She was to sail at three o'clock, and it was then after two. The day was clear and fine, but so much sitting and standing about had made me cold, so that I was very glad to see a carriage drive up with Rectus and his father and mother. I went down to them. I was anxious to see Rectus, for it had been nearly a year since we had met. He seemed about the same as he used to be, and had certainly not grown much. He just shook hands with me and said, "How d' ye do, Gordon." Mr. and Mrs. Colbert seemed ever so much more pleased to see me, and when we went on the upper deck, the old gentleman took me into the captain's

"Where do you keep your money?" he asked me, and I told him that the greater part of it—all but some pocket-money—was stowed away in an inside pocket of my vest.

"Very good," said he, "that's better than a pocket-book or belt; but you must pin it in. Now here is Sammy's money—for his traveling expenses and his other necessities; I have calculated that that will be enough for a four months' trip, and you won't want to stay longer than that. But if this runs out, you can write to me. If you were going to Europe now, I'd get you a letter of credit, but for your sort of traveling, you'd better have the money with you. I did think of giving you a draft on Savannah, but you'd have to draw the money there—and you might as well have it here. You're



UNDER THE SCOW.

room, the door of which stood open. The captain was not there, but I don't believe Mr. Colbert would have cared if he had been. All he seemed to want was to find a place where we could get away from the people on deck. When he had partly closed the door he said:

"Have you got your ticket?"

"Oh yes!" I answered, "I bought that ten days ago. I wrote for it."

"That's right," said he, "and here is Sammy's ticket. I was glad to see that you had spoken about the other berth in your state-room being reserved for Sammy."

I thought he need n't have asked me if I had my ticket when he knew that I had bought it. But perhaps he thought I had lost it by this time. He was a very particular little man.

big enough to know how to take care of it." And with this he handed me a lot of bank-notes.

"And now, what about your salary? Would you like to have it now, or wait until you come back?"

This question made my heart jump, for I had thought a great deal about how I was to draw that salary. So, quick enough, I said that I'd like to have it now.

"I expected so," said he, "and here's the amount for four months. I brought a receipt. You can sign it with a lead-pencil. That will do. Now put all this money in your inside pockets. Some in your vest, and some in your under-coat. Don't bundle it up too much, and be sure and pin it in. Pin it from the inside, right through the money, if you can. Put your clothes under your

pillow at night. Good-bye! I expect they'll be sounding the gong, directly, for us to get ashore."

And so he hurried out. I followed him, very much surprised. He had spoken only of money, and had said nothing about his son,—what he wished me to do for him, what plans of travel or instruction he had decided upon, or anything, indeed, about the duties for which I was to be paid. I had expected that he would come down early to the steamer and have a long talk about these matters. There was no time to ask him any questions, now, for he was with his wife, trying to get her to hurry ashore. He was dreadfully afraid that they

satisfy her, for she wiped her eyes in a very comfortable sort of a way.

Mr. Colbert got his wife ashore as soon as he could, and Rectus and I stood on the upper deck and watched them get into the carriage and drive away. Rectus did not look as happy as I thought a fellow ought to look when starting out on such a jolly trip as we expected this to be.

I proposed that we should go and look at our state-room, which was number twenty-two, and so we went below. The state-room had n't much state about it. It was very small, with two shelves for us to sleep on. I let Rectus choose his shelf, and



"SHE SEIZED ME BY BOTH HANDS."

would stay on board too long, and be carried to sea.

Mrs. Colbert, however, did not leave me in any doubt as to what she wanted me to do. She rushed up to me, and seized me by both hands.

"Now you will take the greatest and the best care of my boy, won't you? You'll cherish him as the apple of your eye? You'll keep him out of every kind of danger? Now *do* take good care of him,—especially in storms."

I tried to assure Rectus's mother—she was a wide, good-humored lady—that I would do as much of all this as I could, and what I said seemed to

he took the lower one. This suited me very well, for I'd much rather climb over a boy than have one climb over me.

There was n't anything else in the room to divide, and we were just about to come out and call the thing settled, when I heard a shout at the door. I turned around, and there stood Harry Alden, and Scott, and Tom Myers and his brother George!

I tell you, I was glad to see them. In spite of all my reasoning that it made no difference about anybody coming to see me off, it *did* make a good deal of difference. It was a lonely sort of business starting off in that way—especially after seeing

Rectus's father and mother come down to the boat with him.

"We did n't think of this until this morning," cried Scott. "And then we voted it was too mean to let you go off without anybody to see you safely on board——"

"Oh yes!" said I.

"And so our class appointed a committee," Scott went on, "to come down and attend to you, and we're the committee. It ought to have been fellows that had gone through the school, but there were none of them there."

"Irish!" said Harry.

"So we came," said Scott. "We raised all the spare cash there was in the class, and there was only enough to send four of us. We drew lots. If it had n't been you, I don't believe the professor would have let us off. Any way, we missed the noon train, and were afraid, all the way here, that we'd be too late. Do you two fellows have to sleep in those 'cubby-holes?'"

"Certainly," said I, "they're big enough."

"Don't believe it," said Harry Alden, "they're too short."

"That's so," said Scott, who was rather tall for his age. "Let's try 'em."

This was agreed to on the spot, and all four of the boys took off their boots, and got into the berths, while Rectus and I sat down on the little bench at the side of the room and laughed at them. Tom Myers and his brother George both climbed into the top berth at once, and as they found it was a pretty tight squeeze, they both tried to get out at once, and down they came on Scott, who was just turning out of the lower berth,—which was too long for him, in spite of all his talk,—and then there was a much bigger tussle, all around, than any six boys could make with comfort, in a little room like that.

I hustled Tom Myers and his brother George out into the dining-room, and the other fellows followed.

"Is this where you eat?" asked Scott, looking up and down at the long tables, with the swinging shelves above them.

"No, this is n't where they eat," said Harry; "this is where they come to look at victuals, and get sick at the sight of them."

"Sick!" said I, "not much of it."

But the committee laughed, and did n't seem to agree with me.

"You'll be sick ten minutes after the boat starts," said Scott.

"We wont get into sea-sick water until we're out of the lower bay," I said. "And this is n't a boat, it's a ship. You fellows know lots!"

Tom Myers and his brother George were trying

to find out why the tumblers and glasses were all stuck into holes in the shelves over the tables, when Harry Alden sung out:

"What's that swishing?"

"That what?" said I.

"There it goes again!" Harry cried, "Splashing!"

"It's the wheels!" exclaimed Rectus.

"That's so!" cried Scott. "The old thing's off! Rush up! Here! The hind-stairs! Quick!" And upstairs to the deck we all went, one on top of another. The wheels were going around, and the steamer was off!

Already she was quite a distance from the wharf. I suppose the tide carried her out, as soon as the lines were cast off, for I'm sure the wheels had not been in motion half a minute before we heard them. But all that made no difference. We were off.

I never saw four such blank faces as the committee wore, when they saw the wide space of water between them and the wharf.

"Stop her!" cried Scott to me, as if I could do anything, and then he made a dive toward a party of men on the deck.

"They're passengers!" I cried, "We must find the captain."

"No, no!" said Harry. "Go for the steersman. Tell him to steer back! We must n't be carried off!"

Tom Myers and his brother George had already started for the pilot-house, when Rectus shouted to them that he'd run down to the engineer and tell him to stop the engine. So they stopped, and Rectus was just going below when Scott called to him to hold up.

"You need n't be scared!" he said. (He had been just as much scared as anybody.) "That man over there says it will be all right. We can go back with the pilot. People often do that. It will be all the more fun. Don't bother the engineer. There's nothing I'd like better than a trip back with a pilot!"

"That's so!" said Harry. "I never thought of the pilot."

"But are you sure he'll take you back," asked Rectus, while Tom Myers and his brother George looked very pale and anxious.

"Take us? Of course he will," said Scott. "That's one of the things a pilot's for,—to take back passengers,—I mean people who are only going part way. Do you suppose the captain will want to take us all the way to Savannah for nothing?"

Rectus did n't suppose that, and neither did any of the rest of us, but I thought we ought to look up the captain and tell him.

"But you see," said Scott, "it's just possible he *might* put back."

"Well, don't you want to go back?" I asked.

"Yes, of course, but I would like a sail back in a pilot-boat," said Scott, and Harry Alden agreed with him. Tom Myers and his brother George wanted to go back, right away.

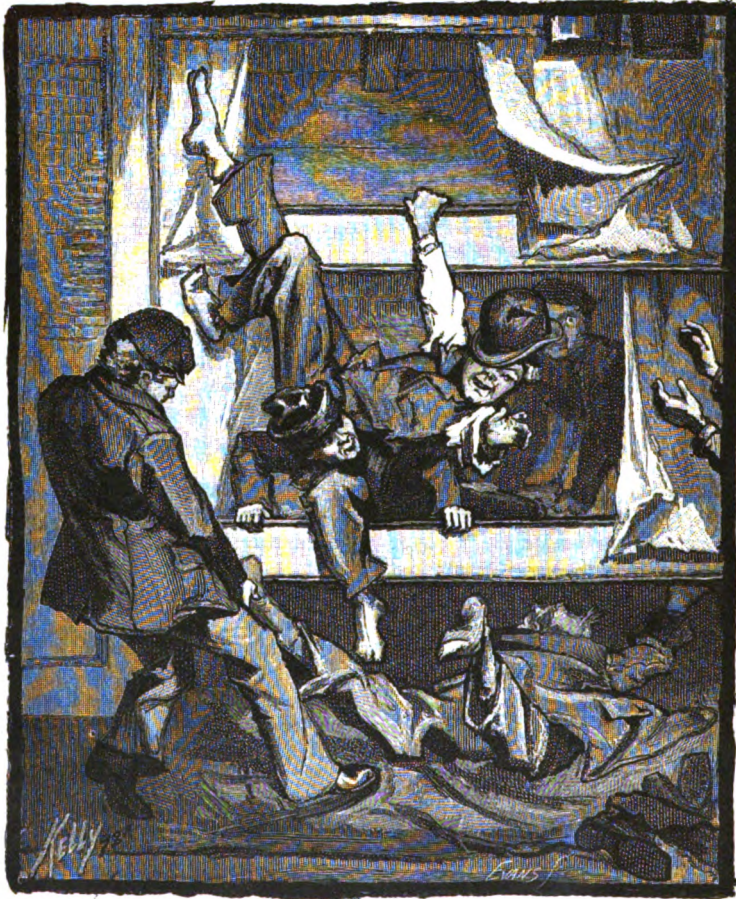
We talked the matter over a good deal. I did n't wish to appear as if I wanted to get rid of the fellows who had been kind enough to come all the way from Willisville to see me off, but I could n't

boats puffing about, and the vessels at anchor, and the ferry-boats, and a whole bay-full of sights curious to us country boys, that we all enjoyed ourselves very much—except Tom Myers and his brother George. They did n't look happy.

CHAPTER II.

GOING BACK WITH THE PILOT.

WE were pretty near the Narrows when I thought it was about time to let the captain, or one of the



THE RACKET IN THE STATE-ROOM.

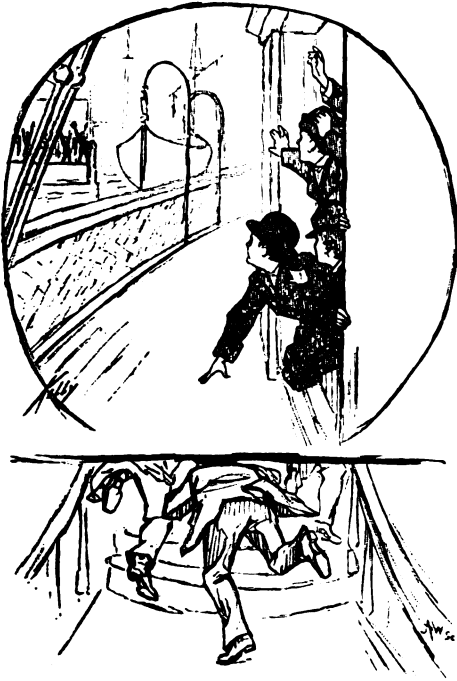
help thinking that it did n't look exactly fair and straightforward not to say that these boys were not passengers until the pilot was ready to go back. I determined to go and see about the matter, but I would wait a little while.

It was cool on deck, especially now that the vessel was moving along, but we all buttoned up our coats and walked up and down. The sun shone brightly and the scene was so busy and lively with the tug-

officers, know that there were some people on board who did n't intend to take the whole trip. I had read in the newspapers that committees and friends who went part way with distinguished people generally left them in the lower bay.

But I was saved the trouble of looking for an officer, for one of them, the purser, came along, collecting tickets. I did n't give him a chance to ask Scott or any of the other fellows for something

that they did n't have, but went right up to him and told him how the matter stood.



THE VESSEL IS OFF.

"I must see the captain about this," he said, and off he went.

"He did n't look very friendly," said Scott, and I had to admit that he did n't.

In a few moments the captain came walking rapidly up to us. He was a tall man, dressed in blue, with side-whiskers, and an oil-cloth cap. The purser came up behind him.

"What's all this?" said the captain. "Are you not passengers, you boys?" He did not look very friendly, either, as he asked this question.

"Two of us are," I said, "but four of us were carried off accidentally."

"Accident fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the captain. "Did n't you know the vessel was starting? Had n't you time to get off? Did n't you hear the gong? Everybody else heard it. Are you all deaf?"

This was a good deal to answer at once, so I just said that I did n't remember hearing any gong. Tom Myers and his brother George, however, spoke up, and said that they heard a gong, they thought, but did not know what it was for.

"Why did n't you ask, then?" said the captain, who was getting worse in his humor. I had a good

mind to tell him that it would take up a good deal of the crew's time if Tom Myers and his brother George asked about everything they did n't understand on board this ship, but I thought I had better not. I have no doubt the gong sounded when we were having our row in the state-room, and were not likely to pay attention to it even if we did hear it.

"And why in the name of common sense," the captain went on, "did n't you come and report, the instant you found the vessel had started? Did you think we were fast to the pier all this time?"

Then Scott thought he might as well come out square with the truth; and he told how they made up their minds after they found that the steamer had really started, with them on board, not to make any fuss about it, nor give anybody any trouble to stop the ship, or to put back, but just to stay quietly on board, and go back with the pilot. They thought that would be most convenient, all around.

"Go back with the pilot!" the captain cried. "Why, you young idiot, there *is* no pilot! Coast-wise steamers don't carry pilots. I am my own pilot. There is no pilot going back!"

You ought to have seen Scott's face!



SCOTT AND THE CAPTAIN.

Nobody said anything. We all just stood and looked at the captain. Tears began to come into the eyes of Tom Myers and his brother George.

"What are they to do?" asked the purser of the captain. "Buy tickets for Savannah?"

"We can't do that," said Scott, quickly. "We have n't any money."

"I don't know what they're to do," replied the captain. "I'd like to chuck 'em overboard." And with this agreeable little speech he walked away.

The purser now took the two tickets for Rectus and myself, and saying: "We'll see what's to be done with the rest of you fellows," he walked away too.

Then we all looked at one another. We were a pretty pale lot, and I believe that Rectus and I who were all right, felt almost as badly as the four other boys, who were all wrong.

"We *can't* go to Savannah!" said Harry Alden. "What right have they to take us to Savannah!"

"Well, then, you'd better get out and go home," said Scott. "I don't so much mind their taking us to Savannah, for they can't make us pay if we have n't any money. But how are we going to get back? That's the question. And what'll the professor think? He'll write home that we've run away. And what'll we do in Savannah without any money?"

"You'd better have thought of some of these things before you got us into waiting to go back with the pilot," said Harry.

As for Tom Myers and his brother George, they just sat down and put their arms on the railing, and clapped their faces down on their arms. They cried all over their coat-sleeves, but kept as quiet as they could about it. Whenever these two boys had to cry before any of the rest of the school-fellows, they had learned to keep very quiet about it.

While the rest of us were talking away, and Scott and Harry finding fault with each other, the captain came back. He looked in a little better humor.

"The only thing that can be done with you boys," he said, "is to put you on some tug or small craft that's going back to New York. If we meet one, I'll lie to and let you off. But it will put me to a great deal of trouble, and we may meet with nothing that will take you aboard. You have acted very badly. If you had come right to me, or to any of the officers, the moment you found we had started, I could have easily put you on shore. There are lots of small boats about the piers that would have come out after you, or I might even have put back. But I can do nothing now but look out for some craft bound for New York that will take you aboard. If we don't meet one, you'll have to go on to Savannah."

This made us feel a little better. We were now in the lower bay, and there would certainly be some

sort of a vessel that would stop for the boys. We all went to the forward deck and looked out. It was pretty cold there, and we soon began to shiver in the wind, but still we stuck it out.

There were a good many vessels, but most of them were big ones. We could hardly have the impudence to ask a great three-masted ship, under full sail, to stop and give us a lift to New York. At any rate, we had nothing to do with the asking. The captain would attend to that. But every time we came near a vessel going the other way, we looked about to see if we could see anything of an officer with a trumpet, standing all ready to sing out, "Sail ho!"

But, after a while, we felt so cold that we could n't stand it any longer, and we went below. We might have gone and stood by the smoke-stack and warmed ourselves, but we did n't know enough about ships to think of this.

We had n't been standing around the stove in the dining-room more than ten minutes, before the purser came hurrying toward us.

"Come now," he said, "tumble forward. The captain's hailed a pilot-boat."

"Hurrah!" said Scott, "we're going back in a pilot-boat, after all!" and we all ran after the purser to the lower forward deck. Our engines had stopped, and not far from us was a rough-looking little schooner with a big "17" painted in black on her mainsail. She was "putting about," the purser said, and her sails were flapping in the wind.

There was a great change in the countenances of Tom Myers and his brother George. They looked like a couple of new boys.

"Is n't this capital?" said Scott. "Everything's turned out all right."

But all of a sudden he changed his tune.

"Look here!" said he to me, pulling me on one side, "wont that pilot want to be paid something? He wont stop his vessel and take us back, for nothing, will he?"

I could n't say anything about this, but I asked the purser, who still stood by us:

"I don't suppose he'll make any regular charge," said he; "but he'll expect you to give him something,—whatever you please."

"But we have n't anything," said Scott to me. "We have our return tickets to Willisville, and that's about all."

"Perhaps we can't go back, after all," said Harry, glumly, while Tom Myers and his brother George began to drop their lower jaws again.

I did not believe that the pilot-boat people would ask to see the boys' money before they took them on board; but I could n't help feeling that it would be pretty hard for them to go ashore at the



GETTING INTO THE PILOT'S DORY.

city and give nothing for their passages but promises, and so I called Rectus on one side, and proposed to lend the fellows some money. He agreed, and I unpinned a bank-note and gave it to Scott. He was mightily tickled to get it, and vowed he'd send it back to me in the first letter he wrote—(and he did it, too).

The pilot-schooner did not come very near us, but she lowered a boat with two men in it, and they rowed up to the steamer. Some of our sailors let down a pair of stairs, and one of the men in the boat came up to see what was wanted. The purser was telling him, when the captain, who was standing on the upper deck, by the pilot-house, sung out :

"Hurry up there, now, and don't keep this vessel here any longer. Get 'em out as quick as you can, Mr. Brown."

The boys did n't stop to have this kind invitation repeated, and Scott scuffled down the stairs into the boat as fast as he could, followed closely by Harry Alden. Tom Myers and his brother George stopped long enough to bid each of us good-bye, and shake hands with us, and then they went down the stairs. They had to climb over the railing to the platform in front of the wheel-house to get to the stairs, and as the steamer rolled a little, and the stairs shook, they went down very slowly, backward, and when they got to the bottom were afraid to step into the boat, which looked pretty unsteady as it wobbled about under them.

"Come there ! be lively !" shouted the captain.

Just then, Rectus made a step forward. He had been looking very anxiously at the boys as they got into the boat, but he had n't said anything.

"Where are you going?" said I; for, as quick as a flash, the thought came into my mind that Rectus's heart had failed him and that he would like to back out.

"I think I'll go back with the boys," he said, making another step toward the top of the stairs, down which the man from the pilot-boat was hurrying.

"Just you try it!" said I, and I put out my arm in front of him.

He did n't try it, and I'm glad he did n't, for I should have been sorry enough to have had the boys go back and say that when they last saw Rectus and I we were having a big fight on the deck of the steamer.

The vessel now started off, and Rectus and I

went to the upper deck and stood and watched the little boat, as it slowly approached the schooner. We were rapidly leaving them, but we saw the boys climb on board, and one of them—it must have been Scott—waved his handkerchief to us. I waved mine in return, but Rectus kept his in his pocket. I don't think he felt in a wavy mood.

While we were standing, looking at the distant pilot-boat, I began to consider a few matters; and the principal thing was this: How were Rectus and I to stand toward each other? Should we travel like a couple of school-friends, or should I make him understand that he was under my charge and control, and must behave himself accordingly. I had no idea what he thought of the matter, and by the way he addressed me when we met, I supposed that it was possible that he looked upon me very much as he used to when we went to school together. If he had said Mr. Gordon, it would have been more appropriate, I thought, and would have encouraged me, too, in taking position as his supervisor. As far as my own feelings were concerned, I think I would have preferred to travel about on a level with Rectus, and to have a good time with him, as two old school-fellows might easily have, even if one did happen to be two years older than the other. But that would not be earning my salary. After a good deal of thought, I came to the conclusion that I would let things go on as they would, for a while, giving Rectus a good deal of rope; but the moment he began to show signs of insubordination, I would march right on him, and quell him with an iron hand. After that, all would be plain sailing, and we could have as much fun as we pleased, for Rectus would know exactly how far he could go.

There were but few passengers on deck, for it was quite cold, and it now began to grow dark, and we went below. Pretty soon the dinner-bell rang, and I was glad to hear it, for I had the appetite of a horse. There was a first-rate dinner, ever so many different kinds of dishes, all up and down the table, which had ridges running lengthwise, under the table-cloth, to keep the plates from sliding off, if a storm should come up. Before we were done dinner the shelves above the table began to swing a good deal,—or rather the vessel rolled and the shelves kept their places,—so I knew we must be pretty well out to sea, but I had not expected it would be so rough, for the day had been fine and clear. When we left the table, it was about as much as we could do to keep our feet, and in less than a quarter of an hour I began to feel dreadfully. I stuck it out as long as I could, and then I went to bed. The old ship rolled, and she pitched, and she heaved, and she butted, right and left,

against the waves, and made herself just as uncomfortable for human beings as she could, but for all that, I went to sleep after a while.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke up, there was Rectus, sitting on a little bench by the state-room wall, with his feet braced against the berth. He was hard at work sucking a lemon. I turned over and looked down at him. He did n't look a bit sick. I hated to see him eating lemons.

"Don't you feel badly, Rectus?" said I.

"Oh no!" said he, "I'm all right. You ought to suck a lemon. Have one?"

I declined his offer. The idea of eating or drinking anything was intensely disagreeable to me. I wished that Rectus would put down that lemon. He did throw it away after a while, but he immediately began to cut another one.

"Rectus," said I, "you'll make yourself sick. You'd better go to bed."

"It's just the thing to stop me from being sick," said he, and at that minute the vessel gave her stern a great toss over sideways, which sent Rectus off his seat, head foremost into the wash-stand. I was glad to see it. I would have been glad of almost anything that stopped that lemon business.

But it did n't stop it; and he only picked himself up, and sat down again, his lemon at his mouth.



RECTUS AND THE LEMONS.

"Rectus!" I cried, leaning out of my berth. "Put down that lemon and go to bed!"

He put down the lemon without a word, and went to bed. I turned over with a sense of relief. Rectus was subordinate!

(To be continued.)



TAKING DOLLY OUT FOR AN AIRING.

HANDSOME HANS.

BY MRS. MINNIE VON FUNCKE.

HANS was a beauty! A black Arabian horse—the colonel's war-horse!

He had a glossy, silky coat; and with his arched neck and magnificent form, he was indeed a pleasure to behold.

When his master bought him, Hans was young and wild, but a good military training sobered him a little, and made him feel that the world had something more serious for him to do than prancing and dancing all day long. Now this horse's master was my colonel, and that is how I know all about him, you see. Hans was very fond of sugar. One day,—down in the yard, before mounting our horses for our usual morning ride,—the manservant, letting go his bridle, Hans sprang forward to reach the sweets I held out to him, tripping me up, over my riding-dress. The colonel came quickly to help me, saying: "Hans! halt!" Instantly Hans obeyed, and there he stood, one leg held over me, the head stretched out, and upper lip raised; and though the sugar lay on my chest where it had fallen from my hand, he never moved

until I was on my feet again. You may be sure he got that piece of sugar, and more too; but he seemed to be still more pleased when his master patted him and said in caressing tones, "My brave Hans!"

Another thing Hans liked was to assist at the military parades and maneuvers. Ah! then he curved his beautiful neck, and with high and dainty step seemed to be saying to himself, "I and my master! My master and I!"

But one day the parades were no more for show; everything was in deadly, terrible earnest. The bullets whizzed around him, killing many poor horses and brave soldiers fighting for their Fatherland. Many a time my colonel has told me, with his arms around dear old Hans's neck, he thanked his heavenly Father that they were both spared after the battles. That was during the war of 1866 in Germany. At last peace returned to the land. Hans found himself with his three companions in his old quarters in Dresden, and he was happy, I think, to be at home again. Things changed for

him a little. During the winter of 1867-68 my colonel married an American girl,—me, you know,—and so, though the parades were the same, daily rides were prolonged, and daily sugar treats were instituted; also, Hans was pleased when the young wife was proud of him and his master, and looked

he was as docile and good as he was full of life and fun.

One sad, sad morning, in the summer of 1870, Bertie and his baby sister were carried from their beds to one of the windows of their home, that they might have a farewell look at papa. In



very wise when she spoke to him. A couple of years later he delighted in being led round and round the house, with young Bert for a grateful burden on his back. He even liked to have baby's chubby fingers pulling his flowing mane. Yes! Hans was a clever horse, as well as a beauty;

vain Bertie cried out, "Papachen! mamma! Hans! lieber Hans!" Papa mounted on his good, true Hans, waved his sword in farewell to the child, but rode on at the head of his regiment. Mamma walked on, too, followed by many wives, mothers and sisters, all of whom could say:

"Gott segne dich! Auf wiedersehen, so Gott will!" at the railway station—for they were going to the war—these brave soldiers.

The last view of the departing heroes that Bertie's mamma had, was as the train rolled swiftly away—that of Hans's head, stretched over the orderly's shoulders from the half-door of a closely packed horse car. The dear old fellow looked interested and wise; he was a hero in his own right, just as any man or creature is, who does his duty,—does willingly what he is told to do by those who are wiser than he is. The train moved out of sight, and Bertie's mamma walked to her home alone, and into her nursery to her little comforters!

On the morning of the first of September, 1870, at the great battle of Sedan, in France, between the French and German soldiers, a cruel chassepot ball went through the colonel's leg at the ankle, and came *out* on the other side of Hans's body. After a moment, the colonel not knowing that Hans was wounded, rode to many of his officers and gave directions for the coming hours of battle. Then he rode to an ambulance, and was lifted out of

his saddle just in time,—man and horse were falling. The colonel felt as if he had a much more painful trouble than his wound when he saw his true, good Hans tremblingly patient by his side. At this moment some of the colonel's own men marched by, and seeing consternation on their faces at the sight of their wounded leader, he cried out, swinging his cap to them,—

"Forward, boys! To-day decides; do your best!"—in that moment he felt how hard it was to be laid by, and not continue the work he *had* begun—to leave the battle-field for the sick-room.

Pale and weak from loss of blood, he fell back and waited until the busy surgeons could find time to help him. Suddenly he felt a warm breath and a gentle lick on his cheek, and Hans pressed his head against his master's; then, his strength breaking completely, the colonel threw his arms round the neck of his faithful charger, and kissing him, cried like a little child. After a while, gathering himself together, he cut off the much caressed forelock from the head of dear Hans, and sent him away to be shot,—put out of suffering,—for too well he knew that neither time nor skill could save poor, handsome Hans.

CICADA.

(*A Legend of the Locust.*)

BY C. P. CRANCH.

CICADA, with her little stove,
Was frying fritters 'neath the trees:
The sizzling noise through all the grove
Was wafted by the summer breeze.
The tempting odors that were spread
Lured all the creatures of the wood,
Who sat amid the boughs o'erhead,
Or round her in a circle stood.

Each begged a fritter of the maid,
Who frowned, and whirled her little broom.
"Cook your own dinners. Go!" she said.
"For idlers I've no food nor room."

A hungry fairy, through the wood,
Came to Cicada's kitchen door,
Disguised in a gray pilgrim's hood:
She seemed so weary and so poor.

"O dear Cicada, give to me
A little, little food, I pray,
And let me eat it 'neath this tree.
I've wandered hungry all the day."

"No, no—be off!" Cicada said,
And stormed, and knit her angry brow.

"I will not give you food or aid.
No idle beggars I allow."

"No idle tramp am I, my dear;
I spend my time in useful work,
And many a night I guard you here
While bears and wolves around you lurk.
And once I nursed your mother old
When she was very ill and weak.
So, dear Cicada, do not scold;
But grant the little boon I seek."
"Be off, I say!" the maiden screamed,
And drove her out and banged the door.
Alas! alas! she little dreamed
The punishment for her in store.

The angry fairy waved her wand
And changed her to a locust there.
And ever since, through all the land,
Her race this insect's body wear.
And in the August hot and still,
Their sizzling swells upon the breeze,
And all the locusts, as they trill,
Seem frying fritters in the trees.

THE DARK DAY.

BY ELLA A. DRINKWATER.

OF all the wonderful stories that my great-grandmother used to tell my mother when she was a little girl, the most wonderful was about the dark day in New England, Friday, May 19, 1780. This was during our Revolution, you will remember, and the same year in which the traitor, Benedict Arnold, attempted to betray his country to its enemies.

For several days before the nineteenth, the air was full of vapors, as we often see it when fires are raging in the woods near us, and the sun and moon appeared red, and their usual clear light did not reach us, especially when rising and setting. The winds blew chiefly from the south-west and north-east, and the weather was cool and clear. The morning of the nineteenth was cloudy and in many places slight showers fell, sometimes accompanied by thunder and lightning; but as the sun arose it did not increase the light, and the darkness deepened and deepened, until the children standing before the tall clocks could not see to tell the time, and older people peering over the almanac were not able to distinguish the letters. The birds sang their evening songs and flew to their nests in the woods, the poultry hurried to their roosts, while the cattle in the fields uttered strange cries and leaped the stone fences to gain their stalls, and the sheep all huddled together bleating piteously.

Nor were men and women and children less afraid; and the mysterious changes in nature that then took place have never been fully explained.

Color, which you know depends upon the light of the sun, filled many with astonishment by its unusual appearance, for the clouds were in some places of a light red, yellow and brown; the leaves on the trees and the grass in the meadows were of the deepest green, verging on indigo, the brightest silver seemed tarnished, and everything that is white in the sunlight bore a deep yellow hue.

The shadows, which before noon fall to the westward and after noon to the eastward, were observed during the darkness to fall in every direction.

The rain, also, was unlike any other rain, and it set all the people to wondering as they dipped it from tubs and barrels; for a scum formed on it resembling burnt leaves, emitting a sooty smell, and this same substance was seen on streams and rivers, especially the Merrimac, where it lay four or five inches thick, for many miles along its shore.

Another peculiarity was the vapor; in many localities it descended to the earth from high in the

atmosphere; but at one point a gentleman saw the vapors, at nine o'clock, rising from the springs and low lands; one column he particularly noticed rapidly ascending far above the highest hills, then it spread into a large white cloud and sailed off to the westward, a second cloud formed in the same way from the same springs, but did not rise as high as the first, and a third formed fifteen minutes afterward. At a quarter of ten the uppermost cloud was of a reddish hue, the second was green indigo and blue, and the third was almost white.

So unwholesome was this vapor that small birds were suffocated in it, and many of them were so frightened and stupefied that they flew into the houses, adding to the fears of ignorant people, who considered it a bad sign for a bird to enter a dwelling.

The commencement of the darkness was between ten and eleven in the forenoon (when the men were busy in the fields and offices and work-shops, the women spinning, weaving and preparing dinner, and the children at school, or helping their fathers and mothers at home), and it continued until the middle of the following night; but the degree of darkness varied; in some places the disk of the sun was seen when the darkness was the most dense.

Lights were seen burning in all the houses, and the people passing out-of-doors carried torches and lanterns, which were curiously reflected on the overhanging clouds.

Thousands of people were sure that the end of the world had come, many dropped their work and fell on their knees to pray, others confessed to their fellows the wrongs they had done and endeavored to make restitution.

The meeting-houses were crowded, and neighborhood prayer-meetings were formed, and the ministers and old church members prayed long prayers, mentioning the nations and individuals of Bible times who had been destroyed on account of their sins, and begging that as God spared the great city of Nineveh when it repented, so He would forgive them, cheer them again by the light of the sun and give victory to their armies.

Many regarded the darkness as an omen of some disaster that was about to befall the country, nor could they have had a more fitting emblem of Arnold's treachery which was disclosed only four months later.

Some persons supposed that a blazing star had passed between the sun and the earth, and many

even believed that a huge mountain had sprung up, they were not quite decided where, and obstructed the light of the sun.

It is said that the Connecticut legislature being in session, the members became terrified when they could not see each other's faces, and a motion was made to adjourn, when Mr. Davenport arose and said:

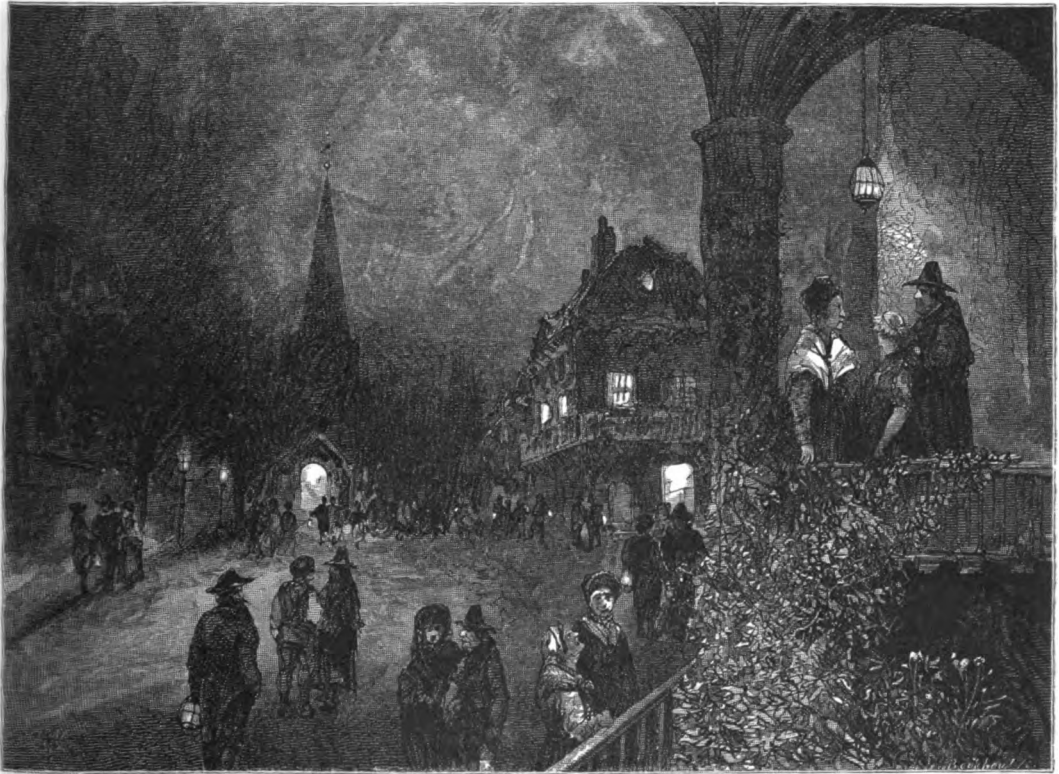
"Mr. Speaker, it is either the day of judgment or it is not. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought, and that we proceed to business."

"they saw not one another, neither rose up any from his place for three days."

Then all the weary children were sent to bed after the most honest prayers that they had ever prayed, and the older people sat up to watch for the light that never before had appeared so glorious.

And never dawned a fairer morning than the twentieth of May, for the sun that opened the flowers and mirrored itself in the dew-drops, brought the color again to the children's faces, and filled every heart with confidence.

The birds sang joyously, the cattle returned to



NOON OF THE DARK DAY, MAY 19, 1780.

All the shivering, frightened people began now to look forward to evening, hoping that as the moon rose full at nine o'clock, her light would penetrate the gloom; but all the children who coaxed to sit up and see her, grew very sleepy, their strained eyes were not rewarded by her beautiful beams, for at eight in the evening the darkness was total; one could not distinguish between the earth and the heavens, and it was impossible to see a hand before one's face.

It was the nearest approach to the Egyptian darkness that has been known since that day, when

their pastures, the places of business were opened, and every one went about his work more gentle toward man and more grateful toward God.

After the darkness was passed, several persons traveled about to gather all possible information concerning this memorable day, and Dr. Tenny wrote an account of what he learned while on a journey from the east to Pennsylvania. He says the deepest darkness was in Essex County, Massachusetts, the lower part of New Hampshire, and the eastern portion of Maine (where my great-grandmother lived). In Rhode Island and Connecticut it

was not so great; in New Jersey peculiar clouds were observed, but the darkness was not uncommon, and in the lower parts of Pennsylvania nothing unusual was observed.

It extended as far north as the American settlements and westward to Albany, but its exact limits could not be ascertained.

In Boston the darkness continued fourteen or fifteen hours, varying in duration at other places.

As it was impossible to attribute the darkness to an eclipse, the wise people formed many theories respecting it; being convinced that it was due to immense fires in the woods, winds blowing in opposite directions, and to the condition of the vapors; but Herschel says: "The dark day in northern America was one of those wonderful phenomena of nature which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain."



THE YOUNG HUNTER. (SEE "LETTER-BOX.")

"THE MOST THOROUGHLY EDUCATED YOUNG LADY IN MISS NEAL'S SCHOOL."

(A "Thanksgiving" Story.)

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"MAMMA, I think Edith looks as if she needed a tonic. What do you say to —"

But just as Edith, who was studying her French lesson in the next room, hoped to hear what her father's proposal was, some one shut the door between the rooms. Edith picked up her grammar, which she had quite forgotten, and went back to "*J'aurai*—I shall have."

"*J'aurai*"—that's just it! I wonder what I shall have—whether it's to be quinine and iron, or calisaya bark, as it is 'most every two months; or whether father was going to say, 'What do you say to Edith's going—somewhere?'—delightful! But then, if he does, mother is sure to say, 'Frederick' (she never says Fred unless she wants something ever so much), 'Edith is getting along so well with

her lessons, they must not be interrupted.' '*J'aurai, tu auras*'—thou wilt have, and '*vous aurez*'—you will have. Yes, lots of other people will have all sorts of good times, but there's nothing but French verbs and history and music-lessons for me—and back-aches, plenty of them. Let's see, I'll make a new French exercise. '*J'aurai mal au dos ? Tu auras*'—that must be mother; '*tu auras un*'—oh! '*une fille de talent !*'—mother always likes to hear I'm talented. '*Il aura*'—papa next; I know what he'd like to have,—my own, dear papa! '*Il aura une grande forte fille.*' I declare! this is a splendid way to learn French. '*Nous aurons*'—we shall have—that's everybody. Oh! I know! '*Nous aurons un*'—“Thanksgiving”—*diner!* Every-body has that. '*Vous aurez*' —”

“Miss Edith, your mamma sent me down to tell you it is time to practice,” said the servant, coming in.

So, Edith closed her grammar, and went to the piano.

“I do hope papa'll come in before he goes down town. I'll play loud and he'll hear where I am.”

Up and down the keys went the thin white fingers—no running of scales, or careless practicing, for Edith knew that her mother was listening, and that she must play slowly and carefully. But she could not keep her mind on the keys, and, to amuse herself, had a way of talking to her hands, the right hand being Mrs. Dexter and the left Mrs. Sinistra. Each finger had a name, and Edith would whisper to them, “Now, Cora Dexter, you never are wide awake! Your grandmother will notice you the next time she comes if you don't take care. Mrs. Sinistra, you and your family are behindhand! Keep up! keep up! You must go out alone without your friends' company this time.”

Then the left hand was practiced alone. Mrs. Lawson, listening upstairs, thought to herself, “What ambition that child has! What a pity to interrupt her practice!” For it was as Edith had imagined; her father had proposed that she should have a holiday from all study, and mamma, as usual, spoke of the lessons. But, for once, papa stood firm. He had happened to be in the neighborhood of his sister's home in the country a few days before, and the sight of her big, healthy children had made him realize how weak and thin Edith looked.

“I've made up my mind that Edith is to spend Thanksgiving with my sister and her family—let the studies go, wife; they're killing the child.”

Mrs. Lawson said no more, but at once began to plan what Edith should take with her; yet, as she heard the careful practicing, she sighed over the lost time.

“The girl is well enough,” she thought; “she only grows fast.”

Edith had talked to Mrs. Dexter and Mrs. Sinistra for nearly ten minutes, when the parlor door opened, and her father looked in.

“Papa!” she exclaimed, “do give me a kiss before you go! Oh, papa, I do hope it is n't quinine and iron this time—calisaya bark is so much nicer.”

Mr. Lawson looked puzzled.

“You know I heard you saying I needed a tonic.”

“Oh, so I did! Well, I've prescribed for you myself this time, and it is a fortnight with your cousins in Cherry Valley.”

“Oh, papa! you are good! But—will mamma really let me miss my lessons? I'll practice there, indeed I will.”

“No, you wont; they have n't a piano. But your mother's calling, dear. Go back to your music. Does it tire you, darling?”

“No, no, papa; it's not half so bad since you gave me this stool with a back to it.”

Edith was glad she had finished her scales, for she wanted to play something lively as a relief to her feelings. Luckily, her last piece was a quick-step, and, picking out a favorite part that she knew quite well, Edith dashed through it again and again. “One, two, three and four. I'll—see—pigs,—and cows,” and so on, singing her plans as she played.

Edith Lawson was an only daughter, and, indeed, for most of the year she was as much alone as an only child; her two brothers were at boarding-school.

Mrs. Lawson loved her daughter, but her one ambition was that Edith should be a finely educated woman. She had heard of a little girl who practiced three hours a day; of another who studied French, German and Latin; of another who took singing-lessons from the time she was ten years old; and (luckily) of another who attended a calisthenic class; and so Edith had to go through all these things. She was a bright, quick girl, inclined to get as much amusement out of life as was possible, or she could never have stood the confinement; but the constant application often strained even her good constitution, and then she was “built up” with tonics, but never allowed a real holiday. Even in summer she had her practicing and drawing, with several hours of reading.

“Edith,” said Mrs. Lawson on the day before her daughter's departure, “your father wishes you to stay a fortnight, so I will put in your Mangnall's Questions and your Ancient Geog —”

“Now, Mary, don't put a book in that valise,”

said Mr. Lawson, who had just come in. "Kate was always a reader, and you may be sure the child will get hold of a book if she wants it. Let her play when she does play—precious little of it she gets!"

So, to Edith's great delight, not a book was packed, and she was free for a whole fortnight.

On the Wednesday morning before Thanksgiving Day the delighted girl started with her father. She managed to bid her mother good-bye quite sedately, and "as a girl of thirteen should;" but as soon as they were out of sight of the house she began to skip.

Meantime Mrs. Lawson stood behind the window-blinds, her heart full of real tenderness for the child, in spite of misgivings; but it was a great pity for Edith to lose so much valuable time.

Fifth avenue was the first turning.

"Oh, papa! please don't go up Fifth avenue! Would you mind crossing to Third?"

"It's a much longer way. But why do you like Third avenue?"

"Don't tell? Well, it is n't stylish! Mother says lady-like girls of thirteen don't run; but I was in Third avenue one day with Rosy, and I saw big girls running and skipping. I feel ever so happy to-day, papa!"

The good-natured father crossed to the Third avenue, where Edith skipped and ran and stared into shop windows as much as she liked. It was well for her that they had plenty of time. At last the train was reached. It was the first time that the father and daughter had traveled together, for Mr. Lawson was devoted to business, and the few summer trips of the family usually had been taken by the mother and her children.

"Oh, papa!" said Edith, "is n't it lovely? Just to think we're '*nous aurons*' people now!"

"You comical child, what do you mean? I believe you're half crazed with French and Latin."

"Oh no, papa; it's not so bad, and I do like to be shown off as 'the most thoroughly educated young lady in Miss Neal's school!' But it's nice to have no lessons, and to be with you, papa. Would you be very much shocked if—Papa, do you see that boy?"

"What? who? Anybody you know?"

"No, only he's selling oranges, and—Papa, did you ever suck an orange?"

This last was a very confidential whisper. Papa tried to look shocked and solemn, and said in a stern voice: "Did you?"



EDITH'S "BEAUTIFUL VIEW."

But Edith saw his eyes twinkle, and said boldly: "Oh yes! But never except in a hurry. Some people say it's very improper. But, papa, when people are going on a frolic,—a real frolic,—they need n't be so very proper, need they?"

"No, I think there is a difference."

And just as they were entering the railroad station papa bought some oranges and handed them to his happy girl. After a little while, Edith threw an orange-skin out of the window and looking quickly around the car, said:

"Do you see that little baby, papa?"

"That big, fat fellow across there? yes."

"Oh, no. Not that baby; the one 'way over there in the corner. Its mother has three little children besides the baby, and the biggest boy is

so good to them. Papa, I think the baby 'd like an orange."

"Well, am I to take it?"

"I—I—suppose you would n't like to. But would you mind taking me to them?"

Mr. Lawson was determined that every moment of the trip should be delightful, so he kindly took Edith to the corner of the car where the poor family were seated. The girl stood a moment, feeling awkward, for the children—baby, little girl and two boys—were all staring at her.

"See, here 's an orange for the baby, and another for the little girl. Please take one for yourself, too," she added, turning to the poor mother.

"*Merci, merci!*" said the woman.

It was a terrible shock to Edith! To think that that hateful French was even here in the cars! But in another second she was amused to hear the little girl talk in broken French to her mother, and realized, as she had never done before, that French was a "mother tongue" to some little children.

For the first time the young girl felt a pure, healthful delight in speaking French. Not any vanity, but a hope to give pleasure to the poor woman surrounded by strangers, prompted her to say, with care:

"*Je puis parler Français un peu.*"

The woman's face shone with delight, and she began to talk faster than Edith had ever imagined a tongue could form words. There was no hope of understanding her, but soon the woman saw the girl's dismay, and began slowly and carefully to explain that she was very much afraid of not getting out at the right station.

By thinking very hard, and guessing at some of the words, Edith understood, and assured her, in rather bad French, but with such a good will that the woman never noticed the mistakes, that she would ask her father to tell her just when to get out.

Her father watched his little daughter, and was beginning to think he would have no more of her pleasant talk, when Edith came back, eager to interest him in her Frenchwoman.

"Oh, papa, I shall study so hard when I get back. I thought French was only for show off, but now I shall never forget that I may be able to help some poor person that can't speak English. Now, do remember and tell her when we come to Hokus."

"Why, we get off there."

"I thought it was Cherry Valley."

"That's the name of the farm. We'll be at Hokus soon."

On went the train, and soon they were all standing on the platform, Edith rejoicing in the kindness her father showed to the poor Frenchwoman and

her little ones. There was a wiry-looking, black-eyed man who seized the baby and chattered French to the mother, and Edith watched them walk off, with a secret wonder if, after all, poor people who were used to being shabby and just a little dirty were not quite as happy as those who lived in brown-stone houses and had to be so very particular. But she had little time for such thoughts, as her uncle Harry, aunt Kate's husband, came driving up with his spirited horses.

"I never come till the train has passed," he explained. "So this is your Edith? Are you still girl enough to kiss an uncle?"

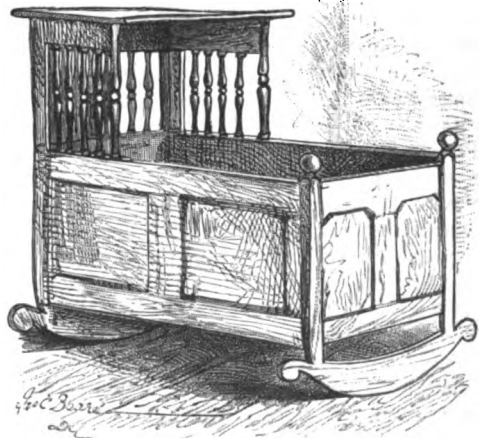
Edith held up her lips with a smile, and soon the carriage rolled away, bearing a very merry party.

A beautiful Thanksgiving Day dawned upon Edith when she awoke the next morning, thrilled with a happy consciousness of being in the real country, and eager to begin her two weeks of play with her no less happy cousins. Even the bleak November view from her window she declared to be "perfectly beautiful."

Long before noon a delightful fragrance filled the air, and, as she ran through the breezy hall, it seemed to her that to visit one's relations and to catch the odor of cooking turkey, pies and plum-pudding was one of the royal pleasures of earth.

It was a fine Thanksgiving dinner. Papa said so; uncle said so; aunty said so; the children said so; and even pussy, looking wistfully up at the table, said so as plainly as she could mew.

But we cannot go through every moment of the time Edith spent in the country. There was not a



GRANDFATHER'S CRADLE.

single drawback to her pleasure, excepting that her father left her on Friday morning.

"Oh, papa!" she said, "why do you go away? Right after Thanksgiving, too! Don't you like

to leave business a while, just as I have left my lessons? Papa" (with a very grave face), "I think you need 'toning up.' Now, do come two whole days before you mean to take me back to New York."

Papa half promised, and the hope helped his daughter to let him go. There was so much to be done, too, that there was no time to fret. The chickens had to be fed, the pony had to be petted, the kitten romped with, the little terrier taught new tricks, and, above all, all the old finery in the garret trunks had to be tried on by the girls. They "dressed up," and acted impromptu plays at every opportunity, and after the performances, ah, the joy of rummaging in that old garret! Such treasures as were brought forth from their hiding-places! Edith thought it the most wonderful place she ever saw. She was never weary of opening the drawers and "cubby-holes" of a broken old cabinet, and she would stand for ten minutes at a time gazing in silent awe at the cradle in which grandfather had been rocked when he was a baby.

The day after Thanksgiving, Aunt Kate gave them each a basket of dainty scraps that had been left from the Thanksgiving dinner. There was half a chicken in Edith's basket, cold potatoes, a bowlful of cranberry sauce, pieces of pie, halves of oranges, and a nice dish of stewed apples.

"Why, auntie," said Edith, "I watched you laying aside everything that was left on the dishes so carefully, and I thought it was almost mean; but now I think it's a good way. Who told you about it, auntie?"

"The Savior, child."

Edith flushed. That name was not often mentioned at her home. Her mother was a strict church member, and the little girl listened Sunday after Sunday to the services and sermon; but, though she often thought of Christ, it seemed strange to speak of him in such a natural, everyday tone.

Perhaps Aunt Kate saw a little of what was in her mind, but she only said:

"Now trot along; you all may give your baskets to whom you please, and as Edith does not know our poor people, girls, you may let her choose whom she will give it to after visiting a few of them."

The three girls went off, delighting in the snow that had fallen. Edith, tall, and dressed in "grown-up clothes," as the girls said, was a contrast to her cousins, who were big, healthy children; yet, though Mary was fourteen and Kitty twelve, they were as strong as young colts, and thought nothing of carrying the baskets; but Edith grew very tired, and thinking they would never stop, she said:

"Look, Mary, there's a house in that lot; they don't seem very well off; let's go there."

"Oh, it's no use going there," said Kitty. "A man lives there all alone, and he fairly frightens you, he talks so strangely. He looks cross, too."

But Edith could not carry her basket further, and was ashamed to confess it; so, concealing her fear, though her heart beat fast, she insisted on knocking at the door of the little brown house. Mary and Kitty, waiting in the road, were astonished to see a woman open the door, who smiled with delight, and, talking "faster than one could think," as Kitty said, drew Edith into the room. She had happened upon her French family, and, a little embarrassed,—for how could she explain in French?—she opened her basket and offered them its contents. The man, who was sitting by the stove, looking rather glum and cross, said a few sharp words to his wife. The woman, speaking carefully and slowly that Edith might understand, said her husband wished to know who had sent the things; that they were not beggars.

Edith understood the tone, if not the words, and saw that the man had taken offense. She thought hurriedly:

"Who shall I say sent them? Perhaps they do not know Aunt Kate."

Suddenly she remembered what her aunt had said; would it be wrong? Was it not true? Besides, she could say that name in French.

Again the woman asked:

"Who sent the things?"

Edith, with burning cheeks, but with her eyes shining with loving eagerness, answered:

"*Le Sauveur.*"

There was silence for a moment; then the man rose, and, with tears in his eyes, said:

Dieu vous bénisse! Nous l'accepterons."

Edith unpacked the basket, and, with a hurried good-bye, ran out to her wondering cousins. Perhaps they thought she was not so entertaining as before, but her mind was full of questions. Was it the Savior? Could it be that even her French had been taught her for this? And with this new light breaking on her life, the lessons and practicing did not seem so dreary.

I have taken so much space telling you of this that I can only add that Edith's visit was prolonged to three or four weeks, because it evidently was of great benefit to her. But she was not idle. She learned to ride, to swing herself almost to the treetop in her cousins' swing, to build a snow fort, to move about on skates, in the short time that she spent at Cherry Valley farm. And then, with new strength, she went back to her verbs and music, her Latin and drawing, with a fresh purpose and a higher ambition even than to be the "most thoroughly educated young lady in Miss Neal's school."

A MISTAKE.

BY M. M. D.



LITTLE Rosy Red-cheek said unto a clover :

“Flower! why were you made?
I was made for mother,
 She has n’t any other;
 But you were made for no one, I ’m afraid.”

Then the clover softly unto Red-cheek whispered :

“Pluck me, ere you go.”
 Red-cheek, little dreaming,
 Pulled, and ran off screaming,
 “Oh, naughty, naughty flower; to sting me so!”

“Foolish child!” the startled bee buzzed crossly,

“Foolish not to see
 That I make my honey
 While the day is sunny;
 That the pretty little clover lives for me!”

THE POOR RELATIONS.

(An Old-Time Story.)

BY PAUL FORT.

ABOUT the middle of the Middle Ages there lived a nobleman named Count Cormos. His castle stood on a point of rocks, which ran out into a wide and rapid river; and back of the castle, on lower land, lay the village, where the vassals of this good nobleman lived.

Among the most industrious and the poorest of these vassals was a tailor named Peter Vargan, who had two daughters and three sons. These sons and daughters were all grown up, except one, and he was the oldest of all. This one, whose name was Ansel, never could grow up, because he was born a dwarf. He was an active, well-made fellow, but he was not more than half as tall as any of his younger brothers, and either of his sisters could pick him up and carry him under her arm. But Ansel was no fool. Like many other little chaps, he was the smartest of his family. All Peter's children, except Ansel, worked in the fields in the summer, and so helped along a little; but the poor tailor had a hard time to feed his large family, and he sewed away, night and day.

As for Ansel he was not big and strong enough to work in the field, and so he used to help his father sew. But he never had any fancy for the tailoring trade, and never learned to measure or to cut out, and, in fact in time became a man, without having learned any business at all.

Ansel was nearly thirty years old before good luck came to him. The Count's chief chamberlain stopped one day at Peter's house to have his breeches mended, and he was so much pleased with little Ansel's general appearance and air of smartness, that he got him a situation in the Count's household as castle dwarf.

This was splendid, because he had his board and lodgings, and a small salary besides, and his father got the job of making him his court-clothes, which was the most profitable employment he ever had had.

But a few months after Ansel had been installed in his place at the castle, Peter's affairs became worse than ever. The reason was this: One morning there arrived at his house two of his nephews, sons of a brother whom he had not seen for many years, and who lived some fifty miles away. These nephews, who were big, strapping fellows, and very well dressed, said they were soldiers by profession, but as there was a profound peace in their part of

the country, they were out of employment, and so had come to visit their good uncle and try to get something to do.

The Baron Cormos was engaged in no war, nor were any of his noble neighbors, and so poor Peter could see no chance of getting his nephews any employment in their line of business. However, he could not turn away his brother's children, and so he kept them in his house, although they had tremendous appetites and ate at one meal more than poor Ansel used to eat in two or three days.

Matters were, therefore, really worse with the poor tailor than before Ansel went to the castle. Of course things could not go on this way very long, and at last provisions became so very scarce at Peter's house that his two nephews could not stand it any longer, and they determined to leave.

But where should they go? They debated this question between themselves, and finally resolved that they would go up to the castle and see Ansel. He was in a good position and ought to be able to do something for them.

They knew him, for he had been down to see his family several times during their stay, and so they went boldly up to the castle gate, and asked admittance and leave to see the castle dwarf.

"And who may ye be?" inquired the fat, red-bearded porter.

"We are his poor relations," said they.

The porter laughed at the idea of Ansel, or any of his family, having poor relations, but he let them in.

Ansel was glad to see them, and he gave them seats on a high bench in an outer hall, where he brought them each a glass of beer. The bench was too high for him to sit upon, and so he stood and talked to them.

They were not long in making known the object of their visit.

"But what do you want me to do?" asked Ansel.

"Get us positions here," said Ronald, the elder of the two. "In a great castle, like this, there must surely be vacancies of some kind."

"What sort of positions? What can you do?" said Ansel.

"Fight," they answered.

"But I don't think the Count wants any soldiers. He has a captain and a dozen men-at-arms, who guard the castle; but even if more men were

needed, I do not think that you would like to wear the coarse uniform and mount guard at night."

"No, perhaps not," said Carl, the younger brother; "but we might serve as extra soldiers,—a sort of reserve guard, to be kept for emergencies. Go you, Ansel, and tell the Count of our need, and I'll venture to say, he'll find us good places."

"And in the meantime," said Ronald, "just get us some more beer, my good little cousin. We're dreadfully thirsty."

Ansel hesitated. He had asked the steward for some of the mild beer that they made in the castle, with which to entertain his cousins, but he did not like to ask for any more. But while he hesitated, Carl exclaimed:

"Ha! Here comes a fair maiden with a pitcher. What does she carry so carefully? Is she bringing it to us?"

Ansel turned. "Oh no!" said he, "that is Maid Margaret, and she is taking a pitcher of ice-cold mead to the Count and the Countess in their tent on the lawn. She takes it to them at this hour every afternoon."

"Mead!" cried both the poor relations at once. "Ice-cold mead! That is delicious! Run you, Ansel, and ask her for some of it for us!"

"Some of the Count's mead!" cried Ansel. "Why, she could not give you that!"

"Go you and ask her," said Ronald. "I know there's plenty of it."

Ansel did not wish to offend his cousins, and yet he thought their request a very strange one. So, with a face of great perplexity, he ran over to Maid Margaret, who had now nearly reached the bottom of the stairs leading into the hall, and told her what the two men on the bench had asked.

"Who did you say they were?" asked Maid Margaret.

"My poor relations," said Ansel.

"They don't look very poor," said Maid Margaret, glancing at them, and then casting her eyes down again.

The castle monkey had come down-stairs with Maid Margaret, and he jumped on an old silver-mounted chest, on which Ansel was standing, and began to strike at the strangers with his paw. He was too far away to touch them, but for some reason he considered them improper people, and seemed anxious to show them what he thought.

"Oh, they are very poor, indeed," said Ansel, "but they can't have the Count's mead, can they?"

"I should think not," said Maid Margaret, walking on through the hall, without even turning her head to look at the two men.

"Poor relations, indeed!" said she to herself, as she went out. "They are lazy, impudent fellows who are trying to impose on poor little Ansel."

When she had gone, the two brothers insisted on Ansel's hurrying to the Count and making known their desire.

So Ansel went out to the Count. He was very willing to oblige his cousins, but he did not like their way of asking for things.

When Ansel stated his errand to his master, the latter laid back in his chair and reflected.

"If they are poor relations of yours, Ansel, I would like to do what I can for them. You have been a good fellow since you have lived with me."

Ansel bowed and thanked the Count.

"They don't look very poor," said Maid Margaret, who was standing behind the chair of the Countess.

The Count looked up at her, somewhat surprised. Then he said:

"Well, if they are poor, and don't look poor, that is the more to their credit. I will engage them and see what they can do. There may be some fighting before long,—who knows? Go you, Ansel, and tell the steward to enter your poor relations on the castle rolls."

"In what capacity, my lord?" asked Ansel.

"As the Reserve Guard," said the Count.

And so the two brothers became members of the castle household.

It so happened that in a very few days there arose an occasion for their services. A store-house belonging to the village was robbed of a quantity of provisions, and the robbers, three in number and well armed, were traced to a forest some miles back from the river. These men should be pursued and captured, and this seemed to be the very business for the Reserve Guard.

Accordingly the poor relations were sent for by the Count.

"Do you think," said he, "that you two men would be able to defeat and capture three well-armed brigands?"

"We could do it," said the brothers, "with comparative ease."

"March upon them, then," said the Count, and the Reserve Guard marched.

The robbers were found a short distance within the forest, busily engaged in dividing their spoil. The two brothers immediately fell upon them, and being powerful fellows, and masters of their weapons, they vanquished the three rascals with comparative ease, and bound them hand and foot.

Then the Reserve Guard collected the stolen goods, and as they were tired and hungry they made an excellent meal off the best of the provisions; and when they had eaten all they needed, they took a nap. When they awoke the robbers had escaped. The brothers were sorry for that,

but still they had recovered the goods. So they made a pile of them, and went back to the castle to report their success and have a cart sent for the provisions. This was done, but no provisions were found; the robbers had returned and carried them off.

"We never thought of that," said the Reserve Guard.

"What you need to make you really available," said the Count, "is a captain."

"True," said the brothers, pleased at the pros-



"MY POOR RELATIONS," SAID ANSEL.

When the Count heard of this exploit, he asked the two brothers why one of them did not keep guard while the other slept, and why one did not remain to watch the goods while the other came back to the castle.

pect of being relieved of responsibility; "we greatly need some one to command us. Without officers, the best army would be of little use."

"The next time you go out you shall have a captain," said the Count.

The next time came sooner than any one could have expected.

The three robbers, encouraged by their late success, and having found that the Reserve Guard of the castle consisted of only two men, gathered to themselves other desperadoes until they made up a band of about a dozen men. They then boldly ravaged the village and the surrounding country. They were not afraid of the Count's men-at-arms, because they never left the castle walls, and the brigands were careful to keep out of the reach of their culverins and long-bows.

The Count again sent for his Reserve Guard. "You will march on these rascally brigands," said he, "and as you have shown that you are worth very little without proper officers, I will give you Ansel as captain. Yes," he continued, "and Maid Margaret shall be your quartermaster, and Cracket, the castle monkey, your scout and forlorn hope. Prepare to march by noon."

This was more important business than the other, and the brothers were glad of some one to make the necessary arrangements for them, even if it should be no one but little Ansel.

"Be careful of one thing," said they to their captain; "there must be plenty of good things to eat and drink. We require a great deal of the best food when we fight."

Ansel, who knew little about such matters, ran to Quartermaster Margaret, who was to remain at home, but to prepare and pack the supplies.

"How long will you be engaged?" said she.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ansel.

"Well, wait here a minute, and I will consult with the captain of the men-at-arms. "Captain," said the quartermaster, when she found him on the ramparts, "how long would it take you to vanquish a dozen brigands?"

"About twenty minutes," said the captain.

So Maid Margaret went down and packed up provisions for twenty minutes.

"By the way," said she to Ansel, "I wish that you would bring me back some beech-nuts for my pig, Feodore. I will put a couple of baskets in the provision-sack, and you can sling them across a horse when you return."

Ansel promised to do this, and the quartermaster put food enough for a good meal for two and a half men and one monkey in the bottom of the sack, and then she stuffed in two stout baskets. This made the sack look well filled and portly.

Each of the brothers mounted a horse. Ansel rode behind one of them and the sack was strapped behind the other, while Cracket rode behind Ansel.

"Now then," said Ronald, as they rode away, "you must remember, Ansel, that all the planning and arranging of this expedition falls to your share.

We're not to be bothered with any thinking or contriving. We're to fight, and that's all."

Soon after entering the forest, traces of the robber-band were discovered, and Ansel had no difficulty in following their tracks to the bank of a small creek. Here he ordered a halt, and as there was a very tall tree near by, he climbed to the top of it to reconnoiter. The monkey followed him and climbed higher than Ansel could go; but as Cracket could not tell what he saw, there did not seem to be much use of his climbing up at all.

Ansel could see nothing of the robbers, and was about to descend the tree, when the monkey began to chatter and point over the tree-top with his long black hand. Ansel climbed up as much higher as he dared, and looking in the direction in which Cracket was pointing, he saw, through an opening in the trees, a rude encampment in a little dell which was surrounded by thick undergrowth. He could see men walking about, and he felt sure that the whole band was in the camp, for their habit was to go all together on their expeditions and not to sally out in small parties.

"Good for you, Cracket," said Ansel. "I did n't think you would be of any use to me, but you are a first-rate spy, and if you can't talk, you have more sense than some people who can."

When he came down from the tree, Ansel told his men that they might eat their supper, although it was rather early, and take a nap. Then they would be fresh, and ready for work when he awoke them.

"I want to think the thing out quietly," he said to himself, "and they will only bother me."

The two brothers were willing enough to eat their supper, and, in fact, they were already asking each other if it would be worth while to wait for Ansel before attacking the fat provision-bag. The horses were tied and the sack was opened, and then there were two blank faces! The baskets occupied nearly the whole of the bag, and the package of provisions seemed insignificant indeed.

"A pretty supply for two hearty men," said Carl, "for you don't count, Ansel, although of course we'll give you something. But here's just enough for one good meal for us all."

"And that settles the length of this campaign," said Ronald. "We must be home in time for breakfast to-morrow morning, so make your plans accordingly, Captain Ansel."

When the meal was over, and the monkey was busy eating the scraps that were left, the two brothers watered their horses, cut them some grass with their swords, and then laid down under a tree and went to sleep. Ansel sat down under another tree and began to think. He certainly had a desperately hard job on his hands. There were at least a dozen men in that camp and he had only

two,—stout fellows, it is true, but not able to vanquish six armed brigands apiece. And whatever was done, must be done quickly. His army would be back at the castle by breakfast-time. He could depend upon them for that.

He thought and he thought. It would be too bad if he failed in this, the first important undertaking of his life. At sundown he had decided upon his plan. He often acted as clerk for the Count, and hanging at his side he happened to have his ink-horn and pen, while in a pocket of his doublet he found a piece of parchment. This he tore in two, and on each piece wrote a note. The first one ran thus:

"TO THE COMMANDER OF THE UPPER DIVISION:

"Be ready to cross the creek, at day-break, at a point one-quarter of a mile north of the enemy's camp. But on no account venture to attack the band until re-enforcements are sent to you. The brigands greatly outnumber you. A. V., General."

Ansel was not a general, but he thought on such an occasion as this he might assume the position. He might never have another opportunity.

The second note was like the first, except that it was directed to the commander of the lower division, and ordered him to cross at a point a quarter of a mile south of the enemy's camp.

"Now to deliver these notes," said Ansel to himself. "If I could only make you understand me, Cracket, how useful you could be! But you can help me,—that I know."

Cracket chattered softly and rubbed his nose, as Ansel spoke. There was no way of finding out how much he knew, but he looked very wise.

Ansel put his notes in his pocket, and having found to his great satisfaction that the Reserve Guard was still sleeping soundly, he and the monkey crossed the stream, which was quite shallow, and made their way toward the robbers' camp.

When they were so near that they could hear the voices of the brigands, Ansel took the two notes in his hand, and holding them up ran a little way. Then he gave the notes to the monkey, who immediately imitated him and began to run. Ansel chased him, and the monkey ran right into the robbers' camp, Ansel in hot haste after him, crying: "Stop! stop!"

In an instant a half-dozen of the robbers were on their feet, with their swords drawn. Several of them made cuts at the monkey, who nimbly dodged them and scampered up a tree. Out from his tent rushed the robber chief.

"What means all this?" he hoarsely cried, "and who may you be?" glaring on Ansel.

"Oh! I'm all right," said Ansel. "I'm only a poor messenger. But that monkey has taken my two messages, and I must have them, or never show my face at home again."

"Are they important?" asked the chief.

"Oh, very!" answered Ansel.

"Cut down the tree and kill the chattering beast!" cried the robber.

"No! no!" interrupted Ansel. "I would not have you kill him. He is a good monkey, although mischievous. I am light and active, and can climb the tree. I might have caught him before, if he had gone up a tree."

So Ansel climbed the tree, and took the notes from the monkey without difficulty.

"And now," said the chief to him, when he had come down, "give me those messages."

"Pardon me, good sir," said Ansel; "but I cannot. These messages are not addressed to you."

"Look ye!" cried the robber, drawing his heavy falchion, "if in five seconds you do not hand me those notes, I'll cleave that little body of yours in twain, and read your messages then at my good pleasure."

"An' it be so," said Ansel; "there is no room now for answer or philosophy," and he handed him the notes.

The robber read them both, and then hurriedly retiring within his tent, he summoned his lieutenant, and read them to him.

"Do you see?" said the chief. "We are to be attacked to-morrow."

"And shall we fortify?" asked the lieutenant.

"Fortify! Never!" exclaimed the chief. "Thus lies the matter. The castle forces are to move on us, from two points, at day-break. But 't is plain that they are few in number, for they dare not attack us until re-enforced. Now, my plan is, not to wait for them to be strengthened, but to divide our band into two, and let each division attack one of the little bands across the creek, before their re-enforcements reach them. They will be near the place of crossing before day-break, and we can easily fall upon them."

"A good plan!" cried the lieutenant; "and then it will be necessary to let that little dwarf go on and deliver his messages, else our enemy's plans and ours shall fail."

"Yes," said the chief; "let him go on and deliver them. He can tell the Count's men nothing of us that they do not know, for they have discovered our camp, and he will not dare inform them that he has let those notes go out of his hands into mine. He is no fool. I saw that plainly."

So Ansel was released and went his way with his notes, and the monkey slid down the tree and followed him.

Ansel went back to the place where he had left his army,—which he found still sleeping soundly,—and sat down under a tree to await the progress of events.

An hour or two before day-break, while the night was still dark and black, the two robber bands quietly sallied out and crossed the creek,—the one above and the other below the camp. When they reached the other side, one band slowly crept up the creek, and the other down, carefully listening and looking for the small parties of the Count's people who were to wait there for re-enforcements.

When they had gone some distance, and had found nothing, each band turned and came back, this time a little farther from the bank of the stream. And so they stealthily approached each other until they were quite near together, and then each band heard the other, and thought the enemy was at last found. With drawn swords they rushed together, and in an instant there was a tremendous fight. The men of each party found the enemy stronger than they had expected, and so they doubled their efforts and the carnage was great. In half an hour the robber chief and seven or eight of his men were killed, and the survivors lay exhausted and wounded on the ground.

Ansel had heard the noise of the combat, and as soon as it was light he hurried over to see what had happened. When he perceived the result of his plans, he ran back and roused his army.

"Heigh ho!" said Ronald, drowsily. "What are we to do now? Not much, I reckon, for it is nearly sunrise, and we shall want our breakfast."

"You have nothing to do," said Ansel, "but to mount and ride to the castle as fast as you can. The campaign is over."

"Good!" said the brothers, as they bridled the horses. They did not ask what had occurred, nor did they care. They probably thought that Ansel had discovered that the robbers had gone, and that it was of no use to follow them.

The whole party rode rapidly to the castle, and Ansel made his reports. Carts and men were sent to the scene of the conflict and the robbers' camp, and the wounded brigands were taken to the village, while a great deal of stolen property was recovered from the camp.

The Count was delighted. He complimented his Reserve Guard and their captain, and then he called Ansel into his private room to inquire into his exact plan of operations.

When he had heard what Ansel had done, and what the two brothers had not done, the Count was both pleased and angry.

"Look you," said he to Ansel. "Here are three purses of gold. I have changed my inten-

tions about them, and they are yours. You have done well, and I will give you a week's holiday to spend with your family. Take your money and be happy."

When Ansel had joyfully left him, the Count sent for the soldiers of his Reserve Guard.

"You are Ansel's poor relations, I believe," said he.

"Aye, my lord!" they answered, "that we are."

"I can well believe you," said he; "and poorer and more contemptible relations man never had. Not only do you no work yourselves and prey on your industrious relatives, but you thank them not, nor give them any praise or credit. But I shall teach you a better way of living. Go!"

The next day these two lazy fellows were sent to the castle of the Count's brother, far away among the mountains, with directions to have them kept at hard work for a year, that they might learn what it was to earn the food they ate. But Ansel knew nothing of this; it would have spoiled his pleasure. He only knew, when his holiday was over, that his cousins had been sent to the Count's brother, where they could be made more useful than here. That afternoon, as Ansel was coming down the stairs into the outer hall, on his way to the village to spend his holiday, he met Maid Margaret.

"Oh, Ansel!" said she, "one thing I would ask you. Did you bring my beech-nuts?"

"There!" cried Ansel, "I forgot all about them. I was so excited, and in such a hurry. And I left the baskets with the sack in the forest."

"It matters not," said Maid Margaret. "The baskets were old, and I can get other beech-nuts. But, Ansel, there is another thing. You are a little fellow, Ansel, but you have a wise head and I like you well. The castle is all a-buzz with your exploits. If you like it, Ansel, I will marry you."

"That suits me very well," said Ansel; "when I come back from my holiday, I shall be much pleased to marry you."

"Thank you," said Maid Margaret, and she kissed him good-bye.

When Ansel came back to the castle, he and Maid Margaret were married, and they had quite a fine wedding. After a time, Ansel was made the castle steward, and he prospered and was able to help his father very much, besides laying up money for himself and wife.

As to the poor relations, they never ceased to think that there were no two men in the world who had been so badly treated as themselves.

MONKEYS AND DOGS TO THE FRONT.

By M. M. D.

ONE evening last summer a wonderful thing happened to me. I went into a building with my eyes open, a sober middle-aged woman, with a great big son walking beside me,—and in less than five minutes I was a little bit of a girl holding tightly to my nurse's hand, and so perfectly delighted that I laughed "right out loud."

How did it happen? You shall hear, and yet that is the very smallest part of the story.

The building was the New York Aquarium, and we went there to look at queer fishes and beautiful sea-anemones, and perhaps sharks, whales, porpoises, and sea-serpents—who could tell? but, on entering, instead of going at once to the big glass tanks, as usual, we saw hundreds of chairs close together and hundreds of men, women and children sitting on them.

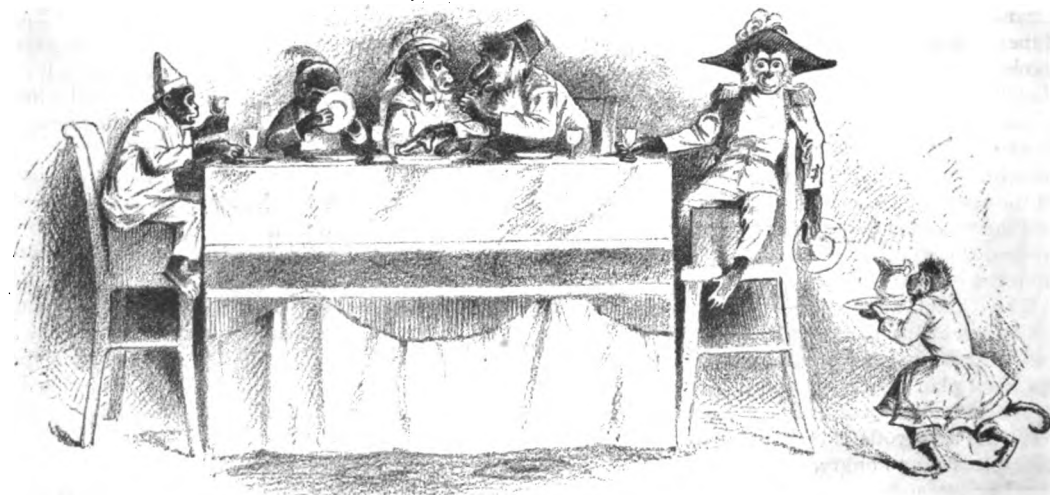
"Let us sit down, too," said my son.

Thinking it the fashionable thing to do, and being, as I have said, a sober middle-aged person, I complied at once, and—up went a curtain in

my nurse's—I mean, my son's—hand to enable me to keep quiet. So far as I knew I was about ten years old. There were other children close by of about my own age, and after the first start we all laughed softly together. My son, however, staid as old as before, which must have made it rather awkward for him.

It was the funniest dinner-party that could be imagined. Five highly respectable monkeys in full dress sat at a table with plates and wine-glasses, and the sprightliest, most attentive of monkeys waited upon them, tray in hand, like a good, highly genteel waitress, as she was.

The monkey at the head of the table was dressed as a naval officer, with admiral's hat, epaulettes, and side whiskers all complete. He was very elegant in his manners, when not licking his plate, and he had an injured, reproachful way of turning on his seat and looking at the waitress when she failed to bring what he wanted, that was wonderful to see. At the foot of the feast sat a farmer monkey in funny felt hat, white smock and loose trousers. He had a tremendous appetite and soon finished his meal and began knocking hard upon the table for more. The admiral, who was very



A PARTY OF FIVE.

front of us, disclosing a large stage or platform, where sat a monkey dinner-party!

Then it was that I became a little girl,—the surprise knocked ever so many years out of my life. I shook with laughter and had to take tight hold of

proud, never once noticed him, which the hungry farmer accepted in good part, as he did n't take any very great interest in admirals.

But the side of the table was liveliest, after all. In the middle sat a fine monkey-lady, whom I

afterward learned was called "Mrs. Lorne," and the monkey gallants on each side took turns in conversing with her. Sometimes, indeed, they both addressed her at once, and then the fashionable Mrs. Lorne would utter a fearful screech and

give them a piece of her mind, to the great terror of the farmer and the amazement of the admiral. She was a lovely creature in their eyes, you may be sure, for she wore a red velvet dress and a white

Ah, the master! I forgot to speak of him. He was their servant just then, and stood at a respectful distance behind the table, bottle in hand, ready to fill their glasses whenever called upon, or gently to remind the guests that to lick one's plate is not looked upon as good table manners. Meantime the pretty waitress skipped about, bringing this thing and that as the master ordered, and often sinking into a little chair near by for rest and solemn meditation. The dear thing was easily "flustered," and the manners of the admiral sometimes so confused her that she seemed almost ready to faint. At one time, when the master put a pair of lighted candles in her hands, bidding her hold

them very carefully, she sprang up and ran from the stage with them, holding them both upside down, still blazing and spattering. Now and then the temptation to get a bit from the table grew so strong that she would watch her chance to take a sly grab when the guests were chattering

together. Whenever she succeeded in this the hundreds of spectators would applaud heartily. We children thought it was rather improper for grown persons to encourage theft in that way, but we could n't help feeling sympathy for the pretty waitress, notwithstanding our good morals.

Ting-a ling-a ling!

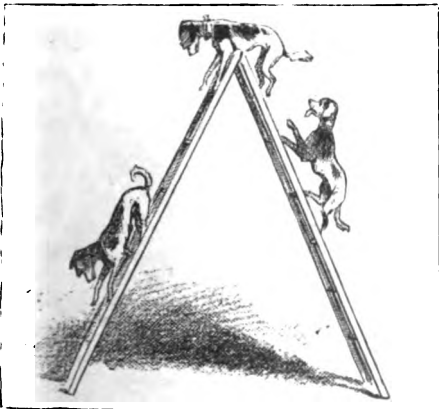
It was so sudden that we hardly knew when it

hat with bright pink feather, and her coquettish way of tossing her head was quite irresistible. Wine was freely taken by all the guests, but I learned later that it was only raspberry juice and water. It was funny enough to see them take up their glasses in one hand, bow to each other, toss off the contents, and then pound the table for a fresh supply.

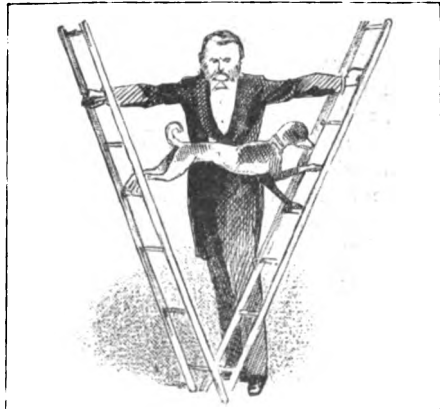
I could not see what they had to eat, but it evi-



MADAME POMPADOUR TAKES HER AFTERNOON WALK.



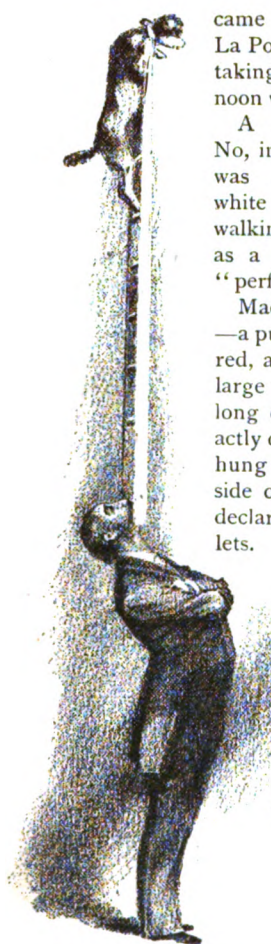
UP AND DOWN.



THE CLIMBER.

dently was something good, for they smacked their lips over it and grabbed bits from each other's plates so often that their master frequently was obliged to expostulate with them.

happened; but the curtain had fallen, and a bell was ringing. Only for an instant. Then the musicians, seated in front of the stage, struck up a lively air. The curtain went up again, and out



GIVING A FRIEND A LIFT.

came Madame La Pompadour, taking her afternoon walk!

A monkey? No, indeed. It was a lovely white dog,—a large French poodle walking on its hind-legs and dressed, as a little girl near us exclaimed, “perfectly lovely-ly!”

Madame was in grand court dress,—a purple velvet train trimmed with red, a pink veil and pink parasol, a large white lace collar and beautiful long curls. No, they were not exactly curls; they were ears; but they hung in such a curl-like way on each side of her face that you would have declared them to be clusters of ringlets. Her elegance was irresistible.

Soon the master appeared again, and, stooping politely, offered Madame La Pompadour his arm.

She took it gracefully with one forepaw, holding her parasol up with the other. You should have seen the two promenade together! Madame Pompadour's long train was held by a page in full livery. The page, though he was only a monkey,

did remarkably well at first; but while they were thus promenading in stately fashion, he suddenly dropped the train, and, running off the stage, came back with a lighted lantern. In a twinkling, he had madame's train in his grasp again, and all would have gone well had he not accidentally jerked his mistress down. This was too much. Madame La Pompadour, I regret to say, quite forgot herself, and, with a withering howl at the awkward fellow, scampered off the stage on all fours!

Then came the “grand ladder act and barrel-walk by three Spanish Barbarino dogs.”

Ah, it was wonderful! This time there were no dresses, but the dogs needed all their liberty of limb, for they had hard work to do. So hard, indeed, that we children could not have enjoyed it but for the fact that the three tails kept wagging, wagging all through the act. This showed that the actors liked it, and knew perfectly well that they were

astonishing somebody. The master, holding two ladders colored red and white like barbers' poles, placed them in the form of a letter A without the cross-line. Up went the dogs, wag, wag, wagging in a procession; up and down, in and out, winding among the rounds, over each other,

under each other, until finally two sat at the bottom and waited patiently while the third, a brown fellow with bushy tail, obligingly made a complete A of the ladders by stretching himself between them, just in the right place, his forepaws on one and his hind-paws on the other. Then the master made a V of the ladders, and again the Barbarinos in lively style managed to cover them all over inside and out, not caring a fig for the master's shaking and twirling and tipping of the ladders. The pictures gave a fair idea of the movements; yet I should like to see again the solo ladder tricks, just to note the admiring way in which the two resting dogs would sit by, watching the performer, putting their heads together and nodding their tails in approbation. But they were most charmed when the best dog climbed a

“BROUGHT UP TO IT.”

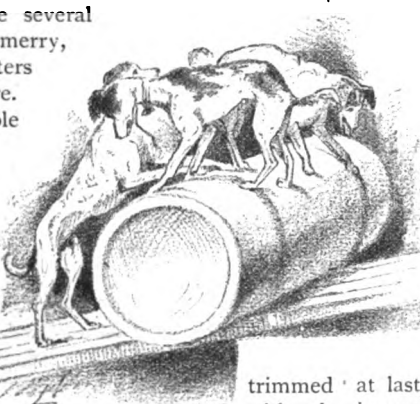
ladder to the top and staid there while the master took it up and held it, first on his shoulder, and then resting on his chin, while the music fairly ran wild with excitement.

Next came in “the two merry spinsters,” as the programme called them (I forgot to say that by this time we had obtained a printed programme which



A SOLO LADDER PERFORMANCE.

told us about the several characters), and merry, sprightly spinsters they certainly were. These remarkable ladies were two Scotch terriers, very tastefully dressed in red waists and funny white skirts



CAN THE DOGS HOLD ON?

gauze veils hanging down their backs, and long ears like Madame Pompadour's. Not once in all their long performance did they put their fore-feet to the ground. They danced, pirouetted and capered in perfectly good time to the music, never taking their wistful eyes from their master. If for an instant they seemed to flag, his cheery "Vite-là!" gave them fresh spirit, and off they danced again.

Two pretty little spinning-wheels with comfortable seats behind them stood in the middle of the stage, and often the two funny ladies would stop dancing and seat themselves at their wheels, both spinning together. Their little feet worked at the treadles, the wheels flew round, the music played, the master praised, and, right in the midst of it, down went the curtain again.

Next, a great long barrel was brought in. The three Barbarinos formed in line, and, standing on their hind-legs, rolled the barrel entirely across the stage with their fore-paws to the tune of "Johnny comes marching home." Then one stood upon it, while the others rolled it, shifting his feet all the time to keep from falling off. If you ever have seen a dog in a tread-mill, you will know how he managed to do this. Soon two got upon the barrel, and one rolled it; and, finally, all three mounted the barrel and staid there somehow while their master rolled it rapidly up and down a long and slanting board. This was decidedly the hardest feat of all, and when they had accomplished

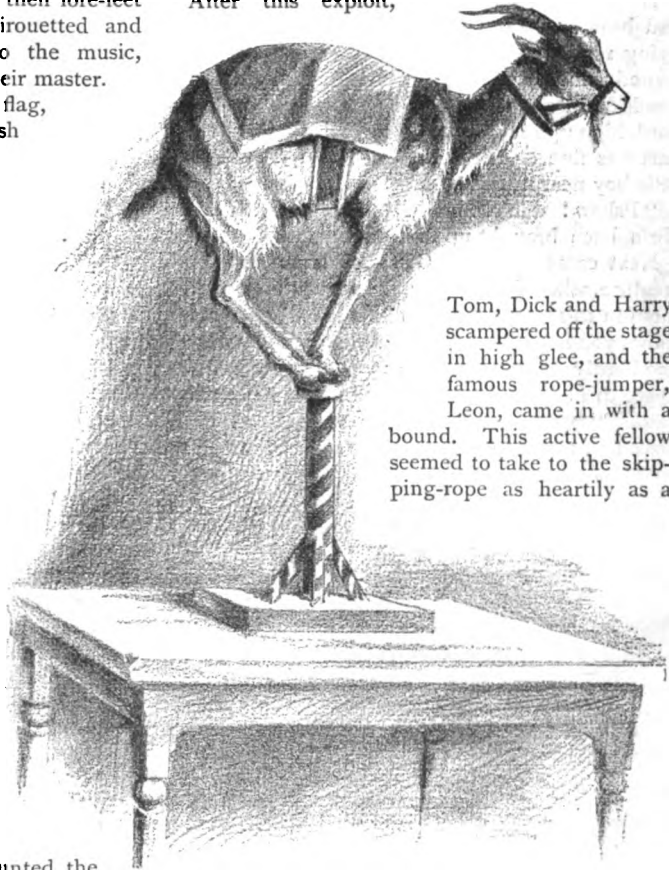
it after a fashion, the three gifted fellows leaped upon their master, and barked with delight just like ordinary dogs.

Curtain—down and up, as before.

Now appeared three very large white poodles, each shaved on the back of the body so as to look like something between a puff-ball and a lion. They, too, were not dressed (by this time it looked strange to us children to see so many dogs without their clothes on!), and their names were Tom, Dick and Harry. The supple fellows flew through rings and wreaths suspended before them, and

at last, when a barrel was held in the air, they jumped through it in so rapid succession that they seemed to be pouring out of it like a sort of very woolly water. The barrel was open at each end, of course, or they could not have jumped through.

After this exploit,



Tom, Dick and Harry scampered off the stage in high glee, and the famous rope-jumper, Leon, came in with a bound. This active fellow seemed to take to the skipping-rope as heartily as a

GISELA TAKES A STAND.

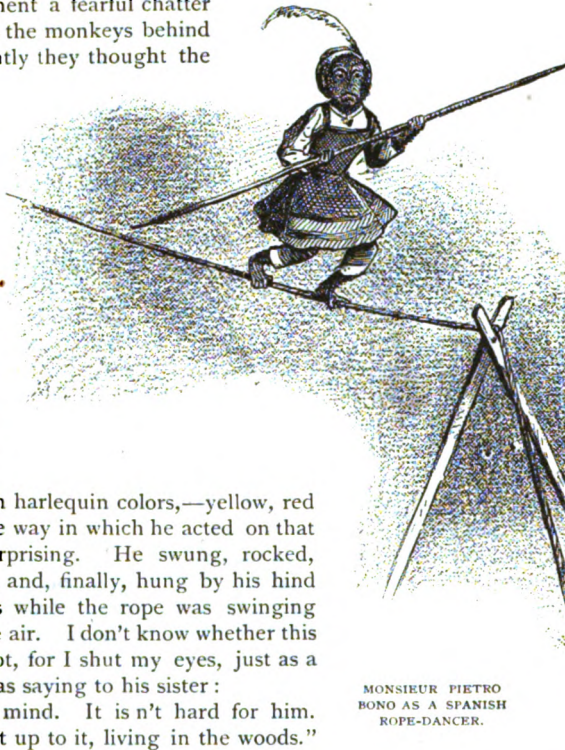
girl, for he easily cleared it twenty times without missing, while the master and his assistant turned it to slow and solemn music.

Just at this moment a fearful chatter was heard. It was the monkeys behind the scenes! Evidently they thought the dogs had done about enough. Their master took the hint, and so the next time the curtain rose, we saw a great rope swing hanging down from some place above the stage, and in came Master Jocko, a large baboon with puffy cheeks, grim, but ready for business.

He was dressed in harlequin colors,—yellow, red and brown, and the way in which he acted on that flying rope was surprising. He swung, rocked, turned somersaults, and, finally, hung by his hind hands, and all this while the rope was swinging hard, high up in the air. I don't know whether this part was fine or not, for I shut my eyes, just as a little boy near us was saying to his sister:

"Pshaw! don't mind. It is n't hard for him. He's been brought up to it, living in the woods."

Next came the goat Gisela, a large, muscular creature, who seemed to require very little standing-room in this world, in spite of his size. The picture shows you his principal accomplishment; and yet one hardly can tell from it how very strange it was to see this big goat very, very cautiously mount and gather himself upon that little round bit of wood, placed far above the floor, and really too small to hold his four feet. Yet he turned himself completely



MONSIEUR PIETRO
BONO AS A SPANISH
ROPE-DANCER.

by this time it seemed to me only to give a sort of wink after each act, as if to say: "Now I'll show you something better yet!"

It winked now.

Monsieur Pietro Bono! Ah! if the goat Gisela was sure-footed, Monsieur Bono was no less so. He was the tight-rope dancer. Attired in gay Spanish fancy dress, that seemed more suitable for a madame than a monsieur, he held up his feet,—or rather his lower pair of hands, for the monkey, being a four-handed animal, has no feet at all,—and the master rubbed them carefully with a bit of chalk. Once

upon the tight-rope, Pietro Bono, scowling a moment at the musicians, who quickened their time accordingly, began to show his powers. He walked upon it, sat upon it, danced upon it, balancing his long pole, carrying a circlet of lighted tapers with his teeth, or holding a cup of water in each hand, until the audience clapped in delighted applause. But Monsieur Bono was not delighted. He looked grave as an owl, and that only made us laugh the more, for it was plain that he liked his master, and that he was quite willing to exert himself, but that he evidently had mistaken rope-dancing for a very solemn and dignified profession.

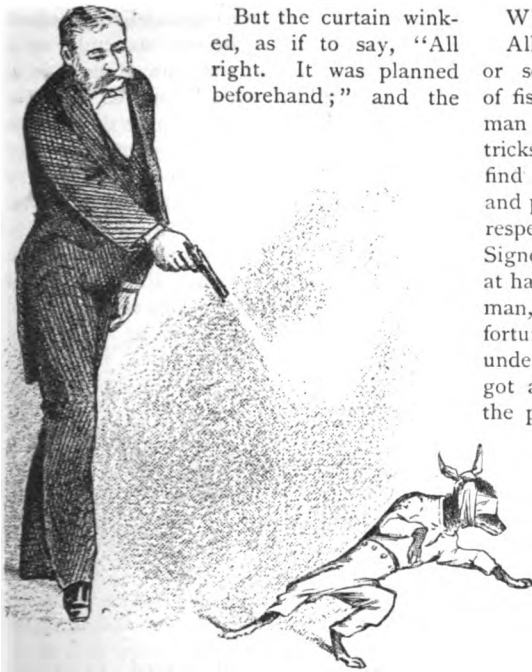
Next followed two dog-and-monkey plays. The first, called "The Break-down of the African Post," was very startling. An elegant little carriage, with lamps at the side, came upon the stage bearing a pair of gayly dressed monkeys, with monkey footman and driver in livery drawn by two spirited white



THE BREAK-DOWN OF THE AFRICAN POST.

dogs. Around and around they drove in fine style, when, all of a sudden, the carriage gave a lurch, the monkeys looked frightened half to death, the wheels came off, and away scampered the dogs pell-mell in true runaway style.

The curtain had gone up and down so often that



THE DESERTER IS CONDEMNED TO DIE.

band had time only to stop its tune and strike up a new one when another play began.

"The Execution of the Deserter."

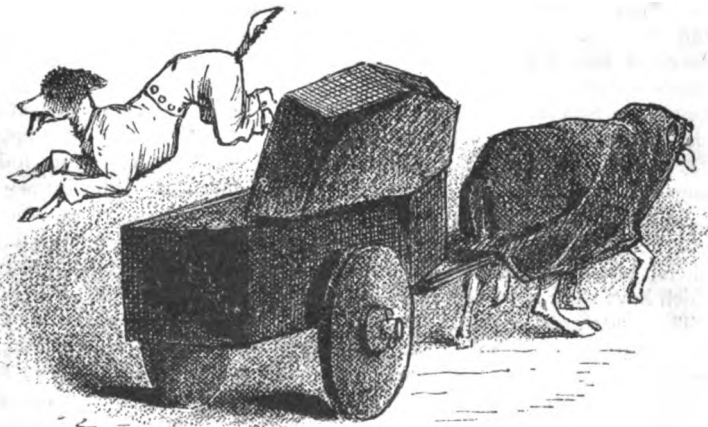
This I must describe briefly: A dignified monkey enters dressed as a military officer, a man (the master) hands him a paper in a grave, sorrowful way. A dog in uniform is brought in. His cocked hat and military coat are taken off. Evidently sentenced to die, he is placed in position, a bandage is tied around his eyes, the man fires a pistol at him, and the dog falls as if dead. They pick him up, drag him about, and lay him down again, but he does not show the slightest sign of life. Then comes a black cart with a coffin in it, dragged by a black-covered dog. The executed culprit is put into it limp and lifeless, and the procession moves solemnly on, when, just as the funeral cortège is going from the stage, the "corpse" suddenly leaps out of the coffin and dashes out of sight. At this wonderful piece of acting the people applaud tremendously, the music grows loud and warm, and the play is over.

What did we do then? Go home? Not so.

All of the hundreds of people left the building, or scattered in various directions, among the tanks of fishes, but I was not satisfied. I wanted to see the man who had taught these animals such astonishing tricks. So a messenger started off behind the stage to find him, while I hurriedly gathered my years together, and put them on as becomingly as I could, ready to be respectable and middle-aged again on the approach of Signor Taddei. He came before long, quite surprised at having been sent for,—a kind-looking, sober gentleman, who could n't speak a word of English. How fortunate that I was grown up again! Perhaps I could understand him. As he proved to speak French, we got along very well, and I always shall be grateful for the patient way in which he answered every question, often adding some welcome bit of information.

Had Monsieur owned these animals long? Oh yes, some of them for twelve years; he had been training animals for fifteen years. Did he have to whip them? "Oh no, indeed; that would do no good; it would frighten them. Kindness was much the best,"—and so on until we obtained many interesting facts. I shall repeat them to you in very much the same jerky way in which they came, for this has been quite a long story already.

Signor Taddei had come to America a few months before, bringing his animals with him; his daughter, who came also, assists him very much, and his pets are as fond of her as they are of him. She always stands behind the scenes to receive them when they run off the stage. They are fed and petted after each performance. The dogs like meat or sausage; the monkeys sometimes take meat, but generally they eat bread, milk, and



THE CORPSE TAKES AN AIRING.

rice. They like to drink raspberry or strawberry juice mixed with water. His monkeys tasted bananas in New York for the first time in their lives, and were delighted with them. Where did he get

his animals? Certainly, Madame should be told, with great pleasure. The dogs mostly were obtained in Austria, but his monkeys he picked up at circuses and zoölogical gardens—in fact at any place where he could find the right sort. He selects his monkeys usually by what he sees of them at the menageries, or zoölogical gardens. The best ones always are active and on the alert. Were monkeys as intelligent as dogs? Well, yes; no; he could n't say. Sometimes monkeys are brightest, sometimes dogs; it depends entirely upon the individual animal. Monkeys often forget their tricks when they come to a new place,—are distracted by new sights and sounds; dogs don't

forget at all. A long time generally is needed for training either, but this, too, depends upon the animal's intelligence and the difficulty of the trick; it may be three months, six months, nine months, or a year. It took more than a year to train the chief ladder-dog. Madame would n't believe it, but another dog has been training for the same trick for a whole year and cannot perform it successfully yet.

Patient Signor Taddei! How he works! How his pets work! and how, together, they amuse and astonish us! And how they help us to understand God's dumb creatures, and teach us again and again that kindness is the best law.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

By E. N.

MOST of the girls and boys who read ST. NICHOLAS know Frank R. Stockton by his writings, but they may like also to know something of his personal history.

He was born in Philadelphia, Penn., April 5th, 1834, when William IV. was King of England, when France was governed by Louis Philippe, and Andrew Jackson was President of the United States.

It is said that the children of the French silk-weavers imagine the world to be made up of two classes of people,—those who weave silk, and those who wear it. And Frank Stockton may have imagined that the world was divided into two classes,—those who write books, and those who read them. As for himself, he meant to do both; for it happened that his lot was cast in a family of writers.

His father, William S. Stockton, was known, long before his son Frank was born, as a writer upon ecclesiastical matters; and for nearly fifty years he wrote ably and vigorously, advocating, with others, certain reforms in the Methodist church, which have since been adopted.

There was another son in the family, very much older than Frank, who was an eloquent and well-known preacher; and there was an elder daughter of the family whose poems may be found in the magazines of twenty years ago. And so Thomas H. and Elizabeth Stockton, gave an impetus to the literary aspirations of the younger children.

There were some half a dozen of these younger ones. At the head of the roll stood Frank and John. These two boys were inseparable com-

panions. They talked, read, played, wrote and studied together. Whenever one entered a room, the other came close after; and, when they grew older, neither could tell of a boyish adventure in which the other had not had a part. They read the same books, and when they were not satisfied with the way the stories ended, they used to write out a new series of circumstances,—kill off, or marry the heroes and heroines as they pleased, and finish the stories to their liking.

In the evening, when the father wrote, he liked to have all the children around him, and if they had to be quiet, and often listen to long articles about church government, as they were read to their mother, yet the wood fire in the open Franklin stove, the apples hung on the string to roast, the chestnuts hidden in the ashes, the lessons to learn, the library books, the whispered joke and laugh, made the winter nights short in spite of church politics and the talk of older people, and it was far better than being sent off to a nursery.

So, out of this kind of life, with books and pictures, with talk of writing and writers, with newspapers and poetry, it was not strange that several of the children took to ink, like ducks to water; and that when the boys and their sister Louise began to write for magazines and papers, it seemed a very natural thing to do.

One of the first published articles of the boy Frank was a prize story in the "Boys' and Girls' Journal," a Philadelphia magazine. But he was probably a much prouder author when a long story,

written by him, appeared in McMakin's "American Courier," a weekly paper of large circulation.

He was a very close student, it is said, and went rapidly through the public schools of Philadelphia, and graduated at the Central High School when he was eighteen years old, belonging to a class that has given Philadelphia some of her best-known professional men.

Many of these graduates, with other young men of the city, formed a literary society called "The Forensic and Literary Circle," with which Frank and John were connected for five or six years, read-

relinquish it entirely, and devote himself to literature. During all these years he had been writing for various magazines and papers.

Meantime, his brother John (whose name is now a tender memory) had chosen an editorial career, and was then editor of a daily paper in Philadelphia, the "Morning Post." And, upon this paper, Frank Stockton began to work at literature as a business. After this he went to New York, and was for a time connected with "Hearth and Home," for which he wrote a great many children's stories besides working on the paper editorially. He afterward joined the editorial staff of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, where he remained until ST. NICHOLAS was started in 1873. He has been connected with this magazine as assistant editor from the beginning, until quite recently, when he resigned to devote himself entirely to writing.

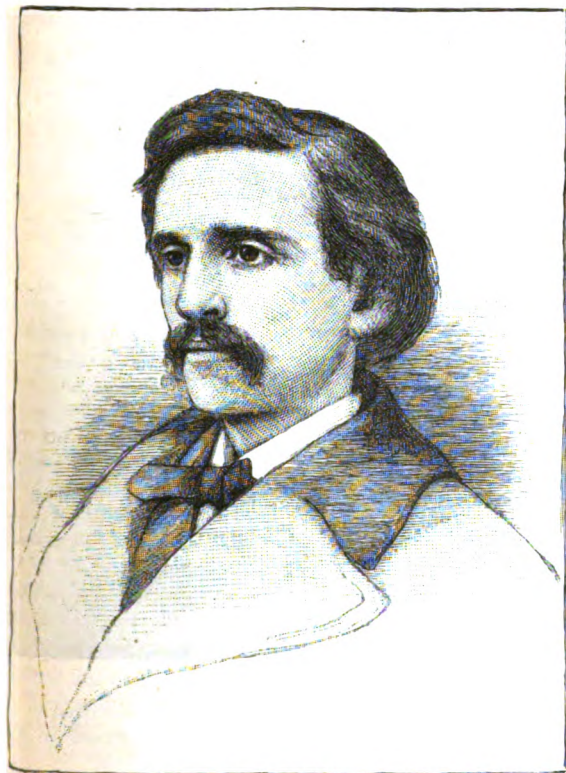
The first of his publications in book form was "Ting-a-Ling," a series of fairy stories. These were originally published in the "Riverside Magazine," and at once gave their author a position among the best American writers in the field of fancy and delicate burlesque. He also published "Roundabout Rambles," and, subsequently, the serial, familiar to our readers, which appeared in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS, "What might have been Expected," was put into book form. His next volume for children was "Tales out of School."

Mr. Stockton writes not only for children, but for grown people. As a writer for children he has a certain jollity and curious invention running through all the delicate fancies of his fairy stories that make them quite unique; and his stories of ordinary life are all characterized by humor and out-of-the-way adventures. The same characteristics are noticeable in his stories written for older people. He always looks on the bright side of life, and there is nothing morbid in his writings.

One of the principal charms in his stories, and it is shown especially in such papers as the "Rudder Grange" series, published in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, is his own entirely unaffected enjoyment of his characters. The reader finds Pomona and the eccentric boarder irresistibly funny, and when he laughs it is with the author.

In 1877, Mr. Stockton made a winter visit to Florida and the Bahamas, where he obtained much of the material for his serial story, "A Jolly Fellowship," begun in this number.

Mr. Stockton is married, and resides in a pleasant little village, about ten miles from New York.



FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ing at the weekly meetings many of their original productions, Frank's being generally stories, while his brother wrote poems. The long-continued influence of this society had much to do in eventually determining these two boys to select literature as their profession.

After his graduation, however, when it became necessary for Frank to select a business, he chose drawing and engraving on wood, having a decided talent for drawing, and a great love for it. But, after having thoroughly learned the business, and pursuing it successfully for some years, both in Philadelphia and New York, he determined to

HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.



THE HOUSEKEEPERS AT HOME. (SEE PAGE 51.)

CHAPTER I.

IN the month of March, 1877, there was great excitement at No. 27, second floor, in a Seminary in the good old Maine State, for Belle Winship, the presiding goddess of the pretty little chamber, had sent out five mysteriously worded notes to as many girls, requesting their presence at ten o'clock A. M.

The wildest curiosity prevailed, very imperfectly controlled; but, at length, the hostess with great dignity mounting a shoe-box, spoke in these words: "Fellow-countrywomen: whereas, our recitation hall has been burned down, thereby giving us a vacation of two weeks, therefore I want to impart to you a plan by which we can better resign ourselves to this afflicting dispensation. You know," continued she, still impressively, "that papa and mamma are both away for the winter, thus

leaving our cottage vacant, and it occurred to me as a brilliant idea that we six girls should go over and keep house a fortnight alone."

Here the tidal wave of her eloquence was impeded by the great enthusiasm prevailing. Cheers and applause greeted her.

"Oh, Belle, that is a lovely idea!" cried Lilla Porter; "but will your mother ever allow it, do you s'pose?"

"That's the point," answered Belle, gleefully. "Here's the letter I've just received from papa:

Baltimore, March 2, '77.

MY DEAR CHILD: We don't like to refuse you anything while we are away enjoying ourselves, so, as the house is insured, you may go over and try your scheme.

Mamma says you must n't entirely demolish her jelly and preserves. My only wish is that you will be careful of the fires. I have scarcely any hopes but that you will burn the house down; however, I should like you to avoid it, if possible.—Your affectionate and imposed upon
PAPA.

"Is n't he a perfect darling!" cried the enraptured quintette.

"I think," said demure Sadie Weld, "that before we feel too happy, we'd better consult *our* 'powers that be,' and see if we can accept Bell's invitation."

"I sha' n't hear a 'No' from one of you," said she, energetically. "I've thought it all over. You, Allie, and Josie Fenton are too far from home to go there anyway, so I shall lead you off captive. Your mother is in town, Lilla, so you can ask her immediately, and you and Edith, Sadie, are only a half day's journey away, and can find out easily. I know you can get permission, for it's going to be perfectly proper and safe. Grandma lives next door, and Uncle Harry can protect us from the ~~pag~~pagging burglars and midnight marauders that may happen in."

So the "Jolly Six" (as they were called by their school-mates) separated, to build many glittering castles in the air. Belle, it was decided, was to go on to her country home, in advance, and, with the help of a young Irish girl, prepare the house.

They had determined to have no servant, and their many ingenious plans for managing and dividing the work were the source of great amusement to the teachers, some of whom were in their confidence. Josie Fenton and Belle were to do the cooking, Jo having the sternly practical department best suited to her—meat, vegetables, etc.—while Belle concocted puddings, cakes, and the various little "messes" toward which school-girl hearts are so tender. Allie Forsaith, the oldest of the party and the beauty of the school, with Edith Lambert, attended to making of beds, tidying of rooms and setting of tables, while Lilla Porter and Sadie Weld, with noble heroism and self-sacrifice, offered to shoulder that cross of a girl's life,—the washing and wiping of dishes.

Wednesday morning the two maiden ladies living opposite the Winship cottage were transfixed with wonder by the appearance of Belle, who wanted the house-key left for safe keeping with them.

"Du tell, Isabel,—waal, I did n't expect to see you this mornin',—air your folks coming home?" asked Miss Mirandy.

"Oh, no," said Belle; "I'm going to housekeeping myself."

"Good land! You haint run off and got merried, hev you?" cried Miss Jane.

"Not quite so bad as that; but I'm going to bring five of my school-mates over to-morrow, and we intend to stay two weeks all alone."

"Land o' mercy," moaned the nervous Miss Mirandy. "That Pa o' yours would let you tread on him and not notice it. Heow any sane man would do sech a crazy thing as to let a pack of girls

tear his house to pieces, I don't see. You'll burn us all up before a week's out; I declare I sha' n't sleep a wink for worrying the whole time."

"You need n't be afraid, Miss Sawyer," said Belle, with spirit. "If six girls, all fourteen years old, can't take care of a few stoves, I should think it was a pity. People don't seem to think nowadays that girls know anything; the world's growing wiser every day, and I don't see why we should n't be as bright as those horrid girls of fifty years ago."

"Well, well, don't get huffy, Isabel; you mean well, but all girls are unstiddy at your age. Anyhow, I'll try to keep an eye on ye. Here's your key, and we can spare you a quart of milk a day and risins for your bread, if you're going to make riz bread."

"Thank you; that'll be very nice, and now I'm going over to begin work, for I have heaps to do. Grandma's Betty is going to help me."

The day was very cold, and both busy little women shivered as they unlocked one frost-bitten door after another.

"We shall freeze stiff as pokers," chattered Belle; "but we can't help it; let's build a fire in every stove in the house and thaw things out."

This was done, and in an hour they were moderately comfortable. The weather being so cold, Belle decided on using only three rooms, all on the first floor; the large, handsome family sitting-room, the kitchen, and Mrs. Winship's chamber. This being very capacious, she moved a couple of bedsteads from other rooms, and placed the three side by side, filled up the intervening spaces with bolsters, and thus made one immensely wide bed.

"There, Betty, isn't that a bright idea? We can all sleep in a row, and then there'll be no quarrelling about bed-fellows or rooms. I certainly am a born contriver," said Belle, with a triumphant little laugh.

The sitting-room coal-stove had accommodations, on top and back, for cooking, so she thought their suppers, with perhaps an occasional breakfast, might be prepared there. The large bay-window, with its bright drugget, would serve as a sort of tiny dining-room, so the handsome extension-table, with its carved legs, pretty red cover and silver service, was placed in it. This accomplished, and every room being made graceful and home-like by the dainty touch of Belle's pretty fingers, she went into her grandmother's, where four loaves of bread were baking and pies being filled, in order that the young housekeepers might commence with a full pantry.

"O, Grandma," said she, breathlessly tearing off her "cloud" and bringing down with it a sunshiny mass of bronze hair, "it does look lovely, if

I do say it; and as for setting that house on fire, there's no danger, for it will take a week to thaw it into that condition in which it will burn. I have made up my mind that I won't build the fires every morning; even if I am hostess, I don't want to freeze myself daily for the cause of politeness. Has the provision man come yet?"

"Yes," said Uncle Harry, "and brought eatables enough for an army,—more than you girls can devour in a month."

"You'll see," said Belle, laughingly. "You don't know the capacity of the 'Jolly Six' yet. Now, Betty, please take the eggs and potatoes and fish into our store-room. I've just time to make my cake and custard before I ride to the depot for the girls. Do you know, Uncle Harry, I'm going to do the most astounding thing! I've borrowed Farmer Allen's one-seated old pung,—the one he takes to town filled with vegetables,—and I'm going to keep it for our sleigh-rides. It will hold all six of us, and what do we care for public opinion?" finished she with a disdainful sniff.

CHAPTER II.

TWO hours later you might have seen the old pung drawn by Kate and Jerry, with Belle and Allie Forsaith on the seat, and four laughing, rosy-cheeked girls warmly tucked in buffalo robes on the bottom. Even the sober old sun, feeling under a cloud that day, poked his head out to see the fun, and became so interested that, in spite of himself, he forgot his determination not to shine, and stayed out all the afternoon.

When the girls opened the door and saw Belle's preparations,—the cozy sitting-room, with dining-table in the bay-window, three sofas in a row, so that on snowy days they might extend their lazy lengths thereon, and finally a huge barrel of nod-head apples in one corner,—there arose ecstatic cheers, loud enough to shock the neighbors.

"I know it's an original idea to have an apple-barrel in your parlor corner," laughed Belle; "but the common-sense of it will be seen by every thoughtful mind. Our forces will consume a peck a day, and life is too short to spend in galloping up and down cellar a dozen times a day for apples."

"Belle Winship, you're an inhospitable creature," said Lilla Porter. "Here I am, calmly seated on the coal-hod with my hat on, while you are talking so fast that you can't get time to show us our apartments."

"Apartments!" sniffed Belle in mock dudgeon. "You are very grand in your ideas! Behold your quarters, girls!" and she threw open the door of the large chamber.

"Belle, you will yet be Presidentess of these

United States," cried Edith Lambert. "Any girl who can devise two such happy plans as an apple-barrel in a parlor corner and three beds in a row, ought to be crowned."

"Might a poor worm inquire, Belle," said Sadie, "why those croquet mallets and balls are laid out in file round the bed?"

"Why, those are for protection, you goose; s'posin' anybody should come in the piazza window at night and we had nothing to kill him with!"

"Yes, and s'posin' he should take one of the mallets and pound us all to a jelly to begin with?"

"That would be rather embarrassing," answered she, with a shudder.

"What could one poor man do against five girls banging him with croquet mallets, while the sixth was running to alarm the neighbors; and finally, in conclusion, I suggest that the cooks start supper," and Allie threw herself into an arm-chair, and put up a pair of stout little boots on the fender.

The unfortunate couple referred to exchanged looks of unmitigated disgust.

"Well," said the head cook, "I have my opinion of a girl who will mention supper before she's been in the house an hour. Belle, I foresee that they're going to make galley slaves of us if they can. Besides (turning again to Allie), it is n't to be supper, but dinner. The meals at this house are to be thus and so: Breakfast at 9 A. M.; lunch at 12 M.; dinner at 4 P. M.; refreshments at 7.30 P. M., and all affairs pertaining to eatables are to be completely under control of Mesdemoiselles Winship and Fenton. We sha'n't have you 'suggesting' dinner at all hours, Miss Forsaith."

"Oh, dear!" cried Sadie Weld in comical despair, "if we are going to be ruled over in this way, life will be a bitter pill. I dare say we shall be half-starved. Do give us something good to begin on, Bluebell!"

Judging from the scene at the table an hour later, it would not have made much difference whether the repast was sumptuous or not, so formidable were the appetites, and such the merriment.

"Oh, dear," said Belle dismally, to the assistant cook. "I will throw off all disguise and say this family is a surprise and a disappointment to me. When a person cooks twenty-seven potatoes with the reasonable expectation of having half left to fry, and sees a solitary one left in the dish, it's discouraging. Any way, we are through for to-night, so the Dish Brigade can marshal their forces. We will take our one potato into the kitchen, Jo, and see if we can make it enough for breakfast."

At nine o'clock that evening Uncle Harry went through the garden, and seeing a curtain up, looked in the back window of the sitting-room, thinking he had never seen a prettier or happier looking

picture. Pretty Edith Lambert curled in an arm-chair near the astral lamp, her face resting on her two rosy palms, and her eyes bent over "Little Women." Bluebell, her bright hair bobbed in a funny little twist, from which two or three venturesome and rebellious curls were straying out, and her high-necked blue apron still on over her dark dress, was humming soft little songs at the piano. Roguish Jo was sitting flat on the hearth, her bright cheeks flushed rosier under the warm occupation of corn popping, and her dark hair



THE BILL OF FARE.

kinking up into cunning tendrils round her face; and demure Sadie Weld with her shy, tender face, beside her on a hassock, knitting a "fascinator" out of white wool. These two, so thoroughly unlike, were never to be seen apart; indeed, they were so inseparable as to be dubbed the "Scissors" or "Tongs" by their friends. Allie and Lilla were quarreling briskly over a game of cribbage, Lilla's ani-

mated expression and merry, ringing laugh contrasting forcibly with Allie's lovely, calm face. She never was known to be excited over anything. It was she who carried off all the dignity and took the part of presiding goddess over the party. The girls all adored her for her beauty and superior age; for she was nearly sixteen.

"Well," said Jo, breaking the silence, "let us have refreshments, then a good, quiet talk together, and then muster the Hair-Crimping Brigade and go to bed. I think I have corn enough; I've popped and popped and popped as no one ever popped before, and till popping has ceased to be fun."

"Pop on, pop ever; the more you give us, Jo, the more pop-ular you'll be," laughed Belle.

"She's a veritable 'pop-in-J,' is n't she?" cried Lilla.

"Now, Lilla," said Edith, "let us get the apples and nuts, and we'll sit in a ring on the floor, and eat. I sha'n't crack the almonds. The girl that hath her teeth, I say, is no girl, if with her teeth she cannot crack an almond. Lilla, you're not a

bit of assistance; you've tied up the end of the nut-bag in a hard knot, upset the apple-dish, put the table-cloth on crooked, and—Oh! dear; now you've stepped in the pop-corn" (as Lilla, trying desperately to cross the room without knocking something over as usual, had hit the corn-pan in her airy flight). "You have such a genius for stepping into half a dozen things at once, I should think you must be web-footed."

"Well, that's possible," retorted the unfortunate Lilla, "I've often been told I was a duck of a girl, and this proves it."

"Do you realize, girls," said Edith after a while, "that we shall all be visited by ghosts and horrible visions to-night, if we don't terminate this repast? I'll put away the dishes, Belle, if you'll move the sofas up to the fire, so that we can have our chat."

So, speedily, six warm dressing-sacks were slipped on, and then, the lamp being turned out, in the ruddy glow of the fire-light the brown, the yellow and the dark hair was taken down, and the girls, braiding it up for the night, talked and dreamed and built their castles in the air as all girls do.

"Girls!" said Alice softly, breaking an unusual silence of five minutes, "how thankful we ought to be for the happy lives God gives us! We have been put in this world and taken care of so beautifully every day; yet we don't often think about it."

"I think trouble, sometimes, more than happiness, leads us into thinking about God's goodness," said Edith, "though it's very strange it should. It was Mamma's death that brought me to Him."

"What a perfect heathen I am!" burst out Josie. "I can't feel any of these things any more than if I was a Chinaman. I wonder if I shall ever get waked up!"

"Look out of this window, Jo," said Belle, who was leaning on the sill. "Don't you think that if God can make out of all that snow and ice in three short months, a lovely tender, green, springing world, He can make something out of you? Is n't it a wonderful thing that He can wake up the life that's asleep under that frozen earth?"

"Well," rejoined Jo dismally, "there's something to begin on out there, but I don't think I have much of a soul, anyway. I never have seen any signs of it. You always say things so prettily, Belle, that I like to hear you sermonize. You'd make a good minister's wife."

"I think you have plenty of 'soul material,' Jo," said Lilla (confusedly struggling to make a figure of speech express her meaning). "There's lots of it there, only it wants to be—blown up, somehow."

"Thanks for your encouragement," said Jo, amid the laughter that followed Lilla's peculiar

metaphor. "I guess you'll have to handle the spiritual bellows, and then you'll find it's harder work than you imagine. Now don't laugh, girls, because I really do feel solemn about it, only I talk in my usual dreadful way."

"You always make yourself appear wicked, Jo," said her loving champion, Sadie; "but I happen to know a few 'facks' in your case. Girls, last month

ever happened to me except going to California and talking to Dickens once. That's the sum total of my adventures."

"Tell us something about California, then. Oh, you do have such a good time, and funny things are always happening to you," sighed Lilla. "You never seem to have any trials."

"Trials!" rejoined Belle, sarcastically. "I should



BELLE ASKS MISS SAWYER FOR THE KEY.

she gave every cent of her allowance to Mrs. Hart (that poor washer-woman who scorched her white overskirt), and stayed away from the levee to take care of that horrid room-mate of hers who had a headache."

"Sadie, if you don't desist," cried Jo, with a flaming face and brandishing a hair-brush fiercely, "I will throw this at your dear, charitable, little head. Now, Belle, you know we all agreed to tell a story or adventure each night before going to bed, and I think you, as hostess, ought to begin."

"Dear me, I can't!" cried Belle. "Nothing

think I had n't! Perhaps I have n't a little brother and an awfully fussy old aunty! Perhaps I never had three-fourths of my alveolar processes come up through my jaw to be pulled out! Don't you call those 'afflictions'?"

"Yes, I do," answered Lilla, joining the general laugh; "and I'll never allude to your good fortune again. Now tell us a California story,—that's a dear,—for I'm getting sleepy."

"Well," said Belle, casting her eyes round the room until they rested on the what-not, "I'll tell you the story of these;" (taking up a string of

dusky-looking pearls which had the appearance of having been burned) "and I shall make it just as 'bookish' and romantic as possible."

"Last summer, Mamma and I were boarding in a beautiful valley a hundred miles from San Francisco. It was near the mining districts, where Papa was attending to some business. Of course, a great many Mexicans and Indians, as well as Chinamen, worked in these mines, and we used to see them very often. Mamma and I were sitting under the peach-trees in the garden one afternoon; the fruit was ripe and hanging 'in bushels' on the trees, as beautiful to look at as it was luscious to eat; some of the peaches were a rich yellow inside and others snow-white, except where the crimson stone had tinged its socket with rosy little spots

"We were sewing and eating when the gate opened, and an Indian girl with an old squaw came in and approached us. The girl could speak English, and told me her name was Eskaluna. I knew then she was the beauty and belle of the tribe, and was going to marry the chief's son when the next moon came, for I had heard of her from our Indian cook, who was as gossipy as a Yankee. She was the most beautiful creature I ever saw: lovely black hair,—not so coarse as is usual with them,—brilliant dark eyes and good features, the prettiest slim hands and graceful arms, too. Then she was dressed gayly and handsomely in the fashion of her tribe, and on her lovely, bare, brown neck was this long string of Mexican pearls, which we noticed at once as being very valuable. She stayed there all the afternoon eating peaches, and really grew quite confidential. Mamma, meanwhile, had gone into ecstasies over her beautiful pearls, and had taken them from her neck to examine them. At sunset, when she went home to her wigwam, she slipped the necklace into Mamma's lap, saying, with her sweet trick of speech, 'I eat your peachie, you takie my beads.' Of course Mamma could n't accept them, and Eskaluna departed in quite a disappointed mood. I remember being sorry that the pretty young thing was going to marry the disagreeable, ugly chief. He was just as jealous and ferocious as he could be,—would n't let her talk to one of the warriors of the tribe, and had shot one man already because he fancied she liked him.

"In two days our Indian cook came home at night from the mines, saying he wanted a holiday the next morning to go to a funeral. You know in some tribes they burn the bodies of the dead. Well, we asked him the particulars, of course, and were terribly shocked when we heard that it was the funeral of Eskaluna. Nakawa told us the whole story in his broken English, and a sad enough one it was. Her lover, as I have said, was always jealous of her, and on the afternoon she

came to our house, he had heard from some crafty villain or other (an enemy of Eskaluna's) that she was false, and instead of intending to marry him, she loved a handsome young Indian of another tribe and would run away with him.

"This fired his hot blood, and he rushed off on the village road determined to kill her. He climbed up a large sycamore-tree on a lonely part of the road, and there waited until the shadows fell over the mountain-sides, and the sun, dropping behind their peaks, left the San Jacinto valley in fast growing darkness. At last he saw the gleam of her scarlet dress in the distance, and soon he heard her voice as she came singing along, little thinking of her dreadful fate. He took sure aim at the heart that was beating happily and carelessly under her cape of birds' feathers, shot, and so swift and unerring his arrow that she fell in an instant,—dead upon the path. Then, leaving her with the helpless old squaw, he escaped into a cañon near by.

"The next day we went over to the Indian encampment, and reached the place just after poor Eskaluna had been burned on the funeral pile. We went close to the spot, and could hardly help crying when we thought of her beauty and sweetness, and her tragic death. Up near the head of the pile where that lovely brown neck of hers had rested,—the prettiest neck in the world,—laid this charred string of pearls she had worn in our garden. Mamma asked for it as a remembrance, and the old squaw gave it to her. Eskaluna's brother is on the war-path after her murderer, I guess, to this day, if he has n't killed him yet; for he was determined to avenge her. Now is n't that romantic, and terrible at the same time, girls? Poor Eskaluna! I don't know that her fate would have been much easier if she had married him; but it's hard to think of her being so heartlessly murdered when she was so innocent and true; and that's the end of my story. Now, come to bed, girls; it's ten o'clock."

In a half hour all six were asleep, and the bright-faced moon, looking in at the piazza window, smiled as she saw the half-dozen heads in a row, and the bed surrounded by croquet mallets and balls.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day rose clear, bright and sparkling, but bitterly cold.

I cannot attempt to tell you all the doings of that indefatigable and ingenious bevy of girls during the day. Miss Mirandy, their opposite neighbor, had kept at her post of observation, the window, very closely, and had seen much to awaken scorn and surprise.

"Waal, Jane!" said she excitedly in the after-

noon, "there they go ag'in! That's the fourth time their hoss has been harnessed into Allen's pump to-day; and now they've got their uncle. Whatever they find to laugh so over, and where they go to, is more'n I can see. They hev n't done up their dinner dishes, I know, for I've been watching of 'em and they haint had time to do 'em so vast quick as this, though Belle Winship is as spry as a skeeter when she gets agoing."

Miss Mirandy's eyes were better than magnifying glasses, for, aided by a lively imagination, they could dart around corners and through doors with great ease. Belle avowed confidentially to Sadie that morning, when she met her eyes fixed on the pantry window, that she ble'aved Miss Mirandy could see a fly-speck on top of a liberty pole.

The girls had made a very lively day of it, and in the evening, their spirits being still high, they gave an impromptu concert; with Uncle Harry, two or three of Mrs. C.'s boarders, the young school-master and Hugh Pennell (home from college on vacation), for an audience; a small, but appreciative one.

Belle had a keen sense of the ridiculous and a voice like a meadow lark. Jo was capital, too, as a mimic, so together they gave some absurdly funny scenes from operas and the like. Belle had thrown on an evening dress of her cousin's, left in the house, which, with its short sleeves, showing her round, girlish arms, and its long train, made her such a distracting little prima donna of fifteen, that Hugh Pennell quite laid his boyish heart at her feet. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer" with all the smiles, head tossings, arch looks, casting down of eyelids and kissing of finger-tips at close, which generally accompany it when sung by the stage soprano, and was greeted with rapturous applause. Then Jo, as the tenor, in dressing-gown and smoking-cap for male attire, sung a fervent duet with Allie Forsaith, rendering it with original Italian words, and embraces at the end of each measure. After bidding their visitors good-night at ten o'clock, and keeping the cooks company in the kitchen while they set muffins to "raise" for breakfast, the girls went to their room.

"I never had such a good time in my life," sighed Lilla, as she blew out the lamp and tucked herself in on the front side. "I only have two things to trouble me. First: my tooth feels as if it were going to ache again. Second: it's my turn to build the fire in the morning."

"Console yourself with one thought, my dear," said Belle, sleepily, yet sagely, "both those misfortunes can't happen to you, for if your tooth aches, we sha' n't make you build the fire."

Lilla's fears had foundation, however, for in the middle of the night, Jo, who slept next the

front side, waked up to find her slipping out of bed.

"What's the matter, Lilla?" whispered she.

"Nothing; don't wake the rest, but that aching tooth of mine has given me the neuralgia. Where is the 'stuff' I bathe my face in, do you know?"

"Yes, just where you put it this morning, in the wash-stand closet; sha' n't I light the lamp and help you?"

"No, no," said Lilla. "I can put my hand right on it. Here it is! I'll bathe my face a few minutes and then try to get to sleep."

So she anointed herself freely, put the bottle and sponge under the head of the bed lest she should need them again, and, finally, the pain growing less, fell asleep.

In the morning, Belle, who waked first, rubbed her eyes drowsily, looked over to Lilla, who was breathing quietly, and uttered a loud shriek. This in turn aroused the other girls, who, looking where she pointed, followed her example. One side of Lilla's face was swollen, and of a dark, purple color, presenting a frightful appearance. At length, hearing the confusion, Lilla awoke with a start, and her eyes being open and rolled about in surprise, looked still more alarming.

"What's the matter, girls?" said she, sitting up in bed. Thereupon Edith and Allie began to cry, and nobody answered her.

"Keep calm," said Belle, tremblingly.

"Lilla, dear, your face is badly swollen and discolored, and we're afraid you'll be very sick, but we'll send for the doctor right away; does it pain you much?"

She jumped up hastily, and, looking in the mirror, uttered a cry of terror, and sank back into the rocking-chair.

"Oh dear! oh dear! What can it be! Oh take me home to papa, Belle! It must be a—*a* malignant fustule—or spotted fever—or something dreadful! What shall I do? Belle, you're a doctor's daughter; do find out what's the matter with me!"

"Girls," cried Belle, with a face like a ghost, "we can't be too quick about this. If you, Jo, will build a kitchen fire, and Allie do the same in here, then, after we've made her comfortable, Edith can run and tell Uncle Harry to come."

"She had a pain in her face last night," gasped Jo; "that must have had something to do with it. She put some of her medicine on and then dropped off into sleep. Come, darling, let us tuck you in bed again; try to keep up your courage!"

Then there was a hasty consultation in the kitchen, 'midst many groans and tears. Belle was authority on sickness, and she said, with an awe-struck face, that it must be a dreadful case of erysipelas in the very last stages.

"But," cried Allie, perplexed, "it's a very strange case, for why does she have so little pain, and how could her face have turned so black from mortification in one night?"

"Heaven knows," said Belle, devoutly, and in abject terror, wringing her hands. "What to do with her I don't know. Whether to put hot bricks to her head and ice to her feet, or keep her head cold and soak her feet—whether to give her a sweat or keep her dry, or wrap her in blankets, or get the linen sheets. Jo is with her now. If you'll go and wake Uncle Harry, Edith, it's the best thing we can do. Please go with her, too, Sadie, and you won't be afraid together."

Allie and Belle rushed back to Lilla, who looked even worse, now that the room was bright with the glow of the open fire and the pale light of the student-lamp.

"You patient old darling!" cried Belle, plunging down on her knees beside the bed. "They've sent for the doctor, and now you'll be all right. Good gracious! what bottle have I tipped over under this bed?"

"It's my lotion for neuralgia," moaned Lilla faintly. "I bathed my face in it last night, and put it under there afterward."

"Your neuralgia lotion!" shrieked Belle, with first a look of blank astonishment, and then one of insane excitement and glee mixed in equal parts. "Look at it, girls, and don't let me die laughing. Look, Allie and Jo! Oh, Lilla, you precious, precious goose!" and thereupon she dragged out from beneath the bed-curtain a pint bottle of—violet ink, and then relapsed into a paroxysm of merriment. Just then the back-door opened, and in hurried Uncle Harry and the girls, much terrified, for they had heard the shouts and gasps and excited voices from outside, and supposed, at least, that Lilla had fallen into convulsions.

"Let me see the poor child immediately," cried Mr. Winship. "What's the trouble with you, Belle, are you crazy? and where is Lilla?" (looking at the apparently empty bed, for Lilla had wound

herself in the bed-clothes, disappeared from view, and was endeavoring to force a whole sheet into her mouth in order to render laughter inaudible). "Are you trying to play a joke on me?" continued he, with as much dignity as was consistent, in an attire made up of an under-flannel, a pair of trousers, wrong side out, rubbers, a tall hat and gold-headed cane which he had caught up in his hasty flight from his chamber.

"The fact is," answered Belle, between convulsive gasps and trying desperately hard to regain her sobriety,—“the fact is—Uncle Harry—we made—a mistake, and so did—Lilla. There were two bottles just alike in the closet, and in the night she bathed her face for ten minutes in the purple ink! Oh, oh, oh!!!”

Uncle Harry's face relaxed into a broad grin as he saw the joke.

"Oh, Mr. Winship, you should have seen her!" sighed Jo, lifting her head from the sofa-pillow with streaming eyes. "All her face, except part of her forehead and one cheek, was covered with enormous dark purple blotches. She looked like a calathumpian, or a leper, or anything else frightful!"

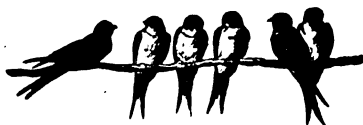
"Well," said Edith, slyly, "Belle said mortification had taken place. I don't think Lilla has ever been more mortified than she is now; do you?"

"Puns are out of place, Edith," said Belle severely. "Don't hurry, Uncle Harry. Don't let any thought of your rather peculiar attire cause you embarrassment."

But before Belle's teasing voice had ceased, the last thud, thud of his rubbers, and click, click of his gold-headed cane were heard in the hall, and he thought, as he tried to finish his night's sleep, that he would be cautious before he allowed these mad-cap girls to rout him out of bed again at three o'clock in the morning.

As for the girls themselves, they did not make a trial of slumber, but scrubbed Lilla energetically first, and then made molasses candy, determined that the roaring kitchen fire should be used to some purpose.

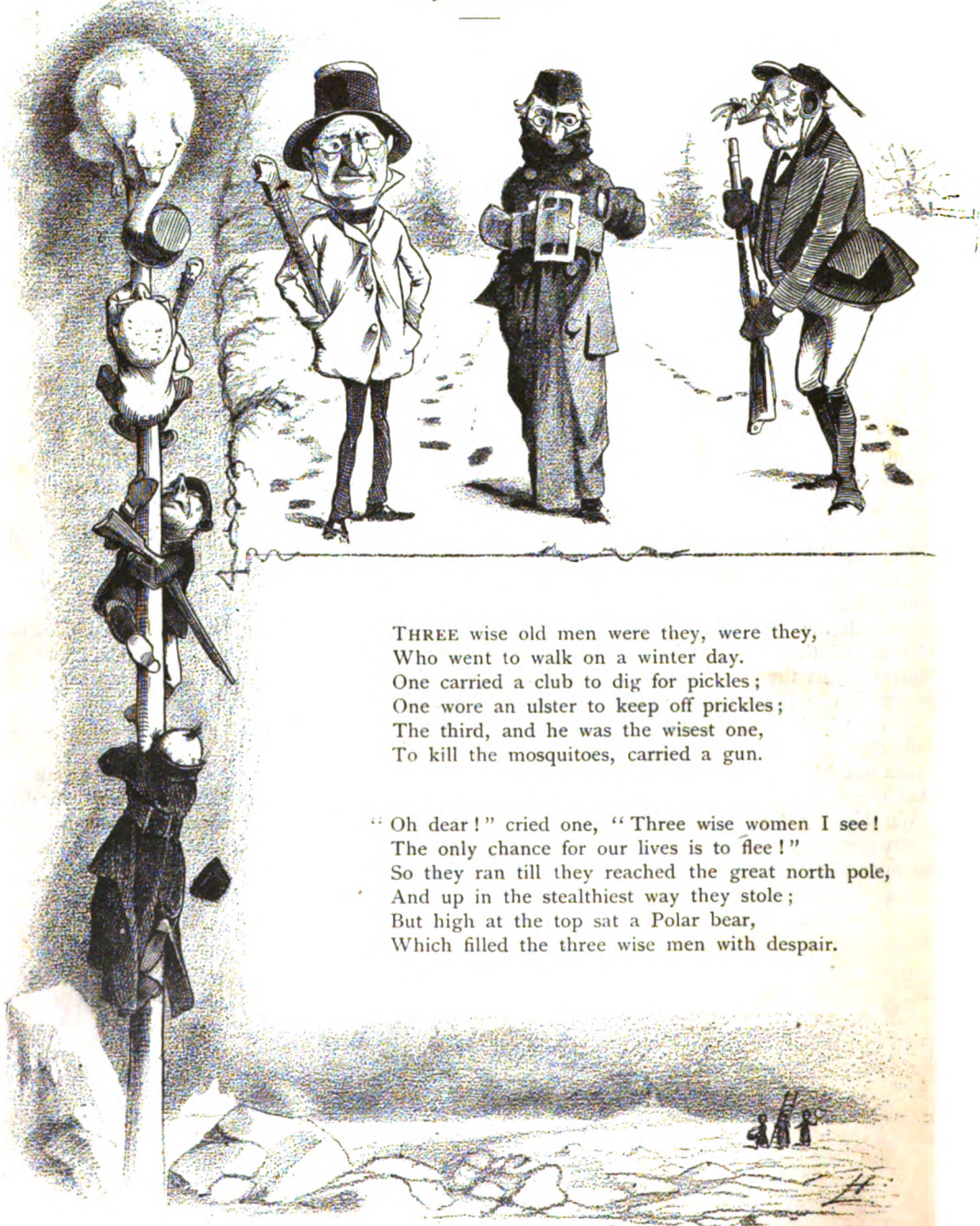
(To be continued.)



THE THREE WISE MEN.

[See "Three Wise Women," ST. NICHOLAS, for April, 1878, p. 432.]

BY JOEL BRUSH.



THREE wise old men were they, were they,
 Who went to walk on a winter day.
 One carried a club to dig for pickles;
 One wore an ulster to keep off prickles;
 The third, and he was the wisest one,
 To kill the mosquitoes, carried a gun.

"Oh dear!" cried one, "Three wise women I see!
 The only chance for our lives is to flee!"
 So they ran till they reached the great north pole,
 And up in the stealthiest way they stole;
 But high at the top sat a Polar bear,
 Which filled the three wise men with despair.

One used his club for a parachute ;
 One from the stock of his gun did shoot ;
 The third, in the ulster, fainted away,
 And there he 'd have lain to this very day,
 If the three old women had not appeared,
 And found them all more hurt than skeered.

One fanned the ulster into life,
 For which he gladly made her his wife ;
 One caught the club man on her ladder,—
 'T was hard to tell which felt the madder,—
 And the third, before he had time to ask it,
 Carried the sportsman off in her basket.





THE LOOK-OUT TREE.

BY FRED. BEVERLY.



THE trees and plants of the half-tropical forests of the Southern states are very interesting to one accustomed to our Northern woods. The elms, oaks and maples of the North give place to other species of the same family, and many entirely new kinds meet his eye. There are in the South, for example, true oaks which retain an ever-green foliage, and are therefore called *live-oaks*. Such a tree is shown in the picture on next page, and forms a

portion of a scene perfectly characteristic of Florida.

The live-oak is, or has been, one of the most valuable of our forest trees—so valuable that the Government has protected and preserved large tracts or reservations of it in Florida, where no person is allowed to cut any timber. It is used altogether in ship-building, and the knees, or ribs, of vessels made from it will last a hundred years or more. There are yet shown on Cumberland island, near the coast of Georgia, the stumps of trees from which were shaped the timbers of the frigate "Constitution"—so celebrated in our history.

The live-oak is fast decreasing in numbers, and men are yet employed in cutting its valuable timber, which is shipped to the various navy-yards and stored up for future use.

I once visited a camp of "live-oakers" on Mos-

quito Lagoon, on the east coast of Florida. Three hundred men were employed, and they lived in little villages of palmetto huts, each group having its captain, teamster and cook. They all were Northern men, most of them from the lumber camps of Maine,—men born in the woods, and well accustomed to fatigue. At first, the oaks were cut upon the banks of the lagoon, but these were soon exhausted, and mile after mile the men had followed, building roads of logs across the marshes, and rude bridges over the creeks and swamps, until they had finally reached the margin of oak growth seven miles away. There was no other village near, and this settlement, with its many huts, huge barns (for all hay and provender for the cattle had to be brought from the North), stores, warehouses and wharfs, would be abandoned as soon as the supply of timber was exhausted.

Every morning a gang of men went into the woods; a certain number cut down the huge oak, others hew the logs square, cut out the "knees" or bent limbs which are the most valuable, and marked on every piece its contents in cubic feet. The timber was then taken by the teamsters, who hung them under the axles of their huge wheels, eight feet in diameter, and drew them to the river. Their teams contained six, eight, and sometimes ten yoke of cattle; and they were often nearly a day in accomplishing the distance to the lagoon. The native cattle were used, as, though hardly half the size of Northern oxen, they could undergo more fatigue, could travel quicker and more surely among the stumps and roots, and could live on less food. After the timber had been taken to the banks of the lagoon it was loaded upon huge, boat-

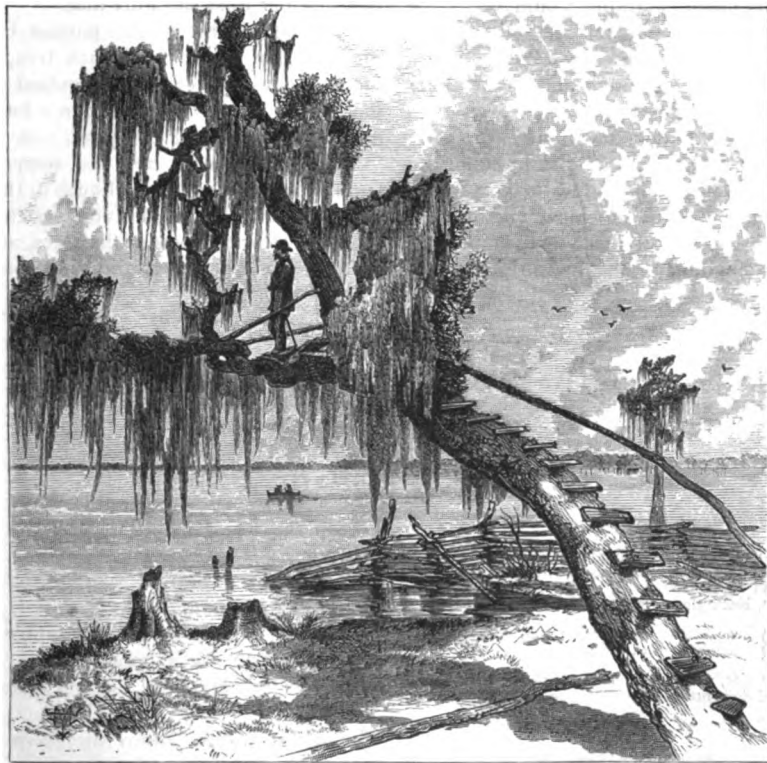
like rafts, called "lighters," and floated twenty miles away to the Inlet, where vessels were lying in wait for it. Every part of the process of securing this timber was attended with great hardship and even danger.

You cannot help noticing the drapery of the tree in the picture,—the long festoons of Spanish moss or *tillandsia*, which is not a moss at all, but an air-plant. It garlands every tree, nearly, and grows in every swamp in Florida, in little sprays

ure. There, half hidden in the dense shroud of moss, was a boy ten years old, singing:

"Oh! Santa Fè is a very good lake,
'T is a very good place for me;
For it has a bank that never will break,
And that everybody can see."

As I stepped out upon the sandy shore, he shrank back, much ashamed of having been overheard. Nevertheless, he invited me to his plat-



"THE LOOK-OUT TREE."

of gracefully curling tendrils, or in huge masses of interlaced and matted moss. Large quantities of it are gathered and buried in some pond, or steamed, until the outer cuticle comes off, leaving a woody fiber which is useful to us in various ways, chiefly as a stuffing for mattresses.

One hot day in August I was walking along the shores of a beautiful lake in Florida, the banks of which were lined with a luxuriant growth of trees and vines, made almost impenetrable by the hanging moss, when suddenly I heard sounds issuing from a tree near the thicket in which I was. I could see no one anywhere, and it was some time before I traced the sounds to the tree in our pic-

ture, and I climbed up upon the cross-pieces which you see nailed upon the trunk of the tree.

He was a very pleasant little fellow, with blue eyes and yellow hair, the son of a planter who owned a great portion of the land about the lake. From our position we could look across the lake, into the pine woods two miles away, and up its shore for several miles. Tall cypresses grew thickly along the lake shore, draped, like our own tree, with long pendants of moss; behind us was the plantation, a narrow lane leading up the hill to the houses and out-buildings, surrounded with orange and lemon trees.

"And now, my little friend," said I, sitting down

by his side, "how came you to have such a delightful play-house up in this tree?"

"This was n't built for a play-house; but Papa made it ever so many years ago for Mamma to watch from when he went across the lake. Do you see that green bank across the lake? That is an orange grove that Papa set out when sister was born (she is two years older than I), and when he would go over there with the men to work, Mamma would get so lonesome, that he built her this place for a look-out. We call it 'the look-out tree;' and when I was small, Mamma would bring me here on hot afternoons, and sit here till almost dark. One time she had waited for Papa till sunset, and he did not come, though she saw the boat leave the shore, and she thought she would go down. But just as she took me in her arms, and got up, she saw a wild cat coming right along the fence, toward the water. She did n't make a noise, but got right down behind the moss and waited. The wild cat jumped off the fence near the foot of the tree, began smelling of the foot-prints in the

sand, and then scratching at the foot of the tree. He seemed ready to climb right up when something made him look out toward the lake, and there was the boat, coming as fast as our boys could pull it. That frightened him and he ran away. After that, Mamma did n't go there so much, and would not let me go, unless nurse or Papa was with me, till I was quite old."

"And what was the bank of which you were singing?"

"Oh! that is our orange bank across the lake. Nothing but frost can hurt that."

Then he told me of the portion his father had set aside for him. That each tree, being old as himself, now bore over two hundred oranges; and that he had received more than a hundred dollars from his orange bank last year.

Then I related to him the story of the Swiss family Robinson, of their house in the tree, which his "look-out" recalled; and we chatted till the sun drew near the tops of the trees, and we walked up to the gate together, and said good-by.

THE MAGICIAN'S LESSON.

(A dialogue in three scenes. From a German story.)

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS.

Pompey. { Tall boy in foppish attire, dress coat with brass buttons, white hat with black band, eye-glass, cane, bright chintz vest and tight pantaloons, ruffled shirt, button-hole bouquet, black gloves, black mask.

Tommy Whiteface. { Very small boy in white suit, with face and hands chalked white.

Another boy. { Same size, with suit of black cambric, black mask, and tight-fitting black skull-cap.

Dick and Harry.—Two boys in common attire.

The Magician. { Tall boy in long robe of black muslin, ornamented with figures cut from yellow cloth; very tall, black, pointed hat trimmed with yellow.

SCENE I.

The abode of the Magician, Scribble Scabble Spatter Ink, who sits at a table covered with manuscript, holding a pen three feet long, which he often dips into a huge ink-pot, that stands beside the table near the center of the room. His pen-wiper, larger than a big cabbage, can be made of red muslin, with black pieces stuck on to represent ink-stains. The ink-stand is made by covering a barrel with black muslin, dull side out: the bottom is made larger than the rest by winding clothes about the lower part of the barrel under the cover. The word "ink" is printed with white chalk on the side of the ink-stand. The magician seems deep in literary labor, often dipping his pen into the ink-stand, and then writing, as if inspired. He is so absorbed that he at first pays no attention to the continued knocking of Julius Cæsar Pompey Augustus, who bursts into the room as if in terror and out of breath. The magician looks up with great dignity and completely awes Pompey, who leans against the wall in terror.

Magician. I am the greatest writer that the world has ever seen,

I cover half the pages of the "Weakly Magazine;"

I keep the world in order, with the magic of my pen,

And teach the best of manners to the worst of boys and men.

Pompey. Great Scribble Scabble Spatter Ink, I come to ask a boon;

I see you're very busy, so I'll state my business soon.

The naughty boys annoy me, because I am not white,

And I beg that you will help me to set the matter right.

Magician. State your grievance, August Pompey, as quickly as you can,

For I am always glad to help a colored brother man;

'Tis the duty of a writer to right the wrongs of all,

And to shed his ink most freely for the good of those who call.

Pompey. [Struts across the room with great airs. When, in this modest manner, I promenade the street,

I attract the idle notice of all the boys I meet, And some of them leave off at once their labor or their games

To run along behind me, and call me ugly names.

Magician. Keep dark, poor Pompey Cæsar, and when forth again you walk,

And are troubled by boys' actions, or by their idle talk,

Just run with all your might to me, and if they follow you,

I'll teach them such a lesson as will make them very blue.

Pompey. Expect them very soon, great sir, for I am very sure

Their cruel speech and actions I no longer can endure.

I'll bring before your highness the very first I meet,

And I know that I shall see them at the corner of the street.

[Pompey goes out backward, bowing most profoundly, and the Magician settles down to his writing as if absorbed.]

SCENE II.

A street. Tom, Dick and Harry are engaged in playing marbles in the right corner. Julius Cæsar Pompey Augustus enters at night, and struts along.

Tommy. There goes that Julius Cæsar with all his pomp and pride;

How high he holds his haughty head! Note his conceited stride!

Now let us follow after him, and have a little fun,

And let us chase him home again, as fast as he can run.

Pompey. You naughty boys desist, I pray, and pay me more respect;

If I am darker in my face, pray why should you object?

If your black hearts showed in your face, then all the world could see

That I, the white, and you, the dark, would then most surely be.

Tommy. Come show us, Pompey Cæsar, how fast your legs can run,

For we are going to chase you now to have a little fun.

So run, you unbleached contraband, as quickly as you can;

Run, run, you brunette brother, you stylish African.

[Pompey runs off, as if in terror, and the three boys run after him.]

SCENE III.

The abode of the Magician as before, excepting that the small boy, dressed completely in black, is concealed inside the ink-stand. The Magician is still writing very busily as before, and looks up in great surprise and annoyance as Pompey dashes into the room, closely followed by the three boys, who seem frightened and try to escape, but the door proves to be closely shut behind them,

and they stand looking at the Magician, who lays down his pen, after wiping it carefully on his huge pen-wiper, rises from his chair and speaks.

Magician. Why are you here, O, sable one? and you three idle boys?

To stop the current of my thought with your discordant noise?

Do you know the world will suffer, if I lay aside my pen?

For it is mightier than the sword when wielded by some men.

Pompey. Great sir, I am the very man who called a while ago,—

The one to whom you promised to take away his woe.

I am Julius Cæsar Pompey, and I bring before you here

The boy who makes my life so hard, and keeps me full of fear.

Magician. What is your name, you naughty boy? and what have you to say

In answer to this cruel charge, that you, in idle play,

Have troubled this poor African, because he's poor and weak?

Or is it that his face is black? What is your answer?—speak!

Tommy. My name is Tommy Whiteface, and I own that I have done

A very hard and cruel thing, to make poor Pompey run.

But he walked so very oddly, and had so many airs,

That we tried to teach him manners, and to give him little scares.

Magician. I am here to teach you manners, and will try to scare you too,

So you will never plague a man because he's black or blue.

I'll dip you in my ink-stand, and Pompey then can see

You can no longer laugh at him, for you'll be as black as he.

[The Magician then takes up Tommy by the collar of his coat and dips him into the ink-stand. Then he takes hold of the collar of the boy in black clothes, who has been concealed, and lifts him out; so to the audience the effect is very startling, as he has apparently changed color. He puts the boy down, and Pompey and the other boys point at him and laugh.]

Magician. Laugh not at him, poor Pompey, because he laughed at you,

But try to pity and forgive, and learn this maxim true,—

'Tis only manners make the man, and whether black or white,

You always can command respect, if you respect the right.

CURTAIN.

BESSIE BARTON'S LARGE FAMILY.

BESSIE BARTON is a little girl with a great many brothers and sisters, but they all are grown up, and she is the only child left.

It is a very lonely thing to be just one little girl in a big house, and one day Bessie really could not stand it. She said she must have something alive to play with, so her mamma made it known that she would like to have a kitten. The next morning some boys brought her seven. She could n't



make a choice, so she took them all. You never saw such a greedy girl for kittens; she wanted one for every day in the week, she said. She had one over, for a girl brought a little gray kitten, curled up fast asleep in a bird-cage!

"Oh!" cried Bessie, "I'll take that, too! I have n't a single gray one." So the other girl lifted up the top of the cage and let out the kitten. The poor little thing had awakened and was making a dreadful noise and scratching.

"He has n't a very good disposition, I'm afraid," she said. "I call him 'Pepper;' that's gray, you know, and kind of sharp and fiery. What do you call your other kittens?"

"Oh, my!" said Bessie, "I don't know. Boys brought them, and they never do think of things like girls. What shall I do?"

"I'll help you," said the other girl. And the two curly-heads puzzled themselves for full an hour to find names that would "fit the pussies," as Bessie said.

There was "Pepper," to begin with; then the twins they called "Trotty"



and "Spotty," and the three black ones "Topsy," and "Jet," and "Snuffy" (because one had such a funny little way with its nose); and the two white kittens "Snow" and "Whitey."

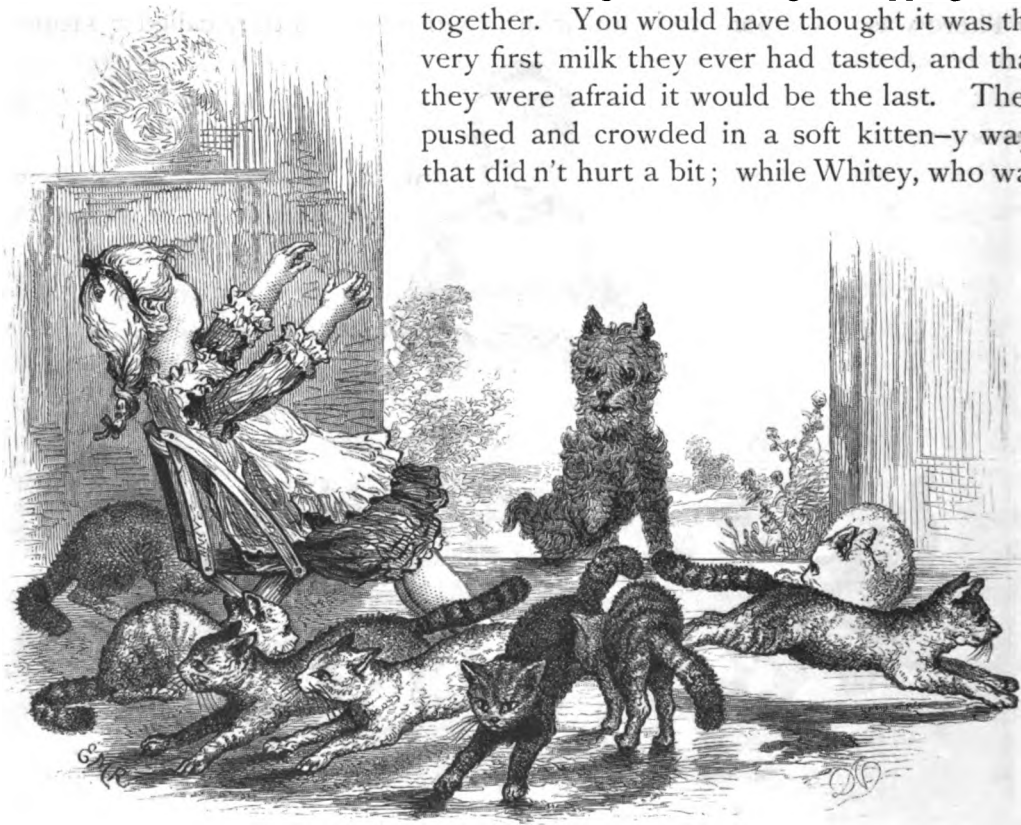
Bessie was a very happy girl now, and played all day long with her family of kittens. But they had to sleep in the cellar; mamma said there really was n't room for so many kittens anywhere else. That was bad. Once Snow got among the coal, and Bessie had to give her a bath, in a real bath-tub, before she was fit to be seen. That was a dreadful punishment, for cats are like some children, and never like to be washed.

When Bessie opened the door for the kittens each morning, they always

came hurrying in, saying "good-morning," as plainly as kittens can say it, and calling out, pussy fashion, "Do hurry up breakfast; we're hungry."

This breakfast was a great yellow bowlful of milk. It was quite heavy, but Bessie would let no one but herself carry it to the corner of the kitchen which belonged to her kittens, who crowded so closely around that sometimes she almost tripped.

It was a very funny sight to see the eight furry little heads around this one bowl, and eight little tongues lapping milk together. You would have thought it was the very first milk they ever had tasted, and that they were afraid it would be the last. They pushed and crowded in a soft kitten-y way, that did n't hurt a bit; while Whitey, who was



not as tall as the other kittens, had to stand up and lean over very far; once she fell in and was almost drowned before Bessie could get her out.

As soon as the kittens were old enough, Bessie began to have school. Her school was on the Kindergarten system. She had little balls of light-colored paper or worsted and bits of string; and I could n't begin to tell you the wonderful things her scholars did with them.

Once something happened which almost put an end to Bessie's school forever. It was a very warm summer morning, so she sat in her little chair near the garden door of the sitting-room, and her scholars would rush out

and chase butterflies till they were tired ; then they would come back and lie down and wink lazily at Bessie, or wash their faces right in school, getting ready for a good nap ; and would not attend to their lessons at all. Suddenly a sharp "KI-YI" was heard, and there at the open door stood a little Scotch terrier, looking in ; his shaggy hair hanging down over his eyes, his little white teeth gleaming, and one paw uplifted as if ready for a spring.

One look from the kittens, and school was out. Those who could run, ran ; but Snow was so frightened she could not stir, and Topsy and Spotty were n't much better off. Even Bessie fell back in her chair and held up her hands in terror. Pepper was the only brave one ; he got his back up and sputtered as fiercely as he could.

Bessie soon recovered her courage ; then the little dog came up to her, wagging his little bit of a tail and looking so friendly that she put out her hand and patted him.

He did n't seem to belong to any one, and he would not go away ; so, as he was a very little fellow, Mr. Barton said they would keep him.

"What shall we call him, papa ?" asked Bessie.

"Ki-yi !" barked the dog, who was standing by wagging his funny little tail, and looking very much as if he understood what was going on.

"Oh, hear him !" laughed Bessie, clapping her hands. "He has named himself." So they called him Kiyi. At first the kittens did not like him at all ; but he was very good and never barked at them or ran after them, so after a while they grew to be quite fond of Master Kiyi, and would play all day long with him.

Kiyi goes to Bessie's school, too, and is "head scholar." But Bessie loves them all the same, and thinks her large family just the nicest and best in the world.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ST. NICHOLAS is five years old this month, and a good, bright, happy five-year-old he is, or my name's not Jack. If every one could do as much in five years as ST. NICHOLAS has done,—teaching, helping, and amusing thousands upon thousands of people, little and big,—what a world this would be!

All honor to him on his sixth birthday, and a long life of usefulness and joy!

Now you shall have

A MOTTO FOR "THANKSGIVING" DAY.

A BIT of paper has come to me marked "A Motto for Thanksgiving Day." That means every day, I suppose, unless there are some days on which one ought not to be thankful.

This is what the scrap says,—and I hope you will be duly grateful for that, too, my dears:

One day, as the famous Frenchman Descartes was eating at a table piled with good things, a gay nobleman came up, and said to him:

"Hey!—What?—Do you philosophers eat dainties?"

"And do you think, then," mildly answered Descartes, "that good things were made only for fools?"

From this you may see that even good things are to be taken cheerfully,—as philosophers take them.

THE NAVAJOES AND TURKEYS.

AT first, one would think that turkeys ought to be happy out among the Navajoe Indians, who live near the north-western border of Mexico, for red men of that tribe will not eat them. They believe that bad white men, when they die, are changed into turkeys, and this thought, I'm told, takes away the Indian's relish for the bird.

But, after all, this makes very little difference to

the turkeys, for, although the Navajoes themselves will not eat them, they are very ready to catch the poor things and sell them to white men who have not yet been changed.

QUEER PLACES FOR SHELTER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you let me tell your young folks something?

One day Papa came in with something tied in his handkerchief, and told us to guess what it was. I guessed spring-flowers; but Charley said, "No, it's alive. I see it wriggling." Then he shouted out "Snakes!" Papa shook his head. Then Charley shouted "Birds!" Papa again shook his head. Then Charley shouted "Toads!" Papa said, "No," and put the handkerchief on the table, and began untying it, while the children clustered around.

He laid back the corners of the handkerchief: there were three dark-gray little balls lying close up to a dark-gray big ball. In the midst of the "Whys!" and the "What-are-they?" the big ball shot over to a book-case and hung like a bat against a blue-book, while the three little balls rolled over, and showed twelve legs a-working and a-squirming.

"Flying squirrels!" shouted Charley. Charley was always shouting, as if all the world was deaf. Yes, it was a mother flying-squirrel and three baby-squirrels.

"Let's put 'em in Canary's cage!" shouted Charley.

"Let's!" shouted all the rest.

So we brought in the pretty blue cage, where the dear little canary had died, and put in the four new pets, and heaped the floor with corn and cracked nuts. Next we got a stick, and very gently poked Mamma Bunny. It was sport to see her flying leaps from side to side and from perch to floor.

That night we put the cage in a closet to keep it from the cat. Early the next morning we were all at the closet to see the funny pets. We found the cage empty. Bunny had squeezed through the bars, and had got out her three helpless babies. But where had she hid them and herself? We looked and looked and looked all about the closet, moving everything. We were about to give up the search, when Charley shouted he had found them all cuddled in Papa's boot. We put them back in the cage, but the next morning they were out again. This time they were hid under Charley's pillow, inside the case. Another time we found them in the washstand-drawer, behind the towels. She hid once with all her babies on a high shelf. I don't know how she could have got them up there. One morning, when Papa went to put on his stockings, he found the whole squirrel family in the toe. Of course he shouted. She hid in a pigeon-hole of Papa's desk, on top of the clock, and in such queer places that sometimes we would seek hours before finding her. One day we looked all morning, and at dinner had not found her. In the afternoon I put on a dress, which had been hanging in the wardrobe. The pocket seemed very heavy. I put in my hand and jerked it out with a scream, for I had felt something soft and warm,—Bunny and her babies!—Yours truly, S. W. K.

A HUMMING-BIRD'S MISTAKE

Flemington, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In August you told how a bee was "sold" by mistaking an anemone for a flower.

It reminds me that once as I was sitting on the porch near some flowers, a humming-bird, after tapping many of the flowers for sweets, actually flew down to my feet and tried to get honey from some very pretty embroidered flowers on my slipper! Now where was his instinct?

By the way, I once heard Professor Lockwood of New Jersey say that "Instinct is a convenient word, used by philosophers to hide their ignorance."—Yours, with many a hearty good wish,

E. VOSSELER.

WATER-MELONS ON THORNS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have read what you told us in October about the "Joy of the Desert," and now I wish to tell you about another curious kind of planting done by the Arabs. In the desert there is a plant that grows in the sandiest soil. It is called "camel's thorn," and can always collect some moisture. The Arabs make a small cut in the plant near the root and put in a water-melon seed. This sprouts and grows, producing a delicious fruit. Don't you think this is curious? H.

A GOOD THING WELL SAID.

MY DEAR JACK: Please ask the boys and girls to tell you who it was that said the following good thing, and of whom he said it. I know, but I wish them to know too.—Yours truly, SILAS GREEN.

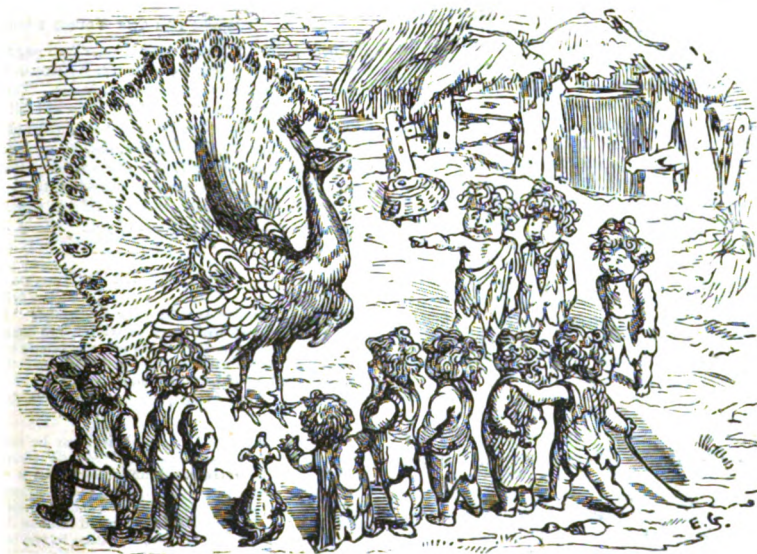
"His heart was as wide as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

A RIVER IN A STRAIT-JACKET.

DEAR, dear ! I'd always had a notion that strait-jackets were things put on crazy people to keep them from hurting themselves ; but now comes word that a person named Eads has made up his mind, and actually begun, to put the Mississippi River into a strait-jacket !

His plan is to build out from each bank into the broad stream a number of narrow jetties at proper distances apart. Jetties are long walls made of withes woven into large, flat, oblong frames, and these frames are weighted with stones and sunk and fastened into place in layers, one above another.

On watching some of these jetties at the river's mouth, just after they were placed, it was found that, at first, the water stole slowly through them ; but, on its way, it left upon every part, inside and outside, a great deal of the mud it was carrying.



MY DREAM.

At length, so much mud had been left that the water could no longer get through, and had to flow past the ends of the jetties, only eddying idly in the bays at their sides, and leaving more and more of its mud upon them all the time.

Then, of course, the river between the jutting ends of the opposite jetties being much less than its former width, and yet as full as ever, rushed along, scooping a deep channel, straight, free from snags and shoals, narrow when compared with its former self, and livelier, but restrained from overflowing its banks.

A WATER-SPOUT ON THE HUDSON.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Having seen the picture of a water-spout in the October number, I thought I would write and tell you that I saw a water-spout not long ago. I was visiting at a place on the Hudson when two thunder-storms came, one up the river, the other down. They met almost directly in front of where I was, and a

water-spout was formed, which whirled rapidly round and round until the clouds of rain shut it from sight. I read the next day in the local newspaper that the spout was estimated to be twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter.

The short article under your picture said that you did not know whether water-spouts rose from the water or reached from the clouds downward. The one that I saw came from the river and reached upward to the clouds.—Yours respectfully,

"AN INQUIRING OBSERVER."

PEACOCK FISH, PEACOCKS AND LITTLE BOYS.

THEY tell me that there is a kind of fish in the Indian seas called the peacock fish, because of his brilliant colors. I wonder if he is as proud as our land peacock, and whether or not he can spread his tail on grand occasions after the fashion of the bird that struts into my meadow sometimes? This bird lives on a fine estate near by, but once in a while he comes over to astonish us with his splendor. One night I dreamed that he came along, and had just spread himself and put on his grand airs, when

ten little youngsters sprang from nowhere in particular, and began to point at him with shouts and laughter.

"Ho ! ho !" cried they. "Is n't he proud ? Ho ! ho !"

A queer little stumpy-tailed dream-dog was with them, and he fairly sneered instead of barking.

"Well !" exclaimed the peacock in the harshest voice you ever heard, "what if I *am* proud ? Who'd ever see these tail feathers, I'd like to know, if I was n't proud ? Look out that *you're* not proud,—you that have n't a feather on your bodies,—p-a-a-u-w !"

This was too much for the ten little boys. They gave a shout, and sprang upon the peacock, and each one tried to get a feather, but he gave a tremendous scream and —

I awoke, and there was the sun, with every ray spread, rising to the tune of Cock-a-doodle-doo !

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE paper on California street-cars in this number of ST. NICHOLAS will interest you very much, we trust, for it was written in San Francisco by a gentleman who found out all he could concerning the road, on purpose to tell you about it. He also had the photographs taken from which our pictures are made, so that you might see exactly how the cars and streets look. ST. NICHOLAS already has told you many things of California and Colorado, and there are others of which it hopes some day to speak. Many of you may remember the picture of Seal Rock, near San Francisco, in our very first number, and Miss Greateorex's sketches of the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, published thirteen months later. The editor of this magazine lately has seen these things in reality. She has walked in the Garden of the Gods, and seen all its wonderful stone images that nature set there none can say how many centuries ago, and she has stood on the white sands where the Pacific Ocean rolls in night and day, and watched the great seals sporting on huge rocks that rise from the sea, only a few yards from shore. She has ridden in those very horse-cars of which you have a photograph this month, and been "towed by rail" along with Chinamen and little San Francisco boys and girls until she felt quite at home among them.

Dear San Francisco girls and boys!—can she ever forget them?—how a large number formed themselves into a gay procession bearing banners, and torches, made of tall callas, with scarlet flowers stuck in for the flame, and came to her door, laden with flowers and cheering in honor of ST. NICHOLAS. A beautiful sight it was, and its memory never will leave the grateful heart it cheered.

Yes, all across the continent, the boys and girls everywhere had a good word for ST. NICHOLAS, and in some way their faces seem now to link themselves into a bright garland stretching from New York to San Francisco, so fresh, dewy and smiling that snow blockades and alkali dust are forgotten, and only the pleasures of the trip are remembered; only the fact that joy and health came to her and staid, and that American scenery, even as viewed from the railroad, has the spirit of almost all the fine scenery of the world. It was June, but we had snow. There were gardens, but we slipped past them into forests. There were prairies, but we were whirled to them through mountain gorges. There were sparkling stretches of sand, but the mountain stream soon leapt down and made us forget them.

The Pacific Railroad,—what a wonderful thing it is! Every day it takes its fresh loads of travelers and freight. Every day its cars start from New York for the Pacific shores, and every day they meet trains coming eastward to the Atlantic. No more hardships to endure, such as you read of in Mr. Brooks's story of "The Boy Emigrants," where people had to cross the great West as best they could, in wagons, on foot and on horseback, exposed to countless privations and dangers. Now you sit in luxury all day, sleep in luxury all night, and sail on wheels across the living map of these United States, studying a fresh state or territory almost every day. In a word, the Pacific Railroad is something for which every civilized American should give thanks, — and this is a wonderful country.

Lacon, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to know how we once caught a canary bird.

One day my little sister was playing on the piano when a little stray bird came hopping in and seemed to be attracted by the music; for when the music ceased the bird would hop away, coming again at every stroke of the piano until we placed a cage with an open door on the floor, when it walked in. We shut the door, and it remains with us to this day. It has a very pretty top-knot, and we named it "Topsy." It is a very sweet singer, and we should not like to part with it.—Your constant reader,
E. B. T.

Mountain Top Hotel.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick girl, and I have got to lie down a great deal in the day, and your magazine helps me to pass the hours away pleasantly. I was up in the mountains last summer, and two or three people there saw snakes. I could hardly go out to walk, and I must say I would like to have seen a snake. But not by myself.

My little sister is the only one in the family that gets stung by bees. Last summer she was stung on her lip, and papa said the bee kissed

her, and again a bee stung her on her lip, and the next time she was stung on the head. She did look funny when she came down the next morning with her lip all swelled up. I am ten years old. I have to stop. Give my love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit.—I remain your constant reader,
MARY STEWART SMITH.

P. S.—Some people spell my name this way, Stuart. I spell it any way.

Springfield, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICKLESS: I am one of you little readers and I thought I would tell you a bout a fight I had with a tree frog the other day I was at my grand ma he had been a staying there in a shugar tree in the back yrd for a year or. so the other day he crawled up to the opening of his hole and begun to lick his tong out at me, I got me a long pole and stuck it up in the opening and pull him out he begun to jumpe at me until he got in reched of me and I gove him a lick on the head and ended him.—Yours,
CLARENCE I. HOLMAN.

We do not see what need there was for Clarence to kill the frog, which fed on insects and would have done no harm; but we print his letter because of its graphic description of the fight.

WORK FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE picture of "The Young Hunter" on page 28 was drawn especially to illustrate a story by some ST. NICHOLAS reader, but we don't know yet who the lucky young author is. Though the picture is ready, the story is still to be told. Who will tell it? The best story received before November 1st shall be printed *with the picture* in our Young Contributor's Department, and all we ask is that it shall be neatly written and on only one side of the paper; that the writer's name, age and address, shall be placed at the top of the first sheet, and that the length SHALL NOT exceed 500 words. Now, boys and girls, let us hear from every one of you.

ALLITERATIVE SENTENCES.

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your September "Letter-Box," a sentence is asked for, each word of which is to begin with Z. Here is one: "Zounds! zouaves rousch zygodactylous zoo-zous zealously?" We give herewith the dictionary translation: "Zounds! Zouaves stew pair-toed wood-pigeons zealously!"

Your friends,

HELEN B. & JENNIE MARSH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it must be very difficult to speak correctly the language of which "Maud" wrote in our September number: but nevertheless I have composed a sentence with each word beginning with Z, and here it is: "Zoned Zebulus zaned zealous Zelie's zebu." As this sentence is difficult to solve, I shall translate it: "Girdled Zebulus imitated zealous Zelie's zebu." I am twelve years old, and have never written to you before. Zebulus and Zelie are both Latin proper names. Yours truly,
H. M. J.

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old. I want to tell you about a picnic that I went to this summer, and the same thing happened to us that happened to the children in the story of "One Saturday," in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS. I was visiting in Winterset, Iowa, and my uncle took us to a picnic on the Devil's Backbone. It is a ledge of rock nearly two hundred feet high, with a river running around three sides of it. We rode out there in the morning, and after they had unharnessed the horses from the carriages we went down to the river to fish. By and by we began to get hungry, and we went up to set the table and get dinner. When we got there we saw a horrid old cow with her nose in one of the baskets of lunch, and another old cow was dragging mamma's ulster off into the woods. They had eaten all the bread and butter, but had not got as far as the ice-cream, so I did not feel as bad as the grown people did. I thought right away about the children in the story. Good-bye.—Your friend,
FRANK C. BALDWIN.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that my uncle's hotel, where I was staying, was named the ST. NICHOLAS.

Chateau Thierry, Marne, France.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You will know by the address of my letter that in the far-off valley of the Marne, as in many other countries, you have friends and readers. My sister, Louise, and I are so

* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1873.

glad when ST. NICHOLAS comes, the stories are so nice and the pictures so pretty.

This is a very picturesque part of France. On the hill-sides are pretty villages with woods and vineyards and wheat-fields between. And there are many donkeys, for the vignerons use them to cultivate their fields, which are so steep that carts cannot go up. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—Your little friend and reader,

CLOTILDE DE LA VAULX.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you a long time and like you very much indeed. I send you a few verses of poetry which I made myself, and hope you will print them.—Yours truly, N. V. U.

THE LAKE.

O come you hither	And we will eat
From that lake,	It by the lake,
For my own sake,	For our own sake,
For my own sake.	For our own sake.
And bring with	And we will also
You a little cake,	Our dog take,
For your own sake,	For his own sake,
For your own sake.	For his own sake.

Camden, N. J.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I send you a list of the different ways in which the name Girard has been spelled on letters passing through the post-office at Girard since June, 1878.

I think that it is quite as remarkable as the different ways of spelling kerosene, as mentioned by "Mary N. G." in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" for December, 1877.

Scherard, Gihard, Ciret, Giarde, Scherath, Gerart, Scharait, Juyard, Gyrard, Jerod, Gerrard, Dearard, Ciarari, Sirard, Garald, Girat, Girad, Jerard, Gard, Girrard, Guyard, Girrd, Shrad, Grairad, Giard, Gired, Garrad, Gerard, Gyard, Gried, Giarriard, Girad, Gyard, Girard, Girako, Grara, Gigard, Gerat, Girt, Girr, Girrad, Gurd, Charard, Juard, Girah, Sianard, Garyende, Giraret, Chrad, Jeward, Gairyard, and Sirard.

One word spelled fifty-two different ways, and none correct!

Your reader, M. E. ADAMS.

North Chemung, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask a favor of you. Will you please tell me how to make a "Christmas city." I am eleven years old and live in North Chemung, Chemung County, N. Y. I must now close.—Your constant reader, FREDDIE CASADY.

A full and clear description of the way to make a "Christmas city" is printed in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear about a little city boy's doings one day in the country? Here is the story.—Yours truly, M. H. J.

BO'S FIRST DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

His name was Boanerges Smith, and he was seven years old, the pet and pride of the family. His parents were about to go to Europe, but Bo—that was his name for short—was to stay behind. So, a week or two before his parents were to start, he was sent to a maiden aunt in the country.

Bo had never been in the country before. All he knew about it was that milk, butter and eggs, came from there, and that they had something to do with cows and hens; cheese grew there too, and maple-sugar, he thought.

He reached his aunt's late at night, and, wide-awake, at sunrise, started out in search of knowledge. Some eggs in the pantry set him at his questions. Having found out that once a day each hen laid an egg in a nest in the barn and wood-shed, he soon came in with a hatful.

"Is n't it time for maple sugar to be ripe, auntie?" he asked, presently.

"No!" said she, sharply, and then explained the maple-sugar process.

A brood of soft, downy, yellow chickens called forth his delight.

"Where did the hens get all those little birds, auntie?"

"The hen just sits on the eggs and keeps them warm, and the chickens come out of them, one out of each egg."

A new idea was born in that boy's head. He gathered the nest-eggs out of all the nests.

"I'll have live chickens, anyhow," he said, and he sat down on the eggs to warm them. There were no chickens to show, and the stain would n't wipe off, hard as he tried.

His aunt was very angry when he told the how and why.

"You've broken up all the nests."

"Oh no, auntie. I did n't break the nests; 't was just the eggs!" said Master Bo. And his clothes were changed.

An old torn picture-book of animals next attracted his attention.

"What's this, aunt?" asked he.

"It's an ant-eater," she said, glancing at it and then off to her cake again.

"What do they call it so for?"

"Because it eats ants."

"Truly? Aint you fooling me?"

"No. I never do such things."

"How big is it?"

"I don't know."

"Does it eat boys?"

"No. I said it eats *ants*."

"Is n't it wicked for it to eat ants?"

"No. It is made on purpose for that."

"Do you think they have any in London?"

"Boanerges, Smith, just you go away now, and not ask another question, or I'll put you to bed."

Bo went sadly away. By and by he sat down to fulfill a promise to write to his father. This is what he wrote:

"Deer pa i want you to git me a anteater in london ant ses tha are made a purpos to eat ants. an i want wun to eat her up she is so cros to me i found 8 eggs to day an i seddown on 5 an I did n't git eny chickens atol i want to go home an see ma an you patoo from your son bo."

His father read it, and the end was that Bo was brought home and taken to Europe after all.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please put this riddle in the "Letter-Box," and I shall be very much obliged to you. The answer is not hard to find, I think.—Your friend and reader, L. E.

RIDDLE.

There is in, on, and round this earth

A Power clothed with light,

A wonder-working, airy thing,

Yet neither fiend nor sprite.

Man feared, then chained, this dreadful Power

By force of stronger law.

Oft dazzled by its raiment bright,

Its self man never saw.

Now, tamed and harnessed, it is sent

On errands night and day;

It tells ten thousand messages,

Yet not a word can say.

It travels through the ocean's deep,

Green valleys still and dim;

'Tis fleetest than the fleetest fish,—

And yet it cannot swim.

It pierces through the soundless seas,

And slips beneath the sky;

But though it passes through the air,

It has no wings to fly.

And while it cannot walk, nor talk,

Nor eat, nor drink, nor sleep,

There's scarce a thing in all the world

Has made more people weep.

Than any herald on this earth

It has a fleetest fame.

Now, just put on your thinking-cap,

And tell me what's its name.

Plainfield, Connecticut.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read the other little girls' letters, so perhaps they will like to read mine.

In the winter I read you aloud evenings. But in the summer I cuddle in some shady corner, and have you all to myself.

I went on an excursion to Block Island last summer. The sail was pleasant, but the boat was awfully crowded. We were tired coming home; but we all laughed when a tipsy man on the cars sang, "There is rest for the weary." I should have liked Block Island a great deal better if they had had nice things to eat at the hotels.

I cannot cook anything but mud-pies; but I am learning to sew, and to-day I finished the sixth sheet I have been turning. My sister said they were nice for me to learn on, and she praised me, and told me I had done bravely. But I used to sigh dreadfully over them some days, when the sun was hot, and my pies were out in the full

blaze. I make them in scalloped tins, and they are really delicious to look at. I don't think pies are healthy, so I never eat them.

I am twelve years old, and weigh eighty pounds, and am just as well as I can be all the time. And when I go to bed it only seems a minute before morning, because I sleep so soundly.

My cousin Ned brought a St. Bernard puppy from New York last week; but the first day he was here he fell out of the hammock where he was swinging, and broke his neck. I think it was the saddest thing that could happen to him.—I am your loving little friend,

DAISY EATON.

Camden, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine since it was first published, and having read in it many little stories about

children's pets, I thought I would give an account of our singing mouse.

We have had it two years and a half. My father caught it in a trap; it looks like a common mouse and is very tame, eating from our hands and singing when we whistle to it.

It eats bread, cheese, starch, and other things, and also drinks milk, but likes water better. It lives in a starch-box, with a little cage on top, and with a wheel in which it delights to turn. It has escaped several times, but always seems pleased to get back. Once it was away two or three days, but was found in the cellar by my sister; it was on a high shelf looking over the edge at her; she was attracted by its singing.

One night one of the family found a very small mouse in a bedroom singing very sweetly; it sat still until she tried to catch it, when, unfortunately, she smothered it.—Yours truly, W. RUSSELL FEARON.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A NEW STYLE OF PUZZLE.

DOUBLE RHYMING.

In each of the following verses, find a suitable word to put at the beginning of the first line; prefix a letter to this word to make the first word for the second line, and, to the word so made, prefix another letter to make the first word for the third line. Proceed in like manner in order to make the words that are to be put at the ends of the lines. Then, in each verse, the beginning words will rhyme by themselves, and the ending words by themselves. Thus: if the first word of the first line were "rain," the second line might begin with "train," and the third with "strain;" and, if the last word of the first line were "asp," the second line might end with "rasp," and the third with "grasp."

— in whist, with players, is always sought by —
—, by wealth, to matrons, is brought within their —
— the soldier hero, to hold the deadly —.

— are not caught at sea, out where the billows —
— are used for trout, for blue-fish you must —
— are by anglers used, when by a stream they —.

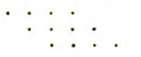
— one of Irving's stories, the hero's name is —
— crossed his path one time, and gave him one sore —
— is a Chinese word; the ending word is —.

"— give to me," says God, "that peaceful be thy —"
— shepherd! Hear yon wolf! 'Ware, lest thy flock
he —!
— off each woolly fleece! and take them then to —.

— fruit the grocer sold and paper by the —
— fresh and good he sold, and coffee, tea and —
— gave he to his boy; the neighbors heard him —.

H. A. A.

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.



ACROSS: 1. A portion. 2. Fit. 3. An animal. 4. A lass.
DOWN: 1. A vegetable. 2. A verb. 3. A color. 4. To be full.
5. A beverage. 6. In rigmarole. 7. A river in Scotland. S. N. C.

WHAT IS IT?

KINGDOMS: Animal, Vegetable, Mineral, and National.

Prominent in membership of the strictest cold-water society; bestows an hereditary title of honor; the voice of sorrow and of suffering; the result of blows; rugged, and wildly picturesque; quiet and inoffensive, but disturbing peaceful elements when excited; though living in the midst of a cold-blooded set, that prey upon one another, and upon travelers in their domain, ever preserving the warmth of a large, generous nature, that has been devoted to the enlightenment of the world.

M. S. R.

CHANGED FINALS.

In each of the following examples change the last letter of the word first described, and thus form the second.

1. A girl's name; a boy's nickname. 2. A New England city; bartering. 3. A mart; a bird. 4. A manger; a stem of a plant. 5. A tree; a flower. 6. To contrive; a dramatic com-

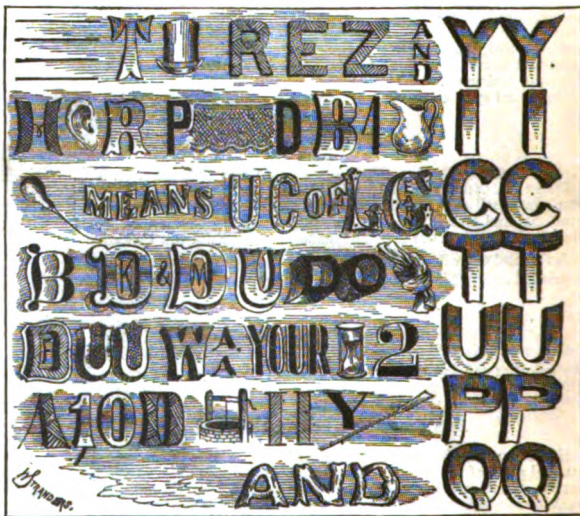
position. 7. Penetrated with leaden pellets; having foot-coverings. 8. A sharp sound made with the hands; a 'long-shore inhabitant.

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND.

1. In swallow, not in cuckoo. 2. A projection sometimes found on the wheels of intricate machinery. 3. A mark indicating omission. 4. A small bird that sings sweetly. 5. A juicy summer vegetable. 6. A spelled number. 7. In tiger, not in koodoo. ISOLA.

EASY RHYMED REBUS FOR YOUNGER PUZZLERS.



CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in wait, but not in go;
My second in yes, but not in no;
My third is in live, but not in die;
My fourth is in laugh, but not in cry;
My fifth is in in, but not in out;
My sixth is in lean, but not in stout;
My seventh is in give, but not in take;
My eighth is in trowel, but not in rake;
My ninth and tenth are both in found,
And whole's a general renowned.

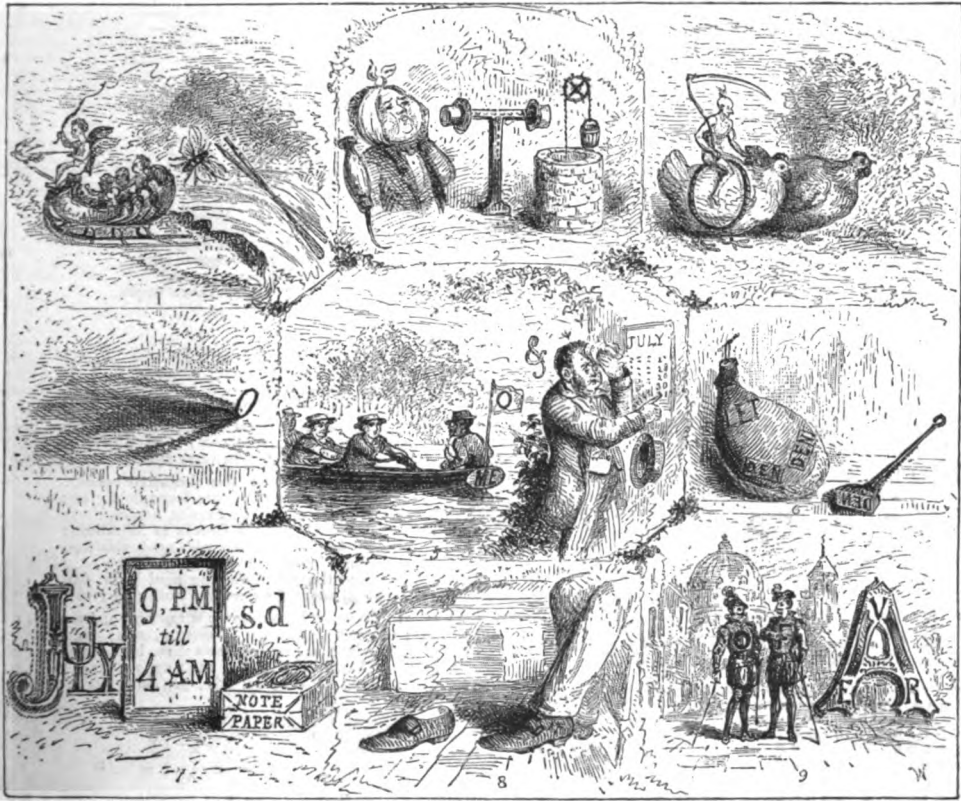
J. SEDGWICK.

TWO EASY DOUBLE SQUARE-WORDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. That which. 2. Uncommon. 3. Level. 4. Tidy.
DOWN: 1. A bird. 2. To hold. 3. An inclosed space. 4. A pavilion.

II. ACROSS: 1. A brilliant body. 2. Title. 3. A sign. 4. To go.
DOWN: 1. Congealed water. 2. To domesticate. 3. An ejaculation often met with in the Bible. 4. To tear. H. H. D.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



Each picture suggests the title of a well-known English Play. What are the titles?

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE centrals, reading downward, name a species of carbon. The words are of one length.

1. A girl's name. 2. A title of respect. 3. A small animal.
4. Another girl's name. 5. A measure of length. 6. A conjunction.
7. To put together.

FRAME PUZZLE.

MAKE the frame of four words of ten letters each, so that the letter O shall come at each of the four corners where the words intersect. The words mean: 1. Marvelous, an edged weapon, one of an old school of poets, a stone used by jewelers. J. P. B.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPIATE a banquet, and leave an exploit. 2. SYNCOPIATE a guide, and leave a stratagem. 3. SYNCOPIATE a genus of plants, and leave a spar. 4. SYNCOPIATE a part of the body, and leave a legal instrument. 5. SYNCOPIATE the stony frame of a certain sea-animal, and leave a combustible fossil. 6. SYNCOPIATE part of an animal, and leave a trigonometrical line. 7. SYNCOPIATE a carnivorous animal, and leave transfer of property. 8. SYNCOPIATE a domestic animal, and leave a prophet. C. O.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A large serpent. 3. A horned animal. 4. A tree. 5. A vowel. ISOLA.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

IN each of the following sentences, fill the first blank, or set of blanks, with a word, or words, which, when suitably transposed, will fill the remaining blank, or set of blanks, and make sense. Thus, in the first sentence, the first blank may be filled with the word "founders," and this may be transposed so as to make two words, "four ends," which will fill the remaining blanks and make sense.

1. The — of that college had — in view, and one of them was, to make both ends meet.
2. That French peasant girl — volubly of her new —.
3. The crafty gypsy — of our party home with good " —."
4. "Do you not find that the thought of such — troubles you?" " —, — — in feeling reconciled to my opponent."
5. — — — ten pounds of — silver.
6. The haughty — of York and Leeds Danced gayly o'er the flowery —.
7. In that remote — I think — — to the support of education in proportion to their means.
8. He did not — — wreath of oak-leaves for his brow, although among them bobbed some little —.
9. Washington — the people to pay great attention to the proper — of the young.
10. Said a confirmed opium-eater: " — — — cross new — and visit strange countries."
11. I once heard a Connecticut boy say, " — — — — as I come in sight of my home on the —!"

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters, and am the name of a Club which distinguished itself last summer.

My 25, 12, 6, 22, 2, is a summer resort. My 16, 3, 11, 15, is a foreign city. My 5, 9, 1, 2, 19, 20, 21, 13, 17, 20, is a noted character in history. My 24, 23, 1, 14, 10, 16, is an article of dress worn by ladies and gentlemen. My 18, 4, 23, 8, 17, 11, 7, is a genial expression.

HARRY H.

DROP-LETTER REVERSIBLE DIAMOND AND CONCEALED REVERSIBLE WORD-SQUARE.

—F—
—E—E—
—E—
—

FILL in the diagram, using only two other letters besides the one given, in such a way as to form a reversible diamond containing a reversible word-square. The diamond will then read, across:

1. In administratrix. 2. Moisture. 3. Sprinkled with brilliant drops. 4. To unite. 5. In indemonstrable.

PERRY ADAMS.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

THE noisiest of the noisy;
The blackest of the black;
The busiest of the busy.—
A mischief-loving pack.

SECOND.

We lengthen out by inches,
And suffer awful pinches.
Pedestrian and poet
To our assistance owe it
That they excel. Also by them it is
We're often brought to sad extremities.

WHOLE.

We affect corners,
And suggest birds.
We reveal ages,
Yet speak no words.

W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

ANAGRAMS.—I saw STUDENTS by the CENTER-TABLES, puzzling over MATHEMATICS, and perplexed about ASTRONOMY.

REBUS.—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

COMPLETE DIAMOND.—

M
RAT
MARAT
TAR
T

EASY AMPUTATED QUOTATION.—

"True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

EASY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.—Boston.

ANAGRAM WORD SQUARES.—

CHOIR	EIGHT	DEPTH	LAUGH
HORDE	IDLER	ESSAY	ALPHA
I. ORRIS II.	GLARE III.	PSALM IV.	UPPER
IDIOT	HERON	TALON	GHEAT
RESTS	TRENT	HYMNS	HARTS

PORTICAL REBUS.—"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

RIDDLE.—A Drop.

SUGGESTED WORD-SQUARE.—

To buy a lime was foolish waste.
(I'd no idea how it would taste!)

"I'll just have bread and meat," said Daisy.
"Who eats a fruit like that, is crazy!"

VERY EASY SQUARE-WORD.—1, Pin; 2, ire; 3, new.

DECAPITATIONS.—1, Aerie, Erie; 2, chart, hart; 3, sloop, loop; 4, broom, room; 5, crate, rate; 6, screw, crew; 7, class, lass; 8, cheat, heat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Rip Van Winkle; rive, pink, lawn.

EASY MELANGE.—1, Hearth, earth; 2, heath; 3, heart; 4, tare; 5, rate; 6, hart; 7, art; 8, hear; 9, ear; 10, tea; 11, hat; 12, rat; 13, tar.

EASY HIDDEN FISHES.—1, Skate. 2, Bass. 3, Eel. 4, Cod. 5, Barbel. 6, Shad. 7, Trout. 8, Herring. 9, Shark. 10, Smelt.

PROVERB ENIGMA.—"Great oaks from little acorns grow." 1, Tiger; 2, slater; 3, frog; 4, macaw; 5, stork; 6, loon.

KNIGHT'S-MOVE PUZZLE.—In verse form:

"As Knight upon this checkered board,
From square to square leaps boldly on;
As fiercely on the Persian horde,
Down poured the Greeks at Marathon;
So may each youth who reads this lay,
Press bravely onward to the fight,
And through life's long hard battle day,
Still strike for freedom, truth and right."

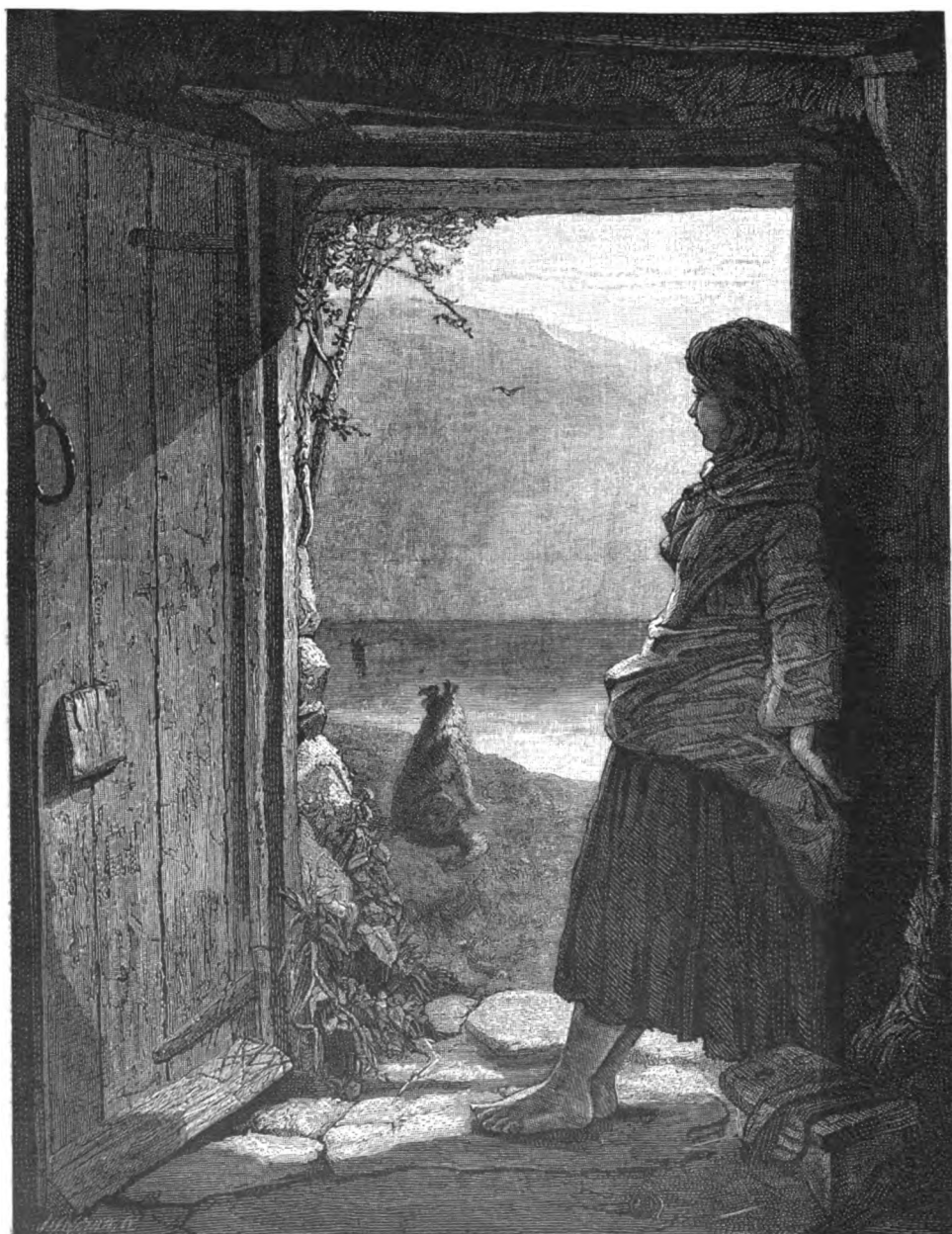
CABIN PUZZLE.—1, Hearthstone; 2, taxable; 3, demands; 4, neigh; 5, treat; 6, eagle; 7, dean; 8, diet; 9, sere; 10, dim; 11, Ira; 12, pen; 13, dip; 14, ire; 15, man; 16, bee; 17, Ava; 18, tar; 19, bat; 20, Eva; 21, ear; 22, sag; 23, pre; 24, yet; 25, spy; 26, are; 27, get; 28, tan; 29, ode; 30, mad; 31, Tom; 32, Ada; 33, Ned.

Drop-Letter Stair Puzzle diagram showing letters arranged in a staircase pattern:

Row 1: D I P
Row 2: I R R
Row 3: R M A N D S
Row 4: D R M A N D S
Row 5: E R I
Row 6: A R E
Row 7: N T A X A B L E
Row 8: E R S P Y T O M A
Row 9: I B A T E A R R A D A G
Row 10: G E V A A G E T N R D L
Row 11: H E A R T H S T O N E

DROP-LETTER STAIR PUZZLE.—Going upstairs: 1, Leet; 2, teem; 3, meed; 4, deer; 5, reel; 6, leek; 7, keep. Going down-stairs: 1, peek; 2, keel; 3, leer; 4, reed; 5, deem; 6, meet; 7, teal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 18 from "The A's and A's," Emma McCall; Renny, Harry, and John O'Hare; "Come on, Church;" S. Norris Knapp, Arabella Ward, William W. Bellinger, Bertie Jackson, Bertie Breckenfeld; A. M. Ackerman, and De Witt C. Weld, Jr.; Edith Prince; Henricus, and his Cousin; Charles H. Stout, Hilda Sterling, "47 Cranberry Street," Dycie Warden, E. J. S. Willie Gray, X. Y. Z., "Feramorx," "J.," Charles Mettenheimer, George K. French, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Aggie McElhinney, Maggie McElhinney, M. O. Smith, "Ivanhoe," C. H. S., "Two Wills," Mamie A. Carter, Julia Lathers, Amy and Nellie Slade, Grace and Abbie F. Brownell; C. A. W., Jr.; Lewis G. Davis, Josie Morris Brown, Alice Laregan, John Pyne, Nellie Emerson, Effie K. Stockett, F. S. Marie and Beth, "Fritters," "Higgle," Mary Southwick, Southwick C. Briggs, Daisy Briggs, "Beech Nut," "Two Nellies," "B. B. of Barrytown," Nettie James, Esther M. Crawford, Osmer Abbott, Dick Harrison, Philip Harrison, Thomas L. Wood, Anna Emma Mathewson; Willie B. Deas, and F. D.; Harry Folger, Florence Rogers, Florence L. Turrill, Hope Rising Dobson, Carrie Speiden, Mary Flower Speiden, Amy Growley, Laurie T. Sanders, Hattie M. Fox, Sarah Gallett, Pearl A. Means, W. E. W., Berish, Alice Keller, Georgie B., Bessie Hard, Emma M. Kent, Rae Lemi, "M—!" Laura, W. S. Reed; "Carsimo, etc.;" Dycie Warden, Clarence M. Trowbridge; "Nancy Lee and Johnny Morgan;" Fanny Clark, Estelle Jennings, Geo. P. Dravo; Lena and Winnie; Louise J. Hedge; "Brutus and Cassius," H. B. Ayers, Mary C. Warren, Edith Merriam, F. J. F., Bessie C. Barney, Eddie W. D.; Lizzie and Kittie Leach, Mamie Todd, Edith Whiting, "Dolly," M. G. A.; Geo. C. Wedderburn, Jr., and L. A. W.; Margaret Gemmill, Edward Vultee, William H. McGee, and May Duffau.



COMING HOME.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 2.

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COMING HOME.

BY M. M. D.

(See Frontispiece.)

"COME, Kitty, come!" I said;
But still she waited—waited,
Nodding oft her pretty head
With, "I'm coming soon.
Father's rowing home, I know,
I cannot think what keeps him so,
Unless he's just belated.—
I'm coming soon."

"Come, Kate!" her mother called,
"The supper's almost ready."
But Kitty in her place installed,
Coaxed, "I'm coming soon.
Do let me wait. He's sure to come;
By this time father's always home—
He rows so fast and steady;
I'm coming soon."

"Come, Kit!" her brothers cried;
But Kitty by the water
Still eagerly the distance eyed,
With "I'm coming soon.
Why, what would evening be," said she,
"Without dear father home to tea?
Without his 'Ho, my daughter'——?
I'm coming soon."

"Come, Kit!" they half implore.
The child is softly humming,
She hardly hears them any more;
But "I'm coming soon"
Is in her heart; for far from shore—
Gliding the happy waters o'er—
She sees the boat, and cries, "He's coming!
We're coming soon!"

WILD BECKY.

BY EMMA PLIMPTON.



If there was one thing that the country folks of Millville were proud of, over and above the new organ in their "meetin'-house," it was the Millville boarding-school, which capped the very topmost pinnacle of their village. A light set upon a hill, which shed its literary radiance over the whole place. Not that

the villagers received much benefit from the institution beyond the glory of its existence in their midst, for the cost of tuition was far beyond the means of the honest farmers, whose daughters were fain to be content with the learning obtained in the humble district school.

Cynthia Adams was the only day scholar; but she was the Squire's daughter, and it was a matter of course that her schooling should be something beyond that of the rest of the village girls.

One day, as the scholars were hanging over the school-yard fence, or sitting in groups on the steps waiting for the school-bell to ring, they heard a man with a lusty pair of lungs shouting, "Gee, haw, git up thar!" in a voice so loud that it threatened to shake the hills.

"That is one of old Miller's whispers, I do believe," laughed Cynthia. "He 's a farmer about here, with a roaring voice. Such a queer old fellow as he 's, to be sure. I wish you girls could see him."

"I wish I might," answered fun-loving Millie King. "Does he live far from here?"

"His house is 'way down by the edge of the town, beyond the pine woods; they call the place Biscuit City."

"Why? Because they have so many biscuits there?" asked a dozen voices at once.

Cynthia shook her head.

"I guess it is because they don't have them," she said; "perhaps they wished they did, and so called it that. All I really know about it is, that there does not seem to be any one there to cook much, any way; for Farmer Miller lives alone with his granddaughter, a girl about our age."

"Could n't she make biscuits?" persisted Millie, unwilling to give up the idea that they abounded in Biscuit City.

"Becky! I'd like to see anything decent that Wild Becky could make. No one in the village will have anything to do with her, for she 's such a wild, harum-scarum thing, and so green too, that you'd mistake her for grass, just as likely as not."

Cynthia stopped abruptly, for the "Gee-haws" sounded nearer every moment, and now a pair of oxen came lumbering over the brow of the hill, followed by a rickety hay-cart, at the end of which was poised a bare-headed young person in a cloud of dust. Her ample bonnet swung from the top of one of the poles which formed the sides of the cart, evidently for the purpose of proving to the passers-by that the occupant possessed the article, though she did not choose to wear it. She looked up at it rather wistfully, however, as her companion, Farmer Miller, with thundering exclamations, drove the cart up to the school-house gate.

"Pile out, Becky!" he roared, "and we'll soon fix it up with 'em here. Don't be skeered, gal. Be you the school-marm?"

The question was addressed to Miss Peters, the principal, who at this juncture came politely forward.

"I have 'nt much larnin' myself, ma'am," he continued, "but I'm bound that my gal here shall have as good a chance as the rest of 'em. She 's a good gal, Becky is, only a trifle wild-like, and needs settling a bit. I'm a better hand at settling bills than lively young creaturs like this one, so if you 'll tend to one, I'll tend to t' other;" and handing the poor girl over, tumbling her bonnet after her, he was half-way down the hill before Wild Becky had made up her mind whether she would be settled or not.

It was very disagreeable standing there with all the girls staring at her, she thought; and glancing shyly out from under her long lashes, her eyes

rested gladly on the familiar features of the Squire's daughter.

"How do, Cynthia?" she said, nodding in such a civil way that it surprised herself.

Cynthia looked blankly into her face a moment without making the slightest sign of recognition, then wheeling round on her heels, she turned her back squarely upon her.

A titter went round the yard; every one seemed amused but poor Becky, who shut her mouth tightly, and her heart too, for that matter, and

effort to plume herself down that morning into a civilized girl, and mingle with her fellow-beings.

It was harder even than she had imagined: the close school-room almost stifled her, while the dull, monotonous hum of voices had such a stupefying effect that, before she had been seated long, her head dropped on her desk and she fell fast asleep. She was awakened by something tickling her nose; putting her hand up quickly, a great bouncing butterfly fluttered through her fingers and shot up into the air. Now this was a playmate Wild



FARMER MILLER BRINGS WILD BECKY TO SCHOOL.

fairly hated her kind. As she joined the crowd squeezing into the school-house, she wondered why she had ever consented to be brought to school. The old wild life perfectly contented her. To roll about for hours under the wide-spreading oaks with the friendly squirrels, or to chase the brook as it dashed gayly down the hills, was much pleasanter than the society of other girls, she had always thought.

But the fact was, her grandfather had taken it into his dear old head to make a lady of her, and rather than disappoint the kind soul who did so much for her, Wild Becky had made a desperate

Becky never could resist: without half realizing where she was, she burst into a loud laugh, and was making a dive for it when, recollecting herself, she slid down again into her seat, with the painful consciousness that all eyes were upon her. The pair that terrified her most were those upon the platform,—not Miss Peters's eyes, but those of another teacher who had come into the room during Becky's nap.

"Where did *you* come from?" asked the woman, sharply, for she was indignant at the interruption of her class.

"Biscuit City, ma'am," was the prompt reply.

"A land productive of biscuits and rude girls," returned the teacher, facetiously, at which the scholars, particularly the older ones, laughed most obligingly.

"Unless you can command yourself, you had best return there at once," she continued.

Wild Becky did not need much urging on that score. As quickly as possible she sprang from her seat, and vaulting through the open window, swung herself down to the ground as neatly as a boy would have done it, for she was in great wrath. To be snubbed herself was bad enough, but to hear one speaking disrespectfully of her home was a little more, she thought, than any mortal was called upon to bear. So, off she trotted, never looking behind her until she brought up at her kitchen door.

Through the opening she could see her grandfather bending over the big brick-oven.

"Sakes alive, school aint out yet, be it?" he asked, lifting himself up to get a good view of the clock.

Becky flung herself down on the steps and poured forth her injuries, winding up with a declaration of independence.

"I'll never go again; never. You will not ask it of me, will you, grandfather?"

"Not if you're set ag'in it," said the old man with a sigh; and he passed into the buttery and brought out a heaping dish of pancakes.

"I thought as how you'd come home hungry, and so I made a lot of 'em."

Becky had a weakness for pancakes, and was quite touched with the attention. She moved a chair near them and tried to eat; but somehow they seemed to stick in her throat. The idea that her grandfather was sorely disappointed made them very hard to swallow.

"What makes you care so much about my being a lady?" she said at length, laying down her knife and fork and looking fixedly at him.

The old farmer wiped his glasses carefully.

"I dun know," he answered; "p'raps it's 'cause your mother would have liked it; she used to take to 'arnin', and to gentle ways, and grand folks, as nat'rally as horses take to hay. I wanted you to be like her; but laws me! 'taint in natur' 's you could be that kind any more than a hen could be a gosling. It don't matter."

"Yes it does, grandfather;" and Becky, jumping up, wound her arms around his neck, and shed a tear or two on the back of his old waistcoat.

"It is n't that I'm so against the learning," she continued; "it's the folks I can't stand."

"Well, some of 'em is rather tryin'," answered the farmer; "but there is one powerful queer thing in human natur'. If you feel ag'in a man, do

a favor for him, an' you're sure to like him better. There's Squire Adams, I used to hate him like pisen; but since I've been in the habit of lending on him my yoke of oxen, I've got the better on it."

"Well, grandpa, I'll go to school just one day longer to lend 'em to his daughter."

Becky spoke jestingly at the time, but as the patient expression settled again on the face she loved, all the better part of her wild nature was stirred.

"That's a queer idea of yours," she cried, "and I've a mind to see if it will work in my case."

And then she fell to thinking what she could possibly do for those whose wealth so far exceeded her own.

"Such fixed-up city girls have n't the slightest idea how to have a good time. I might bring them down here and show them how it is done. It would be a deal of trouble; but perhaps it might make me feel better toward them. I'd rather have snakes 'round, by half; those stuck-up things will make all manner of fun of me, and of the dear old place; but s'pose they do, it won't hurt."

So, to the surprise of everybody, the following day Wild Becky appeared at school. The scholars all laughed as she came tearing in, and, making a queer little bob which did duty for a courtesy, begged to be forgiven yesterday's misdoings.

Perhaps Miss Peters knew by instinct what a penance this was to the child, or it may be that, in spite of her prim little way, she had a real sympathy for Becky, and disapproved of the offensive manner of her assistant. At all events, the matter was lightly treated, and the "wild girl" was soon established in her own seat.

At recess, the girls paired off two by two, but no one spoke to her.

"Dear, dear," thought the child; "nobody is n't anybody here unless they are a couple, and I aint!"

When the afternoon session broke up that day, a hay-cart with two big work-horses stood drawn up before the fashionable establishment. The floor of the cart was strewn thickly with fragrant hay, while old Farmer Miller, in his shirt-sleeves, held the reins. Cynthia Adams was one of the last to leave the school-room. Who can describe her astonishment when, upon gaining the yard, she beheld Wild Becky standing on a horse-block, and actually inviting these city girls to "hitch on?" Most of the scholars looked as horrified as Cynthia had expected; but Millie King and four or five other jolly souls tumbled in just for the fun of it.

Farmer Miller shouted to Miss Peters that he'd bring 'em home safe and sound afore bed-time, and, cracking his whip, they were soon rattling down the hill, the girls getting such a shake-up as

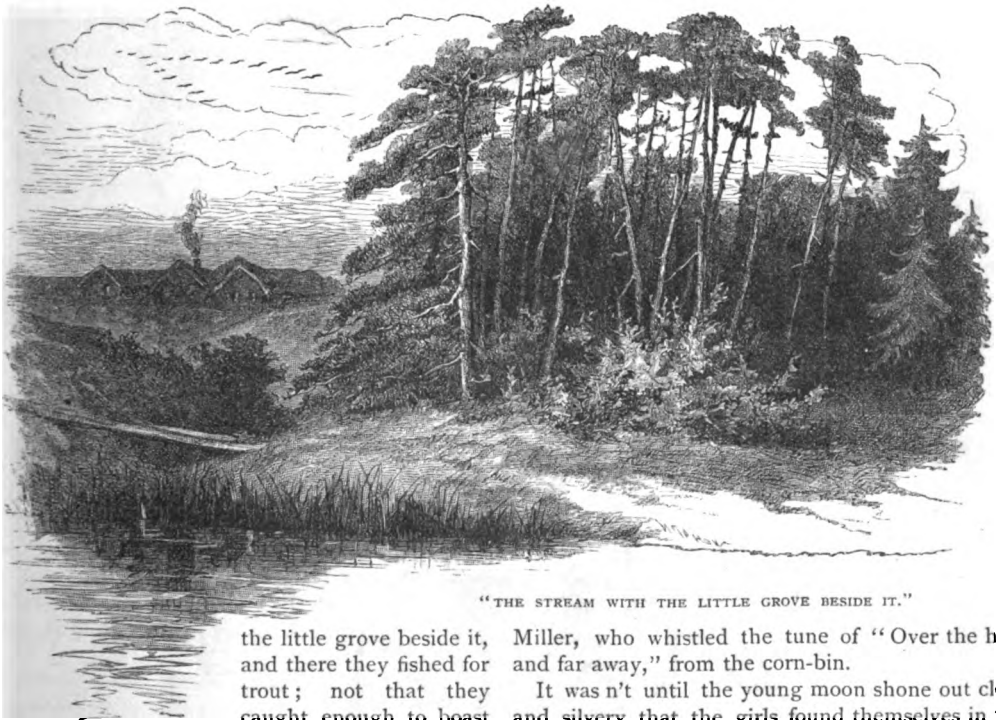
they had never had before; but they held on to the poles like monkeys, filling the way with their merry shouts and laughter, and by the time they reached the long winding road through the pine-woods, they were thoroughly enchanted with their novel mode of riding.

Such a queer, homely house as it was before which they stopped! Becky did n't try to hide any part of it, but made them welcome to the whole, and to the great barn, too, with its numberless hiding-places, initiating them at once into the most approved way of sliding down the hay-mows, and riding on the great swinging doors. She took them also across the meadows to the stream, with

And, surely enough, the girls did laugh. To see such great platters of smoking-hot sweet corn, such huge pitchers of creamy milk, such stacks of freshly picked berries, was enough to make any hungry school-girl laugh, and in a way very pleasant to hear.

"Why, Becky, you have enough here to be dealt out for a whole term up to the boarding-school!" said Millie; and she gave thanks that Miss Peters was n't there to see them eat; and well she might, for that prudent lady would have been shocked, indeed, at the sight.

Then followed a shake-down on the smooth floor, of the barn, accomplished by the aid of Farmer



"THE STREAM WITH THE LITTLE GROVE BESIDE IT."

the little grove beside it, and there they fished for trout; not that they caught enough to boast

of, for only the most venturesome of fishes would bite in that uproar of voices. When they tired of that sport, they chased the colts in the orchard, and hunted out the squirrels, with whom Becky carried on such a droll make-believe conversation, that the girls, as they said, "almost died of laughing."

The sun was getting low, and the grass was all purple with shadows, when she brought out a table and said that they would have their supper under the shade of a great butternut-tree.

"This is the time they'll laugh," thought Becky; "but let 'em; I could n't get up a genteel tea, to save my life, and I sha' n't try."

Miller, who whistled the tune of "Over the hills and far away," from the corn-bin.

It was n't until the young moon shone out clear and silvery that the girls found themselves in the hay-cart riding briskly toward the school.

"I believe I never had such a good time in all my life before," cried Millie, as she saw, with regret, the outline of the building through the trees.

"Nor I, nor I, nor I," was heard in answer.

Farmer Miller recognized one of the voices, and blessed it in his heart. It was Wild Becky's. As the others left them, she crawled over to her grandfather's side, and laid her hand, warm from the grateful grasp of the school-girls, on his arm. She cried:

"You are right, grandpa, after all; girls are better playmates than squirrels, and there is nothing

like doing favors for folks to make one feel good-natured toward them."

After this, Becky never had any more trouble about "being a couple," nor was she disturbed again by disrespectful references to her home and its productions.

In fact, before many days had passed, to get an invitation to Biscuit City was considered by her schoolmates as the acme of bliss; but the girls noticed that it was the home-sick or the neglected that were invited oftenest.

This started a better state of things with Becky. She began to truly like the girls; then she loved

one or two dearly in true school-girl fashion, and, to be worthy of their love, she tried to improve her manners. Next came ambition in her studies, and as under it all lay a deep affection for the good grandfather, she came out at the end of the year one of the brightest, happiest girls in the school. .

There were outbreaks of mischief now and then. As the old man roared to the teacher one day, "She could n't be tamed all to once;" but his little girl had at last found the golden key. And so, in brightening the lives of the unhappy, and in making sunshine for all, Becky became in time a lady in every sense of that much misused term.



"I WISH I WAS A MAN!"



"I WISH I WAS A WOMAN!"

A "MUCHACHO" OF THE MEXICAN CAMP.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

HIS name was Estaban Avilla, and he was called "for short" "Banito."

We became acquainted one afternoon on the road to the Mexican camp. I had just met Tommy Job (a Cornish lad who brought our milk in the morning and our mail in the afternoon) and taken from him two or three letters, and was sitting on a dusty rock by the roadside reading them. A step pausing beside me, and a shadow falling across my page, I looked up and saw a pair of black eyes looking down. Banito did not want to read my letters,—he thought I was drawing; and all the miners' children in both the Cornish and Mexican camps felt at liberty to look over my shoulder when

I was sketching. I don't think I ever invited them to do so. They did it quite naturally, regarding it, perhaps, as part of that right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to which most of them were born. I folded my letter up and looked at Banito, whereupon he gave a short laugh and darted off up the hill. Just at the top, where the road winds out of sight round a shoulder of the hill, with the shadow of a live-oak tree lying black across it, he stopped and looked back, his little, dark figure between the blue sky and the reddish-yellow road. Nothing else to be seen except the live-oak tree with its spot of black shade.

It took me some time to climb the hill up which

Banito had fled so quickly, then I saw him curled up in the limbs of the live-oak peering down at me with a half-shy, half-saucy smile.

"Come down and let me draw a picture of you," I said. (The Mexican children play with those of the Cornish camp, and understand English quite well.) He laughed and turned his head away sharply, but I knew he would come down.

"Come where I can sit in the shade," I said, "and bring my stool."

in the sun, pulling at the dry bunches of sage-grass, and looking at me from the shadow of his hat-brim with those queer, dubious glances.

If the camp-children had been robins in spring, and we the first ripe cherries, they could not have found us more quickly, or flocked more gayly and noisily about us. There were muchachos from the Mexican camp,—every shade of brown and yellow,—there were rosy, saucy, irrepressible Cornish youngsters. I tried to keep them near me, so my



BANITO AND HIS PET.

I left the little camp-stool in the middle of the road and walked on slowly, as if waiting for him.

"There is a big shade down there."

He pointed to the slope of the hill where another live-oak leaned his dark, twisted trunk away from the wind. All the trees lean the same way, for the same untiring steady wind blows for months and months over these hills. Their boughs are trimmed, on the under side, as smoothly as the top of a hedge, as far as the hungry cattle can reach. I made myself comfortable in the "big shade," and began sharpening a pencil. Banito made himself comfortable

shy little model might be undisturbed; but one ruddy-brown Mexican boy—cheeks the color of a russet apple in October—stole behind him and pricked him in the neck with a sheep-burr.

Catching my eye, he plunged back into the midst of the group under the tree.

I asked his name, and Banito said it was his brother, Francisco, and that he was "very bad"; but he laughed as he said it. Then I remembered his face as one of a flock of six that crowded round me one day when I sat making a sketch under the shadow of the high, bare porch of their "casa."

The mother, leaning over the railing, had told me all their names. She, too, had said Francisco was very bad ("muey malo," she called it), and she, too, had laughed. I asked Francisco where he kept all his badness, for I could not see any of it in his face. Bad boys do not look as happy as Francisco did, and he snuggled in among his comrades as if he were sure of a welcome. He looked merry, wild and dirty. I dare say he tore his clothes, and was a sad trouble to his mother. A little girl who jogged my elbow and was invited to move further off (and cordially assisted to do so by all her neighbors) had the bluest eyes that ever shone under a torn hat-brim.

"Was she not a Cornish girl?" I asked.

"No," she said; "I'm English."

"Were you not born at the mine? Perhaps you are an American."

"No, ma'am. I aint a 'Merican. I was born down to San José."

Another little girl coughed and looked as if she had been ill. She told me they "was allays sick back there," and when I tried to find out where "back there" was,—where she had lived before coming to the mine,—she only answered my repeated questions with: "Oh, in a kind o' brown house back there."

Banito had been very still for some time, and his face began to droop as if he were tired; so I hurried with the sketch. The children hearing the heavy wheels of the stage rattling up the last hill, scampered off to welcome it on its arrival, in company with all the dogs and other loose and noisy live-stock of the camp.

Banito looked wistfully after them, but with the prospect of "two bits" resigned himself to five minutes longer.

"Two bits" represents a large share of the joys

of this world to an Almaden boy. For two bits you can get of Costa—the vegetable man—a ripe, spicy musk-melon as big as your head, or a water-melon twice as big, or a hatful of peaches, or a double handful of fresh figs, or two paper bags of stale candy at the store. A Cornish lad might put it in a tin bank until Christmas and the new stock of toys arrived, but a Mexican never!

I am quite sure Banito's silver quarter was spent before he slept that night, and as the Mexicans are very generous, no doubt the five brothers and sisters in the bare, high-stooped house on the hill, each had a share in Banito's purchase, including Francisco, who was "muey malo."

The little dark object which Banito holds by a string is meant to look like a "horned toad." They are strange little creatures,—so delicately made, yet so roughly carved and fretted; so still, sometimes for long minutes, that they might indeed be carved stone or fretted bronze; then, at a sudden movement, they will slide off as swift and silent as a shadow. They are utterly deaf,—even a pistol-shot fired close to one's head would not disturb his immovable stillness if he saw nothing to alarm. They seem to have a kind of sensitiveness under the rough, dark skin; light finger-touches on the head will soothe them to sleep, and they are easily tamed into a dull, passive companionship.

A friend of mine had one named "Mr. Hopper," which she kept in various dim corners of the house and garden. He came to a tragic end at last by winding the string that held him round and round a stubby bunch of grass, in his efforts to escape some object which had frightened him, and so hung himself. We thought, perhaps, it was deliberate suicide on Mr. Hopper's part, as he seemed of a melancholy and listless disposition, and took but little interest in life.

THE PETERKINS DECIDE TO STUDY THE LANGUAGES.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CERTAINLY now was the time to study the languages. The Peterkins had moved into a new house, far more convenient than their old one, where they would have a place for everything and everything in its place. Of course they would then have more time.

Elizabeth Eliza recalled the troubles of the old house, how for a long time she was obliged to sit

outside of the window upon the piazza, when she wanted to play on her piano.

Mrs. Peterkin reminded them of the difficulty about the table-cloths. The upper table-cloth was kept in a trunk that had to stand in front of the door to the closet under the stairs. But the under table-cloth was kept in a drawer in the closet. So, whenever the cloths were changed, the trunk

had to be pushed away under some projecting shelves to make room for opening the closet door (as the under table-cloth must be taken out first), then the trunk was pushed back, to make room for it to be opened for the upper table-cloth, and, after all, it was necessary to push the trunk away again to open the closet-door for the knife-tray. This always consumed a great deal of time.

Now that the china-closet was large enough, everything could find a place in it.

Agamemnon especially enjoyed the new library. In the old house there was no separate room for books. The dictionaries were kept upstairs, which was very inconvenient, and the volumes of the encyclopædia could not be together. There was not room for all in one place. So from A to P were to be found down-stairs, and from Q to Z were scattered in different rooms upstairs. And the worst of it was, you could never remember whether from A to P included P. "I always went upstairs after P," said Agamemnon, "and then always found it down-stairs, or else it was the other way."

Of course now there were more conveniences for study. With the books all in one room, there would be no time wasted in looking for them.

Mr. Peterkin suggested they should each take a separate language. If they went abroad, this would prove a great convenience. Elizabeth Eliza could talk French with the Parisians; Agamemnon, German with the Germans; Solomon John, Italian with the Italians; Mrs. Peterkin, Spanish in Spain; and, perhaps he could himself master all the Eastern languages and Russian.

Mrs. Peterkin was uncertain about undertaking the Spanish, but all the family felt very sure they should not go to Spain (as Elizabeth Eliza dreaded the Inquisition), and Mrs. Peterkin felt more willing.

Still she had quite an objection to going abroad. She had always said she would not go till a bridge was made across the Atlantic, and she was sure it did not look like it now.

Agamemnon said there was no knowing. There was something new every day, and a bridge was surely not harder to invent than a telephone, for they had bridges in the very earliest days.

Then came up the question of the teachers. Probably these could be found in Boston. If they could all come the same day, three could be brought out in the carry-all. Agamemnon could go in for them, and could learn a little on the way out and in.

Mr. Peterkin made some inquiries about the Oriental languages. He was told that Sanscrit was at the root of all. So he proposed they should all begin with Sanscrit. They would thus require but one teacher, and could branch out into the other languages afterward.

But the family preferred learning the separate languages. Elizabeth Eliza already knew something of the French. She had tried to talk it, without much success, at the Centennial Exhibition, at one of the side-stands. But she found she had been talking with a Moorish gentleman who did not understand French. Mr. Peterkin feared they might need more libraries, if all the teachers came at the same hour; but Agamemnon reminded him that they would be using different dictionaries. And Mr. Peterkin thought something might be learned by having them all at once. Each one might pick up something beside the language he was studying, and it was a great thing to learn to talk a foreign language while others were talking about you. Mrs. Peterkin was afraid it would be like the Tower of Babel, and hoped it was all right.

Agamemnon brought forward another difficulty. Of course they ought to have foreign teachers, who spoke only their native languages. But, in this case, how could they engage them to come, or explain to them about the carry-all, or arrange the proposed hours? He did not understand how anybody ever began with a foreigner, because he could not even tell him what he wanted.

Elizabeth Eliza thought a great deal might be done by signs and pantomime. Solomon John and the little boys began to show how it might be done. Elizabeth Eliza explained how "*langues*" meant both "languages" and "tongues," and they could point to their tongues. For practice, the little boys represented the foreign teachers talking in their different languages, and Agamemnon and Solomon John went to invite them to come out, and teach the family, by a series of signs.

Mr. Peterkin thought their success was admirable, and that they might almost go abroad without any study of the languages, and trust to explaining themselves by signs. Still, as the bridge was not yet made, it might be as well to wait and cultivate the languages.

Mrs. Peterkin was afraid the foreign teachers might imagine they were invited out to lunch. Solomon John had constantly pointed to his mouth as he opened it and shut it, putting out his tongue; and it looked a great deal more as if he were inviting them to eat, than asking them to teach. Agamemnon suggested they might carry the separate dictionaries when they went to see the teachers, and that would show they meant lessons and not lunch.

Mrs. Peterkin was not sure but she ought to prepare a lunch for them, if they had come all that way; but she certainly did not know what they were accustomed to eat.

Mr. Peterkin thought this would be a good thing to learn of the foreigners. It would be a good

preparation for going abroad, and they might get used to the dishes before starting. The little boys were delighted at the idea of having new things cooked. Agamemnon had heard that beer-soup was a favorite dish with the Germans, and he would inquire how it was made in the first lesson. Solomon John had heard they were all very fond of garlic, and thought it would be a pretty attention to have some in the house the first day, that they might be cheered by the odor.

Elizabeth Eliza wanted to surprise the lady from Philadelphia by her knowledge of French, and hoped to begin on the lessons before the Philadelphia family arrived for their annual visit.

There were still some delays. Mr. Peterkin was very anxious to obtain teachers who had been but a short time in this country. He did not want to be tempted to talk any English with them. He wanted the latest and freshest languages, and at last came home one day with a list of "brand new foreigners."

They decided to borrow the Bromwichs' carry-all, to use besides their own for the first day, and Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon drove into town to bring all the teachers out. One was a Russian gentleman traveling, who came with no idea of giving lessons, and perhaps he would consent to do so. He could not yet speak English.

Mr. Peterkin had his card-case, and the cards of the several gentlemen who had recommended the different teachers, and he went with Agamemnon from hotel to hotel collecting them. He found them all very polite, and ready to come, after the explanation by signs agreed upon. The dictionaries had been forgotten, but Agamemnon had a directory which looked the same, and seemed to satisfy the foreigners.

Mr. Peterkin was obliged to content himself with the Russian instead of one who could teach Sanscrit, as there was no new teacher of that language lately arrived.

But there was an unexpected difficulty in getting the Russian gentleman into the same carriage with the teacher of Arabic, for he was a Turk, sitting with a *fez* on his head, on the back seat! They glared at each other, and began to assail each other in every language they knew, none of which Mr. Peterkin could understand. It might be Russian, it might be Arabic. It was easy to understand that they would never consent to sit in the same carriage. Mr. Peterkin was in despair; he had forgotten about the Russian war! What a mistake to have invited the Turk!

Quite a crowd collected on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. But the French gentleman politely, but stiffly, invited the Russian to go with him in the first carry-all. Here was another difficulty. For the German professor was quietly ensconced

on the back seat! As soon as the French gentleman put his foot on the step and saw him, he addressed him in such forcible language that the German professor got out of the door the other side, and came round on the sidewalk, and took him by the collar. Certainly the German and French gentlemen could not be put together, and more crowd collected!

Agamemnon, however, had happily studied up the German word "Herr," and he applied it to the German, inviting him by signs to take a seat in the other carry-all. The German consented to sit by the Turk, as they neither of them could understand the other; and at last they started, Mr. Peterkin with the Italian by his side, and the French and Russian teachers behind, vociferating to each other in languages unknown to Mr. Peterkin, while he feared they were not perfectly in harmony, so he drove home as fast as possible. Agamemnon had a silent party. The Spaniard by his side was a little moody, while the Turk and the German behind did not utter a word.

At last they reached the house, and were greeted by Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza, Mrs. Peterkin with her llama lace shawl over her shoulders, as a tribute to the Spanish teacher. Mr. Peterkin was careful to take his party in first, and deposit them in a distant part of the library, far from the Turk or the German, even putting the Frenchman and Russian apart.

Solomon John found the Italian dictionary, and seated himself by his Italian; Agamemnon, with the German dictionary, by the German. The little boys took their copy of the "Arabian Nights" to the Turk. Mr. Peterkin attempted to explain to the Russian that he had no Russian dictionary, as he had hoped to learn Sanscrit of him, while Mrs. Peterkin was trying to inform her teacher that she had no book in Spanish. She got over all fears of the Inquisition, he looked so sad, and she tried to talk a little, using English words, but very slowly, and altering the accent as far as she knew how. The Spaniard bowed, looked gravely interested, and was very polite.

Elizabeth Eliza, meanwhile, was trying her grammar phrases with the Parisian. She found it easier to talk French than to understand him. But he understood perfectly her sentences. She repeated one of her vocabularies, and went on with—"J'ai le livre." "As-tu le pain?" "L'enfant a une poire." He listened with great attention, and replied slowly. Suddenly she started after making out one of his sentences, and went to her mother to whisper, "They have made the mistake you feared. They think they are invited to lunch! He has just been thanking me for our politeness in inviting them to *déjeuner*,—that means breakfast!"

"They have not had their breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, looking at her Spaniard: "he does look hungry! What shall we do?"

Elizabeth Eliza was consulting her father. What should they do? How should they make them understand that they invited them to teach, not lunch. Elizabeth Eliza begged Agamemnon to look out "*apprendre*" in the dictionary. It must mean to teach. Alas, they found it means both to teach and to learn! What should they do? The foreigners were now sitting silent in their different corners. The Spaniard grew more and more salow. What if he should faint? The Frenchman was rolling up each of his mustaches to a point as he gazed at the German. What if the Russian should fight the Turk? What if the German should be exasperated by the airs of the Parisian?

"We must give them something to eat," said Mr. Peterkin in a low tone. "It would calm them."

"If I only knew what they were used to eating," said Mrs. Peterkin.

Solomon John suggested that none of them knew what the others were used to eating, and they might bring in anything.

Mrs. Peterkin hastened out with hospitable intents. Amanda could make good coffee. Mr. Peterkin had suggested some American dish. Solomon John sent a little boy for some olives.

It was not long before the coffee came in, and a dish of baked beans. Next, some olives and a loaf

of bread, and some boiled eggs, and some bottles of beer. The effect was astonishing. Every man spoke his own tongue and fluently. Mrs. Peterkin poured out coffee for the Spaniard, while he bowed to her. They all liked beer, they all liked olives. The Frenchman was fluent about "*les mœurs Américaines*." Elizabeth Eliza supposed he alluded to their not having set any table. The Turk smiled, the Russian was voluble. In the midst of the clang of the different languages, just as Mr. Peterkin was again repeating, under cover of the noise of many tongues, "How shall we make them understand that we want them to teach?"—at this very moment—the door was flung open, and there came in the lady from Philadelphia, that day arrived, her first call of the season!

She started back in terror at the tumult of so many different languages! The family, with joy, rushed to meet her. All together they called upon her to explain for them. Could she help them? Could she tell the foreigners they wanted to take lessons! Lessons? They had no sooner uttered the word than their guests all started up with faces beaming with joy. It was the one English word they all knew! They had come to Boston to give lessons! The Russian traveler had hoped to learn English in this way. The thought pleased them more than the *déjeuner*. Yes, gladly would they give lessons. The Turk smiled at the idea. The first step was taken. The teachers knew they were expected to teach.



"Will you walk into my frying-pan?"
Said the Nabob to the trout.

"No, thanks, my lord, 't is cooler here;
I don't think I'll come out."

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER III.

RECTUS OPENS HIS EYES.



WAS all right the next day, and we staid on deck most of the time, standing around the smoke-stack when our noses got a little blue with the cold. There were not many other people on deck. I was expecting young Rectus to have his turn at sea-sickness, but he disappointed me. He spent a good deal of his time calculating our position on a little folding-map he had. He inquired how fast we were going, and then he worked the whole thing out, from Sandy Hook to Savannah, marking on the map the hours at which he ought to be at such and such a place. He tried his best to get his map of the course all right, and made a good many alterations, so that we were off Cape Charles several times in the course of the day. Rectus had never been very good at calculations, and I was glad to see that he was beginning to take an interest in such things.

The next morning, just after day-break, we were awakened by a good deal of trampling about on deck, over our heads, and we turned out, sharp, to see what the matter was. Rectus wanted me to wait, after we were dressed, until he could get out his map and calculate where we were, but I could n't stop for such nonsense, for I knew that his kind of navigation did n't amount to much, and so we scrambled up on deck. The ship was pitching and tossing worse than she had done yet. We had been practicing the "sea-leg" business the day before, and managed to walk along pretty well; but this morning our sea-legs did n't work at all, and we could n't take a step without hanging on to something. When we got on deck, we found that the first officer, or mate,—his name was Randall,—with three or four sailors, was throwing the lead to see how deep the water was. We hung on to a couple of stays and watched them. It was a rousing big lead, a foot long, and the line ran out over a pulley at the stern. A sailor took the lead a good way forward before he threw it, so as to give it a chance to get to the bottom before the steamer passed over it and began to tow it. When they

pulled it in, we were surprised to see that it took three men to do it. Then Mr. Randall scooped out a piece of tallow that was in a hollow in the bottom of the lead, and took it to show to the captain, whose room was on deck. I knew this was one way they had of finding out where they were, for they examined the sand or mud on the tallow, and so knew what sort of a bottom they were going over; and all the different kinds of bottom were marked out on their charts.

As Mr. Randall passed us, Rectus sung out to him, and asked him where we were now.

"Off Hatteras," said he, quite shortly.

I did n't think Rectus should have bothered Mr. Randall with questions when he was so busy; but after he went into the captain's room, the men did not seem to have much to do, and I asked one of them how deep it was.

"About seventeen fathom," said he.

"Can we see Cape Hatteras?" I said, trying to get a good look landward as the vessel rolled over that way.

"No," said the man. "We could see the light, just before day-break, but the weather's gettin' thick now, and we're keepin' out."

It was pretty thick to the west, that was true. All that I could see in the distance was a very mixed-up picture of wave-tops and mist. I knew that Cape Hatteras was one of the most dangerous points on the coast, and that sailors were always glad when they had safely rounded it, and so I began to take a good deal of interest in what was going on. There was a pretty strong wind from the south-east, and we had no sail set at all. Every now and then the steamer would get herself up on top of a big wave, and then drop down, sideways, as if she were sliding off the top of a house. The mate and the captain soon came out on deck together, and the captain went forward to the pilot-house, while Mr. Randall came over to his men, and they got ready to throw the lead again. It did n't seem to me that the line ran out as far as it did the last time, and I think I heard Mr. Randall say, "Fourteen." At any rate, a man was sent forward to the pilot-house, and directly we heard the rudder-chains creaking, and the big iron arms of the rudder, which were on deck, moved over toward the landward side of the vessel, and I knew by that that the captain was putting her head out to sea. Mr. Randall took out the tallow from the lead and laid it in an empty bucket that was lashed to the deck. He



"HOLD YOUR TONGUE!" ROARED MR. RANDALL."

seemed to be more anxious now about the depth of water than about the kind of bottom we were passing over. The lead was just about to be thrown again, when Rectus, who had taken the tallow out of the bucket, which stood near us, and had examined it pretty closely, started off to speak to Mr. Randall, with the tallow in his hand.

"Look here!" said Rectus, holding on to the railing, "I'll tell you what would be a sight better than tallow for your leads. Just you get some fine, white Castile-soap, and ——"

"Confound you!" roared Mr. Randall, turning savagely on him. "Hold your tongue! For three cents I'd tie you to this line and drag the bottom with you!"

Rectus made no answer. He did n't offer him the three cents, but came away promptly, and put the piece of tallow back in the bucket. He did n't get any comfort from me.

"Have n't you got any better sense," I said to him, "than to go, with your nonsense, to the first officer at such a time as this? I never saw such a boy!"

"But the soap *is* better than the tallow," said Rectus. "It's finer and whiter, and would take up the sand better."

"No, it would n't," I growled at him; "the water would wash it out in half a minute. You need n't be trying to tell anybody on this ship what they ought to do."

"But supposing ——" said he.

"No," I exclaimed, in a way that made him jump, "there's no supposing about it. If you know their business better than they do, why, just let it stand that way. It wont hurt you."

I was pretty mad, I must say, for I did n't want to see a fellow like Rectus trying to run the ship. But you could n't stay mad with Rectus long. He did n't mean any wrong, and he gave no words back, and so, as you might expect, we were all right again by breakfast-time.

The next morning we were surprised to feel how warm it was on deck. We did n't need our overcoats. The sea was ever so much smoother, too. There were two or three ladies on deck, who could walk pretty well.

About noon, I was standing on the upper deck, when I saw Rectus coming toward me, looking very pale. He was generally a dark sort of a boy, and it made a good deal of difference in him to look pale. I was sure he was going to be sick, at last, — although it was rather queer for him to knock under when the voyage was pretty nearly over, — and I began to laugh, when he said to me, in a nervous sort of way:

"I tell you what it is, I believe that we've gone past the mouth of the Savannah River. According to my calculations," said he, pointing to a spot



"RECTUS SHOWED MR THE MAP."

on his map which he held in his hand, "we must be down about here, off the Georgia coast."

That said that I began to laugh, and now I kept

on. I just sat down and roared, so that the people looked at me.

"You need n't laugh," said Rectus. "I believe it's so."

"All right, my boy," said I; "but we wont tell the captain. Just let's wait and have the fun of seeing him turn 'round and go back."

Rectus did n't say anything to this, but walked off with his map.

Now that boy was no fool. I believe that he was just beginning to feel like doing something, and, as he had never done anything before, he did n't know how.

About twelve o'clock we reached the mouth of the Savannah (without turning back), and sailed twenty miles up the river to the city.

We were the first two persons off that vessel, and we took a hack to the hotel that the purser had recommended to us, and had the satisfaction of reaching it about ten minutes ahead of the people who came in the omnibus; although I don't know that that was of much use to us, as the clerk gave us top rooms, any way.

We went pretty nearly all over Savannah that afternoon and the next day. It's a beautiful city. There is a little public square at nearly every corner, and one of the wide streets has a double row of big trees running right down the middle of it, with grass under them, and, what seemed stranger yet, the trees were all in leaf, little children were playing on the grass, and the weather was warm and splendid. The gardens in front of the houses were full of roses and all sorts of flowers in blossom, and Rectus wanted to buy a straw-hat and get his linen trousers out of his trunk.

"No, sir," said I; "I'm not going around with a fellow wearing a straw-hat and linen breeches in January. You don't see anybody else wearing them."

"No," said he; "but it's warm enough."

"You may think so," I answered; "but I guess they know their own business best. This is their coldest season, and if they wore straw-hats and linen clothes now, what would they put on when the scorching hot weather comes?"

Rectus did n't know, and that matter was dropped. There is a pretty park at the back of the town, and we walked about it, and sat under the trees, and looked at the flowers, and the fountain playing, and enjoyed it ever so much. If it had been summer, and we had been at home, we should n't have cared so much for these things; but sitting under trees, and lounging about over the green grass,

while our folks at home were up to their eyes, or thereabouts, in snow and ice, delighted both of us, especially Rectus. I never heard him talk so much.

We reached Savannah on Tuesday, and were to leave in the steamer for St. Augustine Thursday afternoon. Thursday morning we went out to the cemetery of Bonaventure, one of the loveliest places in the whole world, where there are long avenues of live-oaks that stretch from one side of the road to



"THE WHOLE PLACE SEEMED DRIPPING WITH WAVING FRINGE."

the other like great covered arbors, and from every limb of every tree hang great streamers of gray moss four and five feet long. It was just wonderful to look at. The whole place seemed dripping with waving fringe. Rectus said it looked to him as if this was a grave-yard for old men, and that every old fellow had had to hang his beard on a tree before he went down into his grave.

This was a curious idea for Rectus to have, and the colored man who was driving us—we went out in style, in a barouche, but I would n't do that kind of thing again without making a bargain beforehand—turned around to look at him as if he thought he was a little crazy. Rectus was certainly in high spirits. There was a sort of change coming over him. His eyes had a sparkle in them that I never saw before. No one could say that he did n't take interest in things now. I think the warm weather had something to do with it.

"I tell you what it is, Gordon," said he,—he still called me Gordon, and I did n't insist on

"Mr.," because I thought that, on the whole, perhaps it would n't do,—"I'm waking up. I feel as if I had been asleep all my life, and was just beginning to open my eyes."

A grave-yard seemed a queer place to start out fresh in this way, but it was n't long before I found that if Rectus had n't really wakened up he could kick pretty hard in his sleep.

Nothing much happened on the trip down to St. Augustine, for we traveled nearly all the way by night. Early the next morning we were lying off that old half-Spanish town, wishing the tide would rise so that we could go in. There is a bar between two islands that lie in front of the town, and you have to go over that to get into the harbor. We were on the "Tigris," the Bahama steamer, that touched at St. Augustine on her way to Nassau, and she could n't get over that bar until high-tide. We were dreadfully impatient, for we could see the old town, with its trees, all green and bright, and its low, wide houses, and a great light-house, marked like a barber's pole or a stick of old-fashioned mint-candy, and what was best of all, a splendid old castle, or fort, built by the Spaniards three hundred years ago! We declared we would go there the moment we set foot on shore. In fact we soon had about a dozen plans for seeing the town.

If we had been the pilots, we would have bumped that old steamer over the bar, somehow or other, long before the real pilot started her in; but we had to wait. When we did go in, and steamed along in front of the old fort, we could see that it was gray and crumbling and moss-covered, in places, and it was just like an oil-painting. The whole town, in fact, was like an oil-painting, to us.

The moment the stairs were put down, we scuffled ashore, and left the steamer to go on to the Bahamas whenever she felt like it. We gave our valises and trunk-checks to a negro man with a wagon, and told him to take the baggage to a hotel that we could see from the wharf, and then we started off for the fort. But on my way along the wharf I made up my mind that as the fort had been there for three hundred years, it would probably stand a while longer, and that we had better go along with our baggage, and see about getting a place to live in, for we were not going to be in any hurry to leave St. Augustine.

We did n't go to any hotel at all. I had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Cholott, and on our way up from the wharf, I heard some one call out that name to a gentleman. So I remembered my letter, and went up and gave it to him. He was a first-rate man, and when we told him where we were going,

we had quite a talk, and he said he would advise us to go to a boarding-house. It would be cheaper, and if we were like most boys that he knew, we'd like it better. He said that board could be had with several families that he knew, and that some of the Minorcans took boarders in the winter.

Of course, Rectus wanted to know, right away, what a Minorcan was. I did n't think it was exactly the place to ask questions which probably had long answers, but Mr. Cholott did n't seem to be in a hurry, and he just started off and told us about the Minorcans.

A chap, called Turnbull, more than a hundred years ago, brought over to Florida a lot of the natives of the island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean, and began a colony. But he was a mean sort of chap; he did n't care for anything but making money out of the Minorcans, and it was n't long before they found it out, for he was really making slaves of them. So they just rose up and rebelled and left old Turnbull to run his colony by himself. Served him right, too. They started off on their own accounts, and most of them came to this town, where they settled, and have had a good time ever since. There are a great many of them here now, descendants of the original Minorcans, and they keep pretty much together and keep their old name, too. They look a good deal like Spaniards, Mr. Cholott said, and many of them are very excellent people.

Rectus took the greatest interest in these Minorcans, but we did n't take board with any of them. We went to the house of a lady who was a friend of Mr. Cholott, and she gave us a splendid room, that looked right out over the harbor. We could see the islands, and the light-house, and the bar with the surf outside, and even get a glimpse of the ocean. We saw the "Tigris" going out over the bar. The captain wanted to get out on the same tide he came in on, and he did n't lose any time. As soon as she got fairly out to sea, we hurried down, to go to the fort. But first, Rectus said, we ought to go and buy straw-hats. There were lots of men with



"OLD MENENDEZ."

straw-hats in St. Augustine. This was true, for it was just as warm here as we have it in June, and we started off to look for a straw-hat store.

We found that we were in one of the queerest towns in the world. Rectus said it was all back-streets, and it looked something that way. The streets were very narrow, and none of them had any pavement but sand and powdered shell, and very few had any sidewalks. But they did n't seem to be needed. Many of the houses had balconies on the second story, which reached toward each other from both sides of the street, and this gave the town a sociable appearance. There were lots of shops, and most of them sold sea-beans. There were other things, like alligators' teeth, and shells, and curiosities, but the great trade of the town seemed to be in sea-beans.* Rectus and I each bought one, for our watch-chains.

I think we tried on every straw-hat in town, and we bought a couple in a little house, where two or three young women were making them. Rectus asked me, in a low voice, if I did n't think one of the young women was a Mohican. I hushed him up, for it was none of his business if she was. I had a good deal of trouble making Rectus say "Minorcan." Whenever we had met a dark-haired person, he had said to me: "Do you think that is a Mohican?" It was a part of his old school disposition to get things wrong in this way. But he never got angry when I corrected him. His temper was perfect.

I bought a common-sized hat, but Rectus bought one that spread out far and wide. It made him look like a Japanese umbrella. We stuffed our felt hats into our pockets, and started for the fort. But I looked at my watch and found it was supper-time. I had suspected it when I came out of the hat-shop. The sea-trip and the fine air here had given us tremendous appetites, which our walk had sharpened.

So we turned back at once and hurried home, agreeing to begin square on the fort the next day.

CHAPTER IV. TO THE RESCUE.

THE next morning I was awakened by Rectus coming into the room.

"Hello!" said I; "where have you been? I did n't hear you get up."

"I called you once or twice," said Rectus; "but you were sleeping so soundly, I thought I'd let you

alone. I knew you'd lost some sleep by being sick on the steamer."

"That was only the first night," I exclaimed. "I've made up that long ago. But what got you up so early?"

"I went out to take a warm salt-water bath before breakfast," answered Rectus. "There's an eight-cornered bath-house right out here, almost under the window, where you can have your sea-water warm if you like it."



"HOW?"

"Do they pump it from the tropics?" I asked, as I got up and began to dress.

"No; they heat it in the bath-house. I had a first-rate bath, and I saw a Minorcan."

"You don't say so!" I cried. "What was he like? Had he horns? And how did you know what he was?"

"I asked him," said Rectus.

"Asked him!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that you got up early and went around asking people if they were Mohicans!"

"Minorcans, I said."

"Well, it's bad enough, even if you got the

* Sea-beans are seeds of a West Indian tree. They are of different colors, very hard, and capable of being handsomely polished. They are called "sea-beans" because great numbers of them drift up on the Florida and adjacent coasts.

name right. Did you ask the man plump to his face?"

"Yes. But he first asked me what I was. He was an oldish man, and I met him just as I was coming out of the bath-house. He had a basket of clams on his arm, and I asked him where he caught them. That made him laugh, and he said he dug them out of the sand under the wharf. Then he asked me if my name was Cisneros, and when I told him it was not, he said that I looked like a Spaniard, and he thought that that might be my name. And so, as he had asked me about myself, I asked him if he was a Minorcan, and he said 'yes.'"

"And what then?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Rectus. "He went on with his clams, and I came home."

"You did n't seem to make much out of him, after all," said I. "I don't wonder he thought you were a Spaniard, with that hat. I told you you'd make a show of yourself. But what are you going to do with your Minorcans, Rectus, when you catch them?"

He laughed, but did n't mention his plans.

"I did n't know how you got clams," he said. "I thought you caught them some way. It would never have entered my head to dig for them."

"There's lots to learn in this town about fish, and ever so many other things besides; and I tell you what it is, Rectus, as soon as we get through with the fort,—and I don't know how long that will take us, for I heard on the steamer that it had under-ground dungeons,—we'll go off on a first-class exploring expedition."

That suited Rectus, exactly.

After breakfast we started for the fort. It is just outside of the town, and you can walk all the way on the sea-wall, which is about a yard wide on top,—just a little too wide for one fellow, but not quite wide enough for two.

The United States government holds the fort now, of course, and calls it Fort Marion, but the old Spanish name was San Marco, and we disdained to call it anything else. When we went over the draw-bridge, and across the moat, we saw the arms of Spain on a shield over the great gate of the fort. We walked right in, into a wide hall, with dark door-ways on each side, and then out into a great inclosed space, like a parade-ground, in the center of the fort, and here we saw a whole crowd of Indians. We did n't expect to find Indians here, and we were very much surprised. They did not wear Indian clothes, but were dressed in United States military uniform. They did n't look like anything but Indians, though, for all that. I asked one of them if he belonged here, and he smiled and said "How?" and held out his hand.

We both shook it, but could make nothing out of him. A good many of them now came up and said "How" to us, and shook hands, and we soon found that this meant "How d' ye do?" and was about all they knew of English.

We were lucky enough, before we got through shaking hands with our new friends, to see Mr. Cholott coming toward us, and he immediately took us in charge, and seemed to be glad to have a job of the kind. There was nothing about the fort that he did n't know. He told us that the Indians were prisoners, taken in the far West by United States troops, and that some of them were the worst Indians in the whole country. They were safe enough now, though, and were held here as hostages. Some were chiefs, and they were all noted men,—some as murderers, and others in less important ways. They had been here for some years, and a few of them could speak a little English.

He then took us all over the fort,—up an inclined plane to the top of the ramparts, and into the Indian barracks on one of the wide walls, where we saw a lot of Cheyennes and Kiowas, and Indians from other tribes, sitting around and making bows and arrows, and polishing sea-beans to sell to visitors. At each corner of the fort was a "look-out tower,"—a little box of a place, stuck out from the top of the wall, with loop-holes, and a long, narrow passage leading to it, with a high wall on each side to protect from bullets and arrows the man who went to look out. One of the towers had been knocked off, probably by a cannon-ball. These towers and slim little passages took our fancy greatly. Then Mr. Cholott took us down-stairs to see the dungeons. He got the key and gave it to a big old Indian, named Red Horse, who went ahead with a lighted kerosene lamp.

We first saw the dungeon where the Indian chief, Osceola, was shut up during the Seminole war. It was a dreary place. There was another chief, Wild Cat, who was imprisoned with Osceola, and one night Osceola "boosted" him to a high window, where he squeezed through the bars and got away. If Osceola had had any one to give him a lift, I suppose he would have been off too. Rectus and I wondered how the two Indians managed this little question of who should be hoisted. Perhaps they tossed up, or perhaps Wild Cat was the lighter of the two. The worst dungeon, though, was a place that was discovered by accident about thirty years ago. There was nothing there when we went in; but, when it was first found, a chained skeleton was lying on the floor. Through a hole in the wall we crept into another dungeon, worse yet, in which two iron cages were found hung to the wall, with skeletons in them. It seemed like being in some

other country to stand in this dark little dungeon, and hear these dreadful stories, while a big Indian stood grinning by, holding a kerosene lamp.

Mr. Cholott told us that one of the cages and the bones could now be seen in Washington.

After Mr. Cholott went home, we tramped all over the fort again by ourselves, and that afternoon we sat on the outer wall that runs along the harbor-front of the fort, and watched the sail-boats and the fishermen in their "dug-outs." There were a couple of sharks swimming up and down in front of the town, and every now and then they would come up and show themselves. They were the first sharks we had ever seen.

Rectus was worked up about the Indians. We had been told that, while a great many of the chiefs and braves imprisoned here were men known to have committed crimes, still there were others who

been thinking a good deal about them, and their bold escape from slavery, and their ——

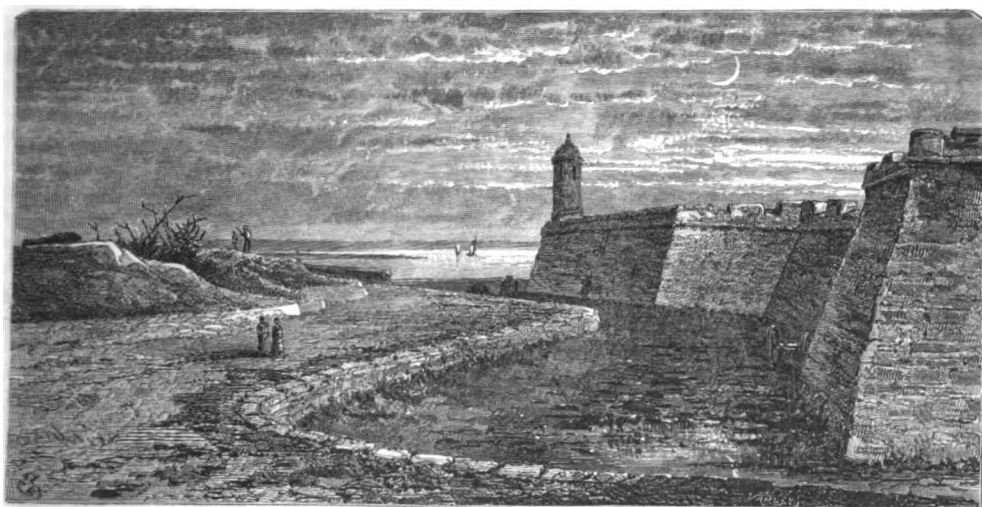
"Slavery!" sung out the old man. "We were never slaves! What do you mean by that? Do you take us for niggers?"

He was pretty mad and I don't wonder, if that was the way he understood Rectus, for he was just as much a white man as either of us.

"Oh no!" said Rectus. "But I've heard all about you, and that tyrant Turnbull, and the way you cast off his yoke. I mean your fathers, of course."

"I reckon you've heard a little too much, young man," said the Minorcan. "Somebody's been stuffin' you. You'd better get a hook and line, and go out to catch clams."

"Why, you don't understand me!" cried Rectus. "I honor you for it!"



"SAN MARCO."

had done nothing wrong, and had been captured and brought here as prisoners, simply because, in this way, the government would have a good hold on their tribes.

Rectus thought this was the worst kind of injustice, and I agreed with him, although I did n't see what we were going to do about it.

On our way home we met Rectus's Minorcan; he was a queer old fellow.

"Hello!" said he, when he saw Rectus. "Have you been out catching clams?"

We stopped and talked a little while about the sharks, and then the old man asked Rectus why he wanted to know, that morning, whether he was a Minorcan or not.

"I just wanted to see one," said Rectus, as if he had been talking of kangaroos or giraffes. "I've

The old man looked at him and then at me, and then he laughed. "All right, bub," said he. "If ever you want to hire a boat, I've got one. My name's Menendez. Just ask for my boat at the club-house wharf." And then he went on.

"That's all you get for your sympathy with oppressed people," said Rectus. "They call you bub."

"Well, that old fellow is n't oppressed," I said; "and if any of his ancestors were, I don't suppose he cares about remembering it. We ought to hire his boat, some time."

That evening we took a walk along the sea-wall. It was a beautiful star-light night, and a great many people were walking about. When we got down near the fort,—which looked bigger and grayer than ever, by the star-light,—Rectus said he would

like to get inside of it by night, and I agreed that it would be a good thing to do. So we went over the draw-bridge (this place has a draw-bridge, and portcullises, and barbicans, and demi-lunes, and a moat, just as if it were a castle or a fort of some old country in Europe),—but the big gate was shut. We did n't care to knock, for all was dark, and we came away. Rectus proposed that we should reconnoiter the place, and I agreed, although, in reality, there was n't anything to reconnoiter. We went down into the moat, which was perfectly dry, and very wide, and walked all around the fort.

We examined the walls, which were pretty jagged and rough in some places, and we both agreed that if we *had* to do it, we believed we could climb to the top.

As we walked home, Rectus proposed that we should try to climb in some night.

"What's the good?" I asked.

"Why, it would be a splendid thing," said he, "to scale the walls of an old Middle-Age fort, like that. Let's try it, anyway."

I could n't help thinking that it would be rather a fine thing to do, but it did seem rather foolish to risk our necks to get over the walls at night, when we could walk in, whenever we pleased, all day.

But it was of no use to say anything like that to Rectus. He was full of the idea of scaling the walls, and I found that when the boy did get worked up to anything, he could talk first-rate, and before we went to sleep I got the notion of it, too, and we made up our minds that we would try it.

The next day we walked around the walls two or three times, and found a place where we thought we could get up, if we had a rope fastened to the top of the wall. When General Oglethorpe bombarded the fort,—at the time the Spaniards held it,—he made a good many dents in the wall, and these would help us. I did climb up a few feet, but we saw that it would never do to try to get all the way up without a rope.

How to fasten the rope on the top of the wall was the next question. We went in the fort, and found that if we could get a stout grapnel over the wall, it would probably catch on the inside of the coping, and give us a good enough hold. There is a wide walk on top, with a low wall on the outside, just high enough to shelter cannon, and to enable the garrison to dodge musketry and arrows.

We had a good deal of trouble finding a rope, but we bought one, at last, which was stout enough,—the man asked us if we were going to fish for sharks, and did n't seem to believe us when we said no.—and we took it to our room, and made knots in it about a foot apart. The fort walls are about twenty feet high, and we made the rope plenty

long enough, with something to spare. We did n't have much trouble to find a grapnel. We bought a small one, but it was strong enough. We talked the matter over a great deal, and went to the fort several times, making examinations, and measuring the height of the wall, from the top, with a spool of cotton.



MAIDEN'S HEART.

It was two or three days before we got everything ready, and in our trips to the fort we saw a good deal of the Indians. We often met them in the town, too, for they were frequently allowed to go out and walk about by themselves. There was no danger, I suppose, of their trying to run away, for they were several thousand miles from their homes, and they probably would not care to run to any other place, with no larger stock of the English language than the one word "How?" Some of them, however, could talk a little English. There was one big fellow—he was probably the largest of them all—who was called "Maiden's Heart." I could n't see how his name fitted, for he looked like an out-and-out savage, and generally wore a grin that seemed wicked enough to frighten settlers out of his part of the country. But he may have had a tender spot, somewhere, which entitled him to his name, and he was certainly very willing to talk to us, to the extent of his ability, which was not very great. We managed, however, to have some interesting, though rather choppy, conversations.

There was another fellow, a young chief, called

Crowded Owl, that we liked better than any of the others, although we could n't talk to him at all. He was not much older than I was, and so seemed to take to us. He would walk all around with us, and point out things. We had bought some sea-beans of him, and it may be that he hoped to sell us some more. At any rate, he was very friendly.

We met Mr. Cholott several times, and he told us of some good places to go to, and said he'd take us out fishing before long. But we were in no hurry for any expedition until we had carried out our little plan of surprising the fort. I gave the greater part of our money, however, to Mr. Cholott to lock up in his safe. I did n't like old Mr. Colbert's plan of going about with your capital pinned to your pockets. It might do while we were traveling, but I would rather have had it in drafts or something else not easily lost.

We had a good many discussions about our grapnel. We did not know whether there was a sentinel on duty in the fort at night or not, but supposed there was, and, if so, he would be likely to hear the grapnel when we threw it up and it hit the stones. We thought we could get over this difficulty by wrapping the grapnel in cotton wool. This would deaden the sound when it struck, but would not prevent the points of the hooks from holding to the inner edge of the wall. Everything now seemed all right, except that we had no object in view after we got over the wall. I always like to have some reason for doing a thing, especially when it's pretty hard to do. I said this to Rectus, and he agreed with me.

"What I would like to do," said he, "would be to benefit the innocent Indian prisoners."

"I don't know what we can do for them," said I. "We can't let them out, and they'd all go back again if we did."

(To be continued.)

"No, we can't do that," said he; "but we ought to do something. I've been around looking at them all carefully, and I feel sure that there are at least forty men among those Indians who have n't done a thing to warrant shutting them up."

"Why, how do you know?" I exclaimed.

"I judge from their faces," said Rectus.

Of course this made me laugh, but he did n't care.

"I'll tell you what we could do," said he; "we could enter a protest that might be heard of, and do some good. We could take a pot of black paint and a brush with us, and paint on one of the doors that open into the inner square,—where everybody could see it,—something like this: 'Let the righteous Indian go free.' That would create talk, and something might be done."

"Who'd do it?" said I. "The captain in command could n't. He has no power to let any of them go free."

"Well, we might address the notice to the President of the United States—in big black letters. They could not conceal such a thing."

"Well, now, look here, Rectus," said I; "this thing is going to cost too much money. That rope was expensive, and the grapnel cost a good deal more than we thought it would; and now you want a big pot of black paint. We must n't spend our money too fast, and if we've got to economize, let's begin on black paint. You can write your proclamation on paper, and stick it on the door with tacks. They could send that easier to the President than they could send a whole door."

"You may make as much fun as you please," said Rectus, "but I'm going to write it out now."

And so he did, in big letters, on half a sheet of foolscap.

CAN YOU?

BY MARY E. FOLSOM.

CAN you make a rose or a lily,—just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall?
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?
Can you run like the brook and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make but one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin
Like the spider, a web so fine and thin?

Can you lift a shadow from off the ground?
Can you see the wind, or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with echo and not speak first?

Oh, my dear little boy! you are clever and strong,
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things like a "grown-up" man!
Look at me, darling! I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.

CHICKEN LIZZIE.

BY L. DUYKWOOD.

LIZZIE'S father was dead. He had been a troublesome man ; so now Lizzie's mother said :

" We've no one to hinder us ; let's pack up our bundles and travel."

" That will be delightful ! " answered Lizzie.

So they started off, and as long as the mother's savings lasted her, they journeyed in the cars, or by the boat, or in a cart. When the money was nearly gone, they walked. At last, they came to a queer little village, and on a common at one end, with a small garden fenced in around it, stood a little empty brown cottage.

" This is the very village and the very house where I should like to live," said Lizzie's mother.

" I, too," said Lizzie.

So, by inquiring, they soon found the owner. Lizzie's mother arranged to take in washing and pay every week so much for her cottage. The very next day they bought a bed, a pot and a pan, pasted brown paper in the broken window-panes, and were all settled comfortably, when Lizzie pinned upon the walls some colored pictures she had received in Sunday-school.

" Now if we only had a few chickens," said the mother ; " they are so useful, and such friends ! I have a little money left ; so, Lizzie, take a slice of bread-and-molasses in your little basket, and right after breakfast to-morrow go and see if you can buy some anywhere. But be sure to be home at dinner-time, or I shall think you are lost."

Next day, Lizzie started off in her little gray dress, with her little basket on her arm. She walked a long distance on the country-road, and at last came to a lonely white cottage, behind which stood a barn and a hen-house, while all about walked any number of chickens of many varieties. Lizzie crept in under the fence and sat down on a stone to watch them.

By and by, thinking it might be getting late, she went to the kitchen door and knocked. She knocked till she was tired, but no one answered her.

" They may be in the parlor," she said to herself, and went around to pound on the front door. Still no one took the least notice of her presence. Lizzie felt rather puzzled, but supposing there must be yet another entrance, she went to the rear of the house to look for it. There she found a green door with a stone step, and, close by, a hog's-head full of water under the spout. On this door she thumped,—first softly, then louder and louder.

" Why don't you come, you deaf things ? " said Lizzie, aloud.

She was answered by a long-drawn " mieauw ! " Starting back, she almost stepped on a large gray cat, who looked at her hard for a moment out of his fierce yet languishing green eyes, and then sitting down on the door-stone, folded his tail about him and went to sleep. Lizzie stood and looked at him, and once in a while he opened his eyes straight on her. But he never moved, and she did not like to reach over him to knock again.

Lizzie reflected a moment, and then opened the little gate that led into the poultry-yard. She looked back as she went in, and saw the green-eyed cat staring at her ; but his eyes closed at once, as Lizzie shut the gate behind her.

In the middle of the yard stood a can. Lizzie lifted it, and found it was an oil-can. " What a queer place for it ! " she thought. " As there seems to be nobody to see to it, I'll move it to one side, where it will not be knocked over." Near the oil-can was a small tub of water. That was for the chickens to drink from. All about, in every direction, walked the chickens—except some who were shut up in coops, and some who were still cackling inside the hen-house.

Lizzie flattened her nose against one of the windows of the hen-house, and tried to see what was going on ; but the glass was too dirty. Then she made an attempt to poke her head in at the hole in the door which the hens went through ; but a hen who wanted to get out just then, flew against her face, nearly blinding her ; so she was glad to give it up.

Hearing pigs, she went in search of them, and almost stepped into their sty, which, unfenced, was just a hollow place dug down a few feet below the ground. The pigs seemed wild with hunger, and quite active enough to jump out at her ; so Lizzie made haste away from them also.

" Perhaps there is some one in the barn," she thought, but found that as silent as the house, except for an old white hen in the hay-loft, who jumped off her nest uneasily at Lizzie's approach, and threw herself to the ground ; but without breaking her neck, as Lizzie had feared. As she stood still a moment inside the barn, there came a queer noise overhead that seemed rather alarming ; but Lizzie was a wise girl, and went out at once to discover what it was. Looking toward the roof, she saw it was covered with pigeons walk-

ing about in every direction, sometimes stooping under to get into their little houses; and when they stooped, a cross brown pigeon gave them each a push to make them fall off; but, fortunately, none did.

Lizzie looked around for a stone to throw at the brown pigeon; but just then it seemed to her she heard indistinct voices and footsteps coming nearer, and wondered what the family would think to see a strange child making herself at home in their poultry-yard. But in vain she looked about her for any human presence. The voices and footsteps died away suddenly, and there were only the busy, enterprising chickens searching for food, or rushing in and out of the hen-house; and there were the sad or lazy ones shut up in coops, or squatting in holes they had made in preparation for a short nap. There were the pigeons pattering above her head; and when she looked over the gate, there sat the gray and green cat, staring and sleeping on the door-stone.

"I'm sure I heard voices and steps," said Lizzie, half aloud.

The cat miauw-ed just then, and directly after, one of the roosters gave a loud crow. All the other fowls who were able followed his example in quick succession.

"That's a beautiful noise!" thought Lizzie. "I wish I could crow, too; but I am afraid they would laugh at me if I tried. I think I'd better eat my bread, and then, if no one comes, I'll go home."

Lizzie now found a comfortable stone, and sat down to lunch. Directly in front of her rose a small heap of stones shaped very regularly, like an old-fashioned rocklet, only without the earth or vines. This mound puzzled her all the time she was eating, and she could not make up her mind as to its use. When she had finished, she started up and walked around the house, peeping into the three windows as she passed. At the first, she saw a pig's face within, close to the pane, but it vanished as she approached. Lizzie went backward and forward several times, always with the same effect.

"Well," she concluded, feeling a little queer, "I don't see why they should keep a pet pig instead of a pet dog or a pet baby; but it certainly is a pig. I don't like pigs, and I sha'n't go near it."

So she passed that window and went to the next, where there was clearly nothing but a pot of flowers; but at the third stood a woman in a white apron, with a red bow at her neck. She, too, vanished as Lizzie came nearer.

"She has heard me at last, and gone to open the door!" was Lizzie's first thought.

But the door did not open; and when Lizzie walked backward and forward, the woman appeared and disappeared, just as the little pig had done.

Lizzie gave a little shiver, and, looking behind her as she ran, she took refuge on the front door-step. While she stood there reflecting, some people drove by in a cart. As soon as they saw Lizzie, they pointed at her and laughed, and looked over their shoulders, laughing and pointing at her as long as they were in sight.

"Is anything the matter with me?" thought Lizzie, examining herself all over. "No! Well, then, is there anything the matter with the house? I don't see anything," she said to herself, shaking her head as she stood off to examine it, "unless they were laughing at the woman and the pig."

She stood still a long while thinking, and then concluding it must be late, she started for home, determining to come again next day and see if any one would appear to explain matters.

The sun, which had been clouded, shone out; the fascinated yet dreary feeling which had oppressed her fell off as she left the silent house behind her, and hastened to meet her mother.

On the next day, this persevering girl started off, as before, directly after breakfast, in her little gray dress, and with her little basket on her arm, containing this time two slices of bread-and-molasses instead of one, in case she should stay later at the silent house. When she arrived there, everything seemed the same as on the day before. In fact, she could hardly help thinking it was the day before, and that she had never gone home since the first visit.

The oil-can which she had moved so carefully was now back again in the middle of the yard. The cross, brown pigeon stood at the edge of the roof to push the others off; the pigs seemed as wildly expectant as at first; the gray and green cat stared and went to sleep on the door-stone; the chickens were still occupied in getting a living, or, perhaps, fattening themselves to suit other tastes.

The flower-pot, the little pig, and the obstinate woman blocked up the windows as before. Every one still seemed deaf to her knocking; and when she finally went to the front of the house, some people passing by in a cart laughed and pointed at her till they vanished below the hill in the road.

Lizzie stood awhile with her mouth and eyes wide open, and then she started for home, which she reached at about the middle of the afternoon.

More than ever curious and determined, Lizzie on the third morning left home after breakfast in her little gray dress, with her little basket on her arm, in which this time there were three slices of

bread-and-molasses, in case she should not return before supper. Nothing was changed at the silent house, and Lizzie spent the day exactly as she had spent the former two.

At last, the sun set, twilight came on, and when it began to grow dark, Lizzie, tired with her wanderings, fell sound asleep, with her head against the fence of the chicken-yard.

She was awakened by a bright light and a burst of music. She stared in amazement, for the mysterious house had become a gorgeous palace, the barn was a stately castle, the hen-house a fantastic pavilion, and the heap of stones a dancing-hall, beautiful as a Greek temple, and lit with thousands of lamps and Chinese lanterns. Instead of a chicken-yard, she was standing in a garden laid out with every beauty of art and nature. Before her, where the oil-can had so obstinately stood itself, a cool fountain, glimmering in the moon-shine, shot softly into the air. A little to the right, the tub of water was represented by a placid lake, on which were a number of little boats filled with ladies and gentlemen, who, as the music struck up, were landing hurriedly and walking toward the dancing-hall.

Lizzie was thinking where she could hide herself, when a tall young man in a gray suit, with a savage moustache, came up to her and asked her to dance the "Lancers" with him. Not daring to refuse, she accepted his arm, and followed the procession to the dancing-hall. She had no idea of the different figures, and made so many mistakes that her partner grew quite angry. Something in the glare of his eyes made Lizzie think of the cat on the door-stone, and, looking stealthily behind him, she noticed a number of times that his coat-tails seemed as if they moved uneasily; and when Lizzie put her set entirely out by her ignorance of the grand chain, the coat-tails were so agitated that he was obliged to move away from the column near which he was standing. Directly after, he seized hold of an awkward-looking young man in a suit of white linen and yellow shoes, and said in so loud a whisper that Lizzie overheard him:

"You've got to waltz with this girl. She's a perfect idiot."

Then he walked off, and the other young man made Lizzie a very shy bow, and came and stood by her. After a few minutes, they got on very well. He told Lizzie he did not like to waltz, because every one knocked against him, and proposed that they should promenade in the garden. Lizzie consented, and was quite comfortable, till a heavy fellow in a plaid suit, with dreadful red hair, and spurs on his boots, came toward them, and saying roughly, "It is my turn now," carried her off to the ball-room.

Both these gentlemen had one striking peculiarity, which was, that they never began or ended a sentence without making a noise that sounded like k-r-r-r, and then choking it down, either as if they had the hiccough badly or were trying not to crow. Lizzie was anxious to get away from this last partner, for he was so rough, and pulled her around so that her breath was all gone; and, finally, his spurs caught in her dress, and tore the whole hem off. He thought this accident was all Lizzie's fault, and left her very much disgusted.

The dancing had now stopped, and the musicians were playing a march, while the company promenaded toward the pavilion. As they were passing Lizzie, a gentleman offered her his arm. She took it, and examined him as she followed the procession to the pavilion, where a table was elegantly set out with supper and flowers. He was an immensely stout young man with small eyes, and a hoarse cold that obliged him every few minutes to make a grunting noise in his throat. She was not pleased with his appearance, and still less with his conduct at supper. After leaving his partner for some time, he returned, swallowing the last morsel of something which had made his face greasy. He offered Lizzie a heaped-up plate, and grunted savagely as he whispered to her, "It's chicken salad—and very nice." The bashful young man in white happened to be near Lizzie. He gave a great start, and looked at her when her partner made this remark. Lizzie thought perhaps he was afraid to get himself some supper, and kindly offered him her plate. The poor young man gave her a reproachful glance, and then walked away, much to her astonishment.

Her partner disappeared suddenly every few minutes, and came back, eating, to offer her some other dish. At one time he seemed in a happy state over some ice-cream. "It's frozen custard," said he, "and custard is made from eggs." A stout woman sitting near him, in a speckled brown dress, became so agitated as he said this, that he nearly choked himself in fits of laughter.

At intervals, during the supper, a lady in white, with a ruby cross hung round her neck, and a bouquet in one hand, walked up and down the room, leading a little boy that Lizzie thought would have been pretty if his eyes had been larger, and if he had not looked so dreadfully stuffed. He was elegantly dressed, and every now and then the lady would stop before the table and feed him coaxingly with some dainty. At last he complained of headache, and was carried away by the white lady.

Lizzie was glad when the supper came to an end, but she was obliged to walk back to the hall without her partner, who was sitting in a corner eating and drinking, quite forgetful of her.

She was standing alone in the ball-room, when she heard a little man, in brown, saying crossly to a young lady in white :

"I don't care if I *am* engaged to be married to

"I can't," said she.

"I'll teach you in a minute," said the brown man.

Lizzie continued to refuse and he to insist. They were still disputing when the freshly scented morning air blew across the garden through the hall. At that instant, the man in a plaid suit, with spurs, who was on the other side of Lizzie, stuck his arms against his sides and gave such a terrific "Cut-cut-karakut!" that Lizzie was nearly shaken out of her shoes. His call was answered from all directions, and in a moment everything was in confusion, while crowing, clucking, grunting, cooing, and a deep mieauw, were mingled with bursts of laughter from the musicians, the upsetting of the furniture,



LIZZIE IN THE DANCING-HALL.

you. Do you think I must stick to you all the time? Let me go; I want to dance with that gray girl!"

The poor young lady in white subsided, and the man in brown first trod on Lizzie's toes, and then asked her to dance.

and the tearing and scrambling of all the company to rush away somewhere.

Lizzie rushed with the rest, and hiding herself in a corner, as soon as everything was quiet fell asleep.

When she awoke it was day and the sun was

shining. "Well, it's about time," she thought, "to wake out of this dream." Just then, seeing a grain of corn near by, she ran to it, picked it up with her mouth, and swallowed it whole. Then she stood still, and turned her head to one side to think. "That was a queer thing to do," she said to herself; "can it be I am at all like a chicken?"

She ran to the tub of water, and, looking in, saw reflected as plump and pretty a little gray chicken as you could find anywhere. "Oh! my little gray dress!" thought Lizzie; "how well it takes!"—as if she had been looking at her photograph. "But how angry I should have been if any one had dared to tell me I should ever become a chicken."

All that day Lizzie felt awkward, and rather homesick for her mother. On the next, she began to be

comfortable; and on the third, she asked herself, "Is my mother a chicken, or what is she?" After that she never remembered her old home. She attended the nightly balls with her enchanted companions, but knew no more about herself than about them, whether she was most animal and part human, or most human and part animal, which was rather unsatisfactory. So she remained a chicken, and enjoyed herself like other chickens.

If you walk far out into the country, you will come into a brown road, and by and by you will see a white house with a poultry-yard attached. There, if many chickens are running about, you will be sure to find a pretty little gray hen. That is the Lizzie chicken waiting for you, or for some one, to come and break her enchantment.



THE STUDENT.

KING ALFRED'S LANTERN.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

DID you ever try to imagine, when you were studying the beginnings of English history, what kind of people those old Anglo-Saxons were, and how they lived? They were our far-off ancestors, and our language for the most part was made from theirs; in fact, we are called Anglo-Saxons ourselves; so we ought to be interested in them.

They were a rude people in many respects, and lived in a rude way, compared with ours. How would you like windows which had no glass in them,—very small windows, too,—but had oiled paper or sheets of horn instead? Of course the rooms must have been dark and dismal, you will

say. And what would you think of houses without chimneys, or anything *we* should call chimneys? But matters were really not much better, even in king's houses, about ten hundred years ago.

The most important room in those days was called the hall; and it was large enough to accommodate the family, the great company of servants, and all the guests who chose to come. They ate there, sat there, and most of them slept there, on rough benches, or rolled up in skins on the floor. It was open to every chance traveler, to the wandering harpers, to beggars, and everybody else.

The fire was built against a clay or stone arrange-

ment, answering for a fire-place, at one end, or on an immense stone hearth in the middle; and the smoke, after floating up overhead, found its way out through an opening or a kind of turret in the roof. At dark they heaped high the logs and fagots; and happy was he who on a stormy night could get near the blaze. When supper-time came, servants stood behind those at table and held torches over their heads till the meal was over; and when bed-time came, the guests who had any other place than the hall to sleep in were lighted to it in the same way.

As for the king, he was more privileged than that; though just what they first used for lights, and just when lamps became common among the Anglo-Saxons, it is not easy to find out. We see in some very old pictures a simple little lamp, shaped perhaps like a saucer, hung by chains at the side of the room, and holding, no doubt, a piece of wax or some kind of oil, with a strip of cloth in it for a wick. Sometimes, in the royal chambers, for a very long time after King Alfred's day, a light was kept by means of a cake of wax in a silver basin.

They knew how to make candles, however; but instead of putting one *in* a candlestick, it was put *on* it. The candlestick had a point at the top, called a spike, and the candle was made hollow at the bottom, and slipped down over the spike; one so fixed was known as a "pricket."

There is, among some illustrations of old customs, a picture of a candlestick, which is very queer though very elegant, and looks like a little piece of furniture. It is a tall stem rising from a three-footed, three-cornered stand, very much ornamented; it comes to a point at the top, and a little way below is a plate to hold the tallow or wax that might run down. We do not know that King Alfred had anything like this; but he had what nobody had ever seen before in that country, for he invented it himself, and that was a *lantern*.

This good king was a very busy man; the people around him might be willing to idle away their days over the fire, listening to the harpers, telling stories, and playing with the hounds, but he felt that he had a great work to do. He wanted to make his subjects more civilized, to teach them useful arts, and he had not an hour to waste. He built towns, he built ships; he read, and studied, and wrote,—and that was wonderful, indeed, in those days when there were but few books, and when even princes could not write their own names. He was the best, the wisest, and the most learned king that the Saxons had ever had.

He used to carry in his bosom "memorandum leaves, in which he made collections from his studies," and this journal he was in the habit of

examining so much that "he called it his *hand-book*." And, perhaps, that is where the word "hand-book" came from. Of course, he read far into the night, but he soon found two troubles,—



A SAXON LANTERN.

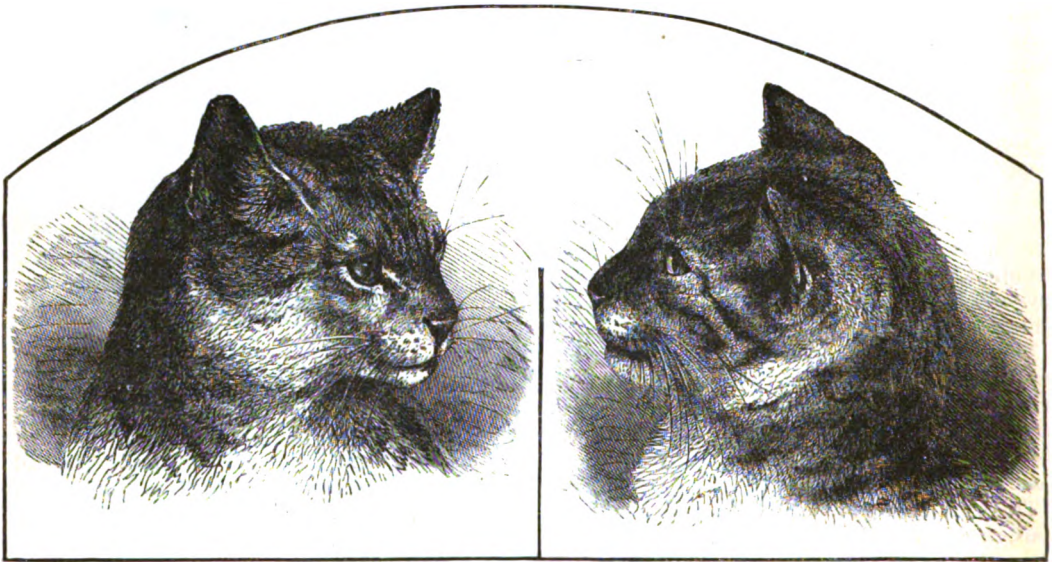
there was no way to mark the time, for there were no clocks nor watches then, and he could not keep a steady light, because the houses were so open that the wind came in from every quarter. He had noon-marks, but those amounted to nothing on rainy days; and everybody knows what a country England is for rain.

However, when such a man as Alfred makes up his mind to do a thing, he is almost sure to find a way. So he had a quantity of wax prepared, took enough of it to weigh down seventy-two silver pennies, and of it had six candles made, all weighing the same, and each twelve inches long, and marked off into twelve divisions. He planned so nicely that these six would burn twenty-four hours; and he always kept one lighted day and night before some holy relics and images of saints which he had, and which, being a very pious man, he carried about with his luggage wherever he went.

He would now have had not only tolerable light, but a very good way of marking the hours, if the candles had always been sure of burning a given time. But if the wind blew, the flame would flare, and perhaps go out; and the king made up his mind that there could be something done to remedy this,—and he did it. He made a frame-work, and fixed into it little plates or windows of horn, scraped so thin that the light could shine through, set his candle inside, and shut it in,—and the thing was done. He had a lantern, sure in all weathers. A very small affair it may seem to *you*, but it was a great one to *him*.

Overleaf is a picture of a Saxon lantern which may be almost like his, though it is probably an improvement on it; for no sooner does one man invent a thing, than another finds a way to make it better. This, in shape, makes one think of a bird-cage without the tray or railing. It has a kind of cupola-

like top, and is much ornamented; there are bands with bosses on them, looking like metal, around the bottom, the middle, and next to the roof; and there is a pretty arched door. Altogether, it is a very curious, but a rather clumsy and rather dark lantern.



THE TWO CHESHIRE CATS.

BY A. P. WILLIAMS.

SAID the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:

“Did you ever see a Chessy-cat pout?”

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:

“Did you ever see an oyster walk about?”

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:

“Did you know that a Chessy-cat could grin?”

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:

“Did you know they made tin-dippers out of tin?”

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:

“Did you ever see a Chessy-cat cry?”

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:

“Did you ever see a snapping-turtle fly?”

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:

“Did you know that a Chessy-cat could smile?”

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:

“Did you know it took two halves to make a mile?”

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat :

“ Did you ever see a Chessy-cat weep ? ”

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat :

“ Did you ever see a weasel fast asleep ? ”

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat :

“ Did you know that a Chessy-cat could laugh ? ”

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat :

“ Did you know there were two quarters in a half ? ”

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat :

“ Did you ever see a Chessy-cat swoon ? ”

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat :

“ Did you ever teach an elephant a tune ? ”



ITALIAN FAIRY TALES.

BY T. F. CRANE.

I FEAR some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will exclaim, on reading the title of this article, “ What, more fairy tales ? ” and will instantly suspect the writer of designing to pass off on them some moral lesson under the thin disguise of a story, or to puzzle their heads with some of the genuine marvels of science in masks of hobgoblins, kobolds and magicians.

But my fairy tales are *real* fairy tales.

“ So much the worse,” I hear some cry ; “ we know all the *real* fairy tales by heart. Are they not, after all, the same dear old stories where —— ? ”

Yes, these stories are the same all the world over,

and that is just why they are attracting so much attention nowadays from learned men in every country who have been asking themselves the question some of you may have asked yourselves : “ Why are they so like each other ? ”

I hope to show you that the more these stories of various countries resemble each other, the more valuable and interesting they are.

Some of the fairy tales that you have read are English,—like “ Jack the Giant-killer ; ” some are French,—like “ Puss in Boots ” (where many of these French stories came from I will tell you presently) ; and the large majority, German ; for every

child, almost, is acquainted with Grimm's "Household Stories," either in the German or the English version.

I dare say that many of you have read also Dasent's "Popular Tales, from the Norse," and Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days, or Hindoo Fairy Tales." Those of you who are somewhat familiar with these charming books—one of which speaks for the extreme north of Europe, the other the south of Asia—can make your own comparisons, and will perhaps be surprised to see how close is the resemblance you thought only general and accidental.

I can mention briefly but two stories. You remember the story in Grimm of "Faithful John," and the young king whom he served so truly, and who went in search of the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace. You know the king carried off the princess and, as they were sailing home, Faithful John heard three crows relating certain dangers to which the royal pair would be exposed, and any one who saved them would be turned to stone. In spite of the prospect of this terrible fate, Faithful John saves his master and mistress and is changed into a statue. The king grieved for the loss of his trusty servant, and was told that he would restore him to life by sacrificing his own children. This the king did, and in the end recovered both his children and Faithful John, "and they lived happily together to the end of their days."

In Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," there is a story called "Rama and Luxman; or, The Learned Owl." In this tale two friends go in search of the beautiful princess whom the rajah's son, Rama, has seen in a dream. After many difficult exploits the prince wins his bride, and they start on their journey home. Luxman loved his friend the prince so greatly that he usually watched all night at the door of his tent, and one evening he heard two little owls chattering in a tree. They were relating to each other the story of Rama and Luxman's lives and adventures, and one of the owls foretold the dangers to which they must yet be exposed: a falling tree, an unsafe door-way, and a snake which threatens the life of Rama's bride. As in the German story, Luxman saves his friend's life and is turned to stone. The spell can only be broken by the touch of Rama's child. Years roll by before Rama has one, and then the parents watch anxiously for the moment when the child shall touch the statue. "But for three months they watch in vain. At last, one day, when the child was a year old, and was trying to walk, it chanced to be close to the statue, and, tottering on its unsteady feet, stretched out its tiny hands and caught hold of the foot of the statue. Then Luxman came to life instantly, and stooping down took into his arms the little baby who had rescued him, and kissed it."

A touching ending of a beautiful story, and one true in more ways than one, for many a heart as hard as stone has softened beneath the touch of a little child's hand!

Those of you who want to extend this comparison will find another remarkable resemblance between Dasent's story of "The Giant who had no Heart in his Body," and the Hindoo story of "Punchkin."

But you ask: "Which is the original and which is the imitation in these stories?" And I have to answer that all are equally original, or, rather, that all are children of a parent long since gone. And then I might give you a long, and tiresome account of the time when, ages ago, our ancestors dwelt in Central Asia, and amused themselves with the germs of the stories which now amuse you. But it is enough now to say that when this people left their home in Asia and came to Europe and settled there, they brought with them their customs and religious beliefs, many of which yet survive in children's games, and in the fairy stories we are talking about. You can now see, perhaps, why these familiar stories have a value besides the amusing of children who never heard the words "Indo-European" or "Folk-lore," and would not understand them, perhaps, if they did.

The oldest collections of fairy tales in Europe were made by two Italians, named Straparola and Basile, who lived during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The first fairy tale, which appeared in France over two hundred years ago, "The Clever Princess," was taken from Basile's collection which supplied Charles Perrault, afterward so celebrated for this kind of stories, with his "Cinderella." He is also indebted to Straparola for his "Puss in Boots;" so you see we owe some of our most popular stories—I mean, of course, their written form—to Italians. Since Straparola and Basile the Italians have almost entirely neglected this class of stories until within a few years, when learned scholars have made collections of them for a purely scientific purpose, and it is from some of these collections that I am going to give you a slight idea of the stories that entertain the people of Sicily and Tuscany. I have translated them directly from the Italian and Sicilian dialect, and as my object is not only to amuse you but also to add to your material for comparison between the stories of various countries, I shall give you old friends with new faces, and tell you the Italian "Cinderella" and the Sicilian "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon."

The first story is from Palermo, in Sicily, and is called, "Lu Re d'Amuri," or, The King of Love.

Some of you will at once recognize its likeness to a class of stories of which the Norse tale of "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" is an excellent example, and some of you may perhaps see its

marked resemblance to the old story of "Cupid and Psyche," familiar to all students of mythology.



ROSELLA AND THE TURK.

Once upon a time there was a man with three daughters who earned his living by gathering wild herbs. One time he took his youngest daughter with him. They came to a garden and began to gather vegetables. The daughter saw a fine radish and began to pull it up, when suddenly a Turk* appeared, and said:

"Why have you opened my master's door? You must come in now, and he will decide on your punishment."

They went down into the ground, and when they were seated they saw a green bird come in and bathe in a pan of milk, then dry itself and become a handsome youth. He said to the Turk:

"What do these persons want?"

"Your Worship, they pulled up a radish and opened the subterranean door."

"How did we know," said the father, "that this was Your Excellency's house? My daughter saw a fine radish, it pleased her, and she pulled it up."

"Well, if that's the case," said the master, "your daughter shall stay here as my wife; you may fill this sack with gold, and go; when you want to see your daughter, come and make yourself at home."

The father took leave of his daughter and departed.

When the master was alone with her, he said:

"You see, Rosella (Rusidda), you are mistress here," and gave her all the keys. She was perfectly happy (literally, "was happy to the hairs of her head").

One day, while the green bird was away, her sisters visited her and asked her about her husband. Rosella said she did not know, for he had made her promise not to try to find out who he was. Her sisters, however, persuaded her, and when the bird returned and became a man, Rosella put on a downcast air.

"What is the matter?" said her husband.

"Nothing," answered Rosella. She let him question her awhile, and, at last, said:

"Well, then, if you want to know why I am out of sorts, it is because I wish to know your name."

Her husband told her that it would be the worse for her, but she insisted on knowing his name. So he made her put the gold basins on a chair and began to bathe his feet.

"Rosella, do you really want to know my name?"

"Yes."

And the water came up to his waist, for he had become a bird and had got into the basin. Then he asked her the same question again, and again she answered yes, and the water was up to his mouth.

"Rosella, do you really want to know my name?"



ROSELLA AND THE GIANTS. (PAGE 105.)

* Turks or Saracens play an important part in Sicilian stories and traditions. The island of Sicily was conquered by the Saracens in A. D. 827, and occupied by them until the Norman conquest in the eleventh century.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Then know that I am called **THE KING OF LOVE!**"

And saying this he disappeared, and the basins and the palace disappeared likewise, and Rosella found herself alone out in an open plain without a soul to help her.* She called her servants, but no one answered her. Then she exclaimed:

"Since my husband has disappeared, I must wander about alone and forlorn to seek him!"

So she began her wanderings, and arrived at night in another lonely plain; then the poor girl felt her heart sink, and not knowing what to do, she exclaimed:

"Ah! King of Love,
You did it, and said it.
You disappeared from me in a golden basin,
And who will shelter to-night
This poor unfortunate one!"

When she had uttered these words an ogress appeared, and said: "Ah! wretch, how dare you go about seeking my nephew?" and was going to eat her up; but she took pity on her miserable state, and gave her shelter for the night. The next morning she gave her a piece of bread, and said:

"We are seven sisters, all ogresses, and the worst is your mother-in-law; look out for her!"

To be brief, the poor girl wandered about six days, and met all six of the ogresses, who treated her in the same way. The seventh day, in great



ROSELLA GIVES BREAD TO THE DOGS.

distress, she uttered her usual lament, and the sister of the King of Love appeared and said: "Rosella, while my mother is out, come up!" and

lowered the braids of her hair and pulled her up. Then she gave her something to eat, and told her how to seize and pinch her mother until she cried out: "Let me alone for the sake of my son, the King of Love!"

Rosella did as she was told, but the ogress was so angry she was going to eat her. But her daughters said they would abandon her if she did.

"Well, then, I will write a letter, and Rosella must carry it to my friend."

(Now this friend was an ogress worse than herself.)

Poor Rosella was disheartened when she saw the letter, and, descending the ladder of hair, found herself in the midst of a lonely plain. She uttered her usual complaint, when, all at once, the King of Love appeared, and said:

"You see, your curiosity has brought you to this point!"

Poor thing, when she saw him she began to cry, and begged his pardon for what she had done. He took pity on her, and said:

"Now listen to what you must do. On your way you will come to a river of blood; you must stoop down and take up some in your hands, and say: 'How beautiful is this crystal water! such water as this I have never drunk.' Then you will come to another stream of turbid water and do the same there. Then you will find yourself in a garden where there is a great quantity of fruit, pick some and eat it, saying: 'What fine pears! I have never eaten such pears as these.' Afterward, you will come to an oven that bakes bread day and night, and no one buys any, although it is very cheap. When you come there, say: 'Oh, what fine loaves! bread like this I have never eaten,' and eat some. Then you will come to an entrance guarded by two hungry dogs; give them a piece of bread to eat. Then you will come to a door-way all dirty and full of cobwebs; take a broom and sweep it clean. Go in, and half-way up the stairs you will find two



ROSELLA SWEEPS AWAY THE COBWEBS.

* In the story of "Cupid and Psyche" the wife does not see her husband, who comes to her only in the dark. In her curiosity to see his face she lights a wax taper, and a drop of melted wax falls on her sleeping husband who disappears, and whom she has to seek through many tasks and dangers. This is the interesting Norse story of "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." There is also in Sicilian a story, which is what is called a variant (or different version) of the story we are giving above. It is called "Lu Re Cristallu," or "King Crystal," and in it a young girl marries a husband whose face she never sees. Her inquisitive sisters give her a wax candle, and tell her to light it when her husband is asleep, and see his face. This she does, but unfortunately drops some hot wax on her husband's nose, and he starts up, crying: "Treason! Treason!" and drives his prying wife out-of-doors. She cannot find her husband again until she has worn out a pair of iron shoes in her search.

giants, each with a dusty piece of meat by his side; take a brush and clean it for them. When you have entered the house, you will find a razor, a pair of scissors and a knife; take something and polish them. When you have done this, go in and deliver your letter to my mother's friend, the ogress. While she is reading it, snatch up a little box on the table and run for your life. Take care to do all the things I have told you, or else you will never escape alive."

Rosella did as she was told, and while the ogress was reading the letter, Rosella seized the box and ran for her life. When the ogress had finished reading her letter, she called:

"Rosella! Rosella!"

When she received no answer, she perceived that she had been betrayed, and cried out:

"Razor, Scissors, Knife, cut her in pieces!"

They answered:

"As long as we have been razor, scissors and knife, when did you ever deign to polish us? Rosella came and brightened us up."

The ogress, enraged, exclaimed:

"Stairs, swallow her up!"

"As long as I have been stairs, when did you ever deign to sweep me? Rosella came and swept me."

The ogress cried in a passion:

"Giants, crush her!"

"As long as we have been giants, when did you ever deign to clean our food for us? Rosella came and did it."

Then the furious ogress called on the entrance to bury her alive, the dogs to devour her, the furnace to burn her, the tree to fall on her, and the rivers to drown her; but they all remembered Rosella's kindness and refused to injure her.

Meanwhile, Rosella continued her way, and at last became curious to know what was in the box she was carrying. So she opened it and a great quantity of little puppets came out; some danced, some sang, and some played on musical instruments. She stopped and amused herself a long time; but when she was ready to go on her way the little figures would not go back into the box. Night approached, and she exclaimed, as she had so often before:

"Ah, King of Love," etc.

Then her husband appeared and said: "Oh! your curiosity will be the death of you!" and commanded the puppets to enter the box again. Then Rosella went her way and arrived safely at her mother-in-law's. When the ogress saw her, she exclaimed:

"You owe this luck to my son, the King of Love!" and was going to devour poor Rosella, but her daughters said:

* It was the custom in Rome and Greece to conduct the bride to her husband's house at evening by torch-light, and the above mention of torches is undoubtedly the popular recollection of what was once a national custom.

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"Poor child, she has brought you the box; why do you want to eat her?"

"Well and good; you want to marry my son, the King of Love; then take these six mattresses, and go and fill them with birds' feathers!"

Rosella descended and began to wander about, uttering her usual lament. When her husband



CINDERELLA AND THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN (PAGE 106).

appeared, Rosella told him what had happened. He whistled, and the King of the Birds appeared and commanded all the birds to come and drop their feathers, fill the six beds, and carry them back to the ogress, who again said that her son had helped Rosella. However, she went and made up her son's bed with the six mattresses, and that very day she made him marry the daughter of the King of Portugal.

Then she called Rosella, and, telling her that her son was married, bade her bear two lighted torches* for the newly wedded pair. Rosella obeyed, but soon the King of Love, under the plea that Rosella

was tired of bearing the torches, persuaded his bride to take her place and let the poor girl rest.

Just as the queen took the torches in her hands, the ground opened and swallowed her up, and the king remained happy with his Rosella, while the hateful old ogress died of apoplexy, brought on by her rage.

The next story I shall tell you is the world-famous one of "Cinderella," which I give as it is told to the children in the country around Pisa.

Once upon a time there were a man and a woman who had two daughters; one of them handsomer than the other. One of these girls was always sitting in the chimney-corner, and so they called her Cinderella. Her mother did not love her at all, and every morning sent her to take out into the fields certain ducks she owned, and gave her a pound of hemp to spin. One morning, while she was watching the ducks, she came to a ditch and sent them into the water, saying:

"Ducks, ducks, drink, drink!
If it is turbid do not drink,
If it is clear drink all you can!"

Scarcely had she uttered these words when she saw before her a little old woman.

"What are you doing here?" said the old woman.

"I am tending the ducks and must spin this pound of hemp."

"Why do they make *you* do these things?"

"Mamma wishes it."

"Does she never send your sister to watch the ducks?"

"Never!"

"Then, my dear girl, I will make you some presents: Take this comb, my child, and comb your hair."

When Cinderella did so, grain in abundance fell out of her hair on one side, and the ducks ate it until they were satisfied. When she combed the other side, jewels fell out. Next the old woman gave her a box, and told her to put them into it, and hide it carefully in her trunk. Then she struck her wand and commanded the hemp to be spun, which was instantly done.

"Now, go home," said the old woman, "and come here every day and you will find me."

Cinderella went home and said nothing, and sat in the chimney-corner; every morning she went and met the old woman, who combed her hair and spun her hemp. One morning, after the hemp was spun, the old woman said:

"Listen: to-night the Prince gives a ball, and has invited your father, mother and sister; they

will ask you in jest whether you want to go too; say you do not wish to. Do you see this little bird? Hide it in your room, and this evening, when they have gone away, go to the bird and say:

'Little green bird,
Make me more beautiful than I am.'

In a moment, you will be dressed for the ball; take this wand, strike it, and a carriage will appear. Go to the ball, no one will recognize you, and the Prince will dance with you; but take care, when they go out into the supper-room, that you call your carriage and depart, so that they cannot see where you go. Then, go to the bird again, and say:

'Little green bird,
Make me homelier than I am.'

And you will be as you were before; go back to your chimney-corner, and say nothing."

Cinderella took the bird home, and concealed it in her trunk; and when evening came, and she was left alone, she went and did all the old woman had told her to do. When she arrived at the ball the Prince danced with her and fell in love with her; but as soon as the supper-hour came, she entered her carriage and went home.

When the Prince missed her, he bade his attendants look for her everywhere; but they did not find her.

Hoping that she would return if he gave another ball, the Prince informed all his guests before they went that they were invited to another ball the next night. The father, mother and sister, went home, and found Cinderella sitting by the fire.

"It was a splendid ball," said her mother; "and there was a lady there who was a beauty, and nobody knows who she was. If you had only seen how handsome she was!"

"It makes no difference to me," said Cinderella very meekly.

"You see," said her mother, "there is going to be another ball to-morrow; you can go if you want to."

"No, no; I will stay by the fire and be comfortable."

In the morning, she went out as usual with the ducks, and found the old woman, who told her to go to the ball again in the evening, and, if she was followed, to throw some money out of the carriage-window.

Everything happened as on the previous evening; the Prince was delighted to see her, and gave his servants orders to keep their eyes on her. So, when she entered her carriage, they began to run after her; but she threw so much money out that they stopped to pick it up, and so lost sight of her, and

the Prince, in despair, was obliged to give a third ball the next night.

On her return, her mother said to Cinderella that there was to be another ball; but she did not care to hear about it, and acted as if it were nothing to her. In the morning, she took out the ducks and found the old woman.

"So far, everything has gone well; but listen: this evening, you will have a dress with little gold bells, and gold slippers. The Prince's servants will follow you,—throw them one slipper and some money; but this time they will find out where you go."

When night came, and she was alone in the house, the little bird caused her to be dressed in a magnificent dress all covered with little golden bells, and, for her feet, little gold slippers which were a wonder. The Prince danced with her, and was more and more in love with her. When she entered her carriage as usual, the servants followed her, but paid no attention to the money; one of them, however, picked up the slipper. When they saw where the carriage stopped, they went back and told the Prince, who rewarded them richly.

The next morning, Cinderella went out with the ducks and found the old woman, who said to her:

"You must hurry this morning, for the Prince is coming for you."

Then she gave her the comb, spun her hemp, and made her go home. As soon as her mother saw her, she said:

"Why have you come back so soon this morning?"

"Go and see how fat the ducks are," she answered; and her mother saw that they were

really fat, and was silent. At noon, the Prince came with his carriages and knocked at the door. They saw that it was the Prince, and all ran down to meet him, except Cinderella, for she went to the bird, who clothed her again in the dress with the gold bells, but gave her only one golden slipper.

Meanwhile, the Prince asked her father:

"How many daughters have you?"

"One only; here she is!"

"What, have you no others?"

"Yes, Your Highness; but I am ashamed * * * she is always sitting in the chimney-corner, and is all covered with ashes."

"Never mind; go and call her," said the Prince.

So her father called: "Cinderella, just come down here a moment!"

As she came down the stairs, at every step the little bells went *ting, ling, ling!*

"There, you see the dunce," said her mother; "she has dragged the shovel and tongs after her!"

But they were all thunder-struck when she appeared dressed like a beauty.

"She is the one I have been looking for," said the Prince; "she lacks only one golden slipper; let us see if this is the missing one!"

Then he pulled from his pocket the golden slipper, and gave it to Cinderella, who blushed and put it on, and saw that it was her own. The Prince at once asked for her hand, and her father and mother could not say "No." Cinderella took with her the little bird, and all the riches she had received from the old woman, and went away with the Prince. They had a splendid wedding, and treated her father, mother and sister, as well as if they had always been kind to her.



THE PRINCE'S ATTENDANTS PURSUE CINDERELLA.



SNAKES AND BIRDS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE nests of the humming-birds are as beautiful as such a bird's home ought to be. They are formed of the down attached to the seeds of various wild plants like the milk-weed, the furze from the stems of ferns, the silk of spiders' webs and gossamer, soft lichens and cottony mold, and are exceedingly delicate and pretty. Each nest contains only two eggs.

The eggs of all the several hundreds of kinds of humming-birds which inhabit North and South America—and nowhere else, by the way—are pure white, and some of them not as large as the drop of ink clinging to the end of my over-filled pen.

In the case of many of the humming-birds, the nest is tucked into a little bag formed by folding over the edges near the point of a long drooping leaf. This makes them inaccessible to their enemies, and very secure. Other species place their homes in a crotch of a bush between upright twigs; while the ruby-throat—the

"Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
 Lover of sunshine and lover of summer,"

which visits the "odorous bowers" of our northern greenhouses and gardens—constructs a cup of vegetable shreds, matted and glued together, with a downy bed within, and saddles it upon the upper side of a limb of some orchard or forest tree. Only about twice as large as a thimble, and covered with wood lichens and bits of green moss, it looks so very much like an old knot, or scar, or excrescence on the bark, that few persons would think of its being a nest, if they saw it at all, unless they happened to discover the owner enter or leave it.

The artist has shown us an unusually large nest;

but as his entire picture, with its long-nosed snake, could not, of course, have been based on an instantaneous photograph, we must make due allowance.

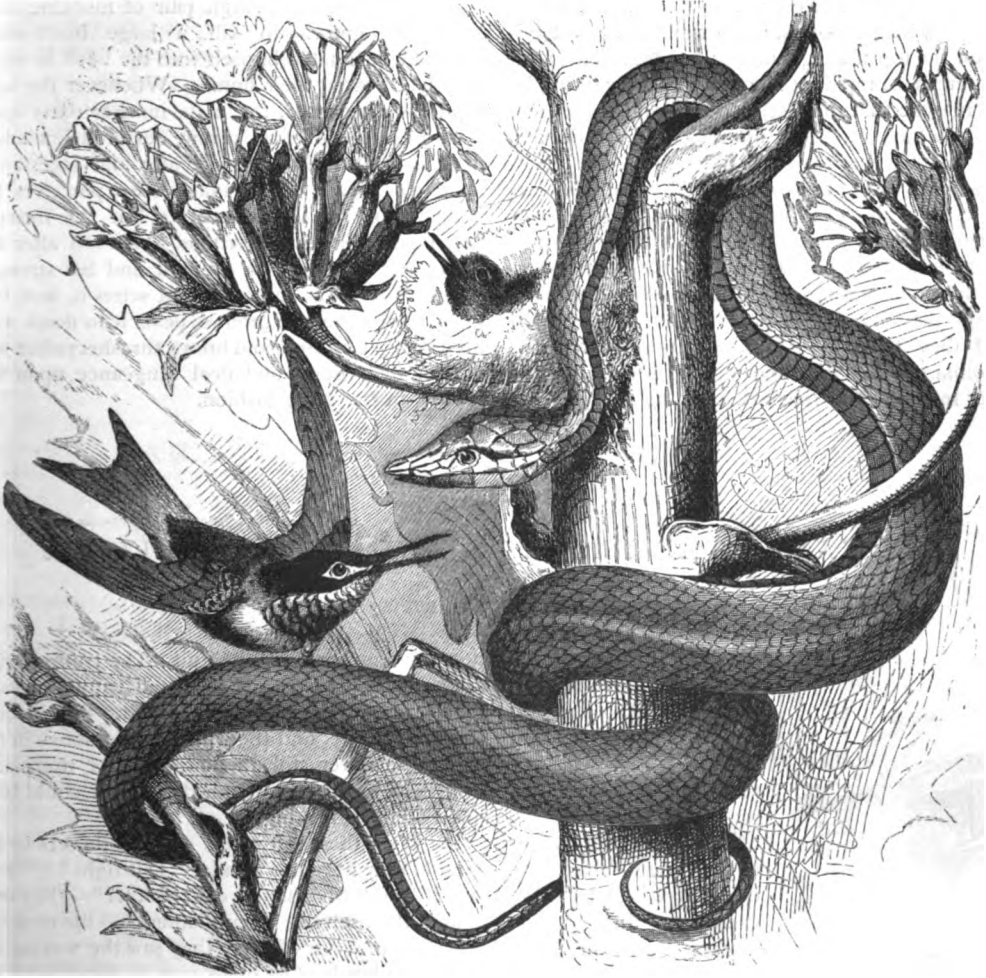
But in spite of the great care with which the tiny dwelling is hidden, snakes' sharp eyes sometimes find it, as they detect the nests of almost all other birds, and they stealthily crawl out on the bending branches, grasping stronger ones with their tails lest the slenderer supports should break, and devour the callow young or suck the eggs.

The daring courage of humming-birds is well known. They will fight anything whatever that interferes with them, and dart with such lightning rapidity at the object of their hatred, pecking at the eyes with their needle-like beaks, that they drive away the enemy by small, but persistent torments, as effectually as if they did it by force.

Frequent contests between birds and serpents in which the reptile sometimes comes off victor, and afterward eats the bird, have given rise to a widespread notion that the snake's eye has, over most small birds, a singular and irresistible influence, causing them, in spite of every effort, to draw nearer and nearer, and at last fall senseless into the reptile's open jaws. It has even been said that our common black-snake "draws" cat-birds down from the tops of tall trees to certain death, by a charm which they had no power to break; and other incidents, equally hard to believe, are told of the *fascination* of a serpent's basilisk eye. The older these tales are, the more they savor of the marvelous; for they began to be believed long before any books were written. At last, the ancient poets—who were public story-tellers, somewhat like the minstrels and bards of whom Sir Walter Scott writes

in his novels, and were accustomed to invent long "yarns" for the amusement of the people, and also in payment for their own board and lodging—imagined an animal called the basilisk, or the cockatrice, as it is translated in the Bible. They described it as born from an egg, laid by a very old cock, and hatched by a reptile. In general shape, this fabulous animal was like a chameleon; but it had a head

to lure any animal to destruction by the fascination of its glittering eye. This idea survives even to this day. People who believed that the really rather dull eye of the black-snake, or rattle-snake, or tiny grass-snake, can charm an active bird into dropping into its jaws, could have believed easily in the griffins and harpies, sirens and incombustible phœnixes * of the old Greeks.



THE SNAKE AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

and eight feet like a cock, and short wings on its shoulders. Its very presence was fatal to all other animals, including man; its breath poisoned the air, and its glance was death. Afterward, as people began to doubt some things that these old poets told them, they took away one by one the deadly powers of the basilisk, and at last left it only power

At the same time, there is a grain of truth in each of these marvelous tales of imaginary animals and their deadly qualities. The bird knows perfectly well the danger which lies in getting too near that gently waving head, with its gleaming scales and flaming tongue; it knows the power of that snake to spring at it and strike it a fatal blow; and the

* A description of many of these mythological creatures, with illustrations, can be found in *St. NICHOLAS* for October, 1875.

mere presence of the terrible danger might be so attractive to the bird that it would venture too near, and so fall a prey to its recklessness. Love of danger for its own sake is certainly a characteristic of many men, and some do not seem able to resist encountering the greatest risk and doing themselves positive harm, for no reason except that they have a good opportunity. Many persons commit suicide, doubtless, under the same strange longing to throw one's self off precipices, or into deep water, which we have felt, most of us, when we have been standing on the top of a big building, or close to the swift and turbulent rapids at Niagara Falls, for example.

It may be that the fearful peril—and there is no danger a bird can better appreciate—stupefies and turns the heads of the birds until, often, they commit suicide. But this is not caused by any "fascination" from the eyes of the snake, for when a heronry catches fire, or a house is burning upon which storks have built their nests, the poor owners will fly round and round in the smoke and flame as though they found it impossible to leave the spot, until they fall dead; and, sometimes, when the Carolina marshes are flooded by gales driving the water in-shore, the rails will seem to become per-

fectly crazy and senseless of all other harm, in their anxiety for the safety of their homes.

Then, too, it may sometimes happen that, in the course of the struggle, the bird will become wounded, and faint from lack of blood, or, under the influence of the reptile's venom, will slowly cease its resistance, and at last fall down as though charmed. But, in general, the snakes have a hard time of it in a fight with their feathered foes.

More than once a single pair of mocking-birds has been known to kill a large black-snake that had insinuated himself into the bush in which they had placed their home. Whenever the ugly reptile is discovered, the male mocker darts upon it with the speed of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head. The snake soon perceives his danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid father redoubles his exertions, and even after the snake has reached the ground, and his strength begins to flag, the mocking-bird seizes it, and, lifting it partly from the ground, beats it to death with his wings. Cat-birds and brown thrashers often will protect their nests, and deal vengeance upon the robber, in the same fashion.

THE EAVES, THE FLOWERS, AND THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA BURT.



USTY and weather-beaten was the old eaves-trough,—so very old, a part of it had actually fallen out, leaving a hole; and the rest was seamed with many a crack and crevice. Mosses began to gather in the grooves; and one day a wee, slender thing came up through the mosses into the light. Straight, and pale, and tender, this tiny plant grew up alone: in sun, and wind, and rain, it stoutly held its own. In

silence, yet pausing not, it grew. Swiftly and surely it put forth leaf by leaf; until, one day, it was crowned with a golden crest of flowers. And then it proved to be the wee-est golden-rod ever seen.

No one knew how it came, or whence. All the neighbors were thinking of themselves. The grape

near by was busy with its fruit. The trumpet-vine swung from the trees, its royal red trumpets ready for the king. The birds were teaching their fledgelings how to fly, and the white clouds above in the blue were never still an hour. As for the plants that grow upon the ground, they never could have lifted their eyes so high.

So, when these lofty folks saw the flowers in the trough, they began to wonder "Is it right?" "Is it best?" and "what shall we do with it?"—they said among themselves. They all knew well the meadow was its home; for afar off they saw the waving of the proud heads of its kin.

In time it ceased to be a wonder and was forgotten.

Next year, out of the mosses in the crevice of the trough grew a row of tiny plants, pale, and slender, and resolute. And they grew up swiftly, and flowered into five little golden-crested rods.

This time, the neighbors were disturbed indeed. They talked it over and over together, and wondered what next would come to pass.

At length, they got a pair of philosophers to come and see. They were two fork-tailed swallows.

They came, they perched upon the ridge of the roof, and looked and chattered. They said:

"Little flowers, are you mad, to come up in the trough, and live without friends, or earth to grow in? Why do you so?"

"Because we were sown," said the flowers.

"But it is wrong," said the two birds in concert. "Whereunto may not this evil grow? You are misplaced, and are, moreover, the most ridiculous little pigmies ever seen."

"All we know is, we were sown," said the flowers.

"Why don't you refuse to grow?" said the birds.

"Because we are bound to do the best we can," said the flowers.

"At least, you could wither before the sun!" said one bird.

"Or break before the wind!" said the other.

"Or refuse to bloom!" cried both.

"Oh," said the flowers, with modesty, "we may be little and lone; but let us hold our own stout hearts, at least."

"But are you happy?" said the birds.

"Most happy," said the flowers,—and just then a ray of sun-light fell on them,—“since we've done the best we could."

"And are you willing to live on just for that?"

"Yes! oh yes!" cried all the five little golden-rods in a breath.

Then the stupid swallows flew away quite disgusted, and told all the wise plants that those five little flowers were too ignorant to be taught.



PAUL JONES OF OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN.

(A True Story.)

BY LAURA WINTHROP JOHNSON.

My children, would you like to hear an old man's story? Then gather 'round my great arm-chair, and listen.

"Do I remember the Revolutionary war?"

Not quite, I must say; but I can look back to the time when this century was a very young one, and younger than any of you. I will tell you a story of something that happened to me when this same century had just come of age,—that is, in the year 1821.

I was then about eighteen years old, and my father had hired me out to a lumber merchant at Glenn's Falls, who had sent me down the river into the Catskills as one of a gang for cutting timber and getting out hemlock-bark. It was hard work, but we had jolly rough times, and I liked the life, and the dry, cold air of the mountains. There was always something going on in our lumber-camp. It was fine to hew down the great trees, and to hear them fall with a crash that seemed to shake the hills, and we liked rolling the great logs, all singing in chorus, and the building of roaring camp-fires at night, with plenty of songs and stories and jokes as we sat around them. We were simple young fellows, and very small jokes lasted a long

time, and could be used over and over again, while the dark woods rang with our uproarious laughter.

The river then was very unlike what it is now. There is still plenty of wilderness among the Catskills, more than there was twenty or thirty years ago. For then there were tanneries in every valley, but now they all have disappeared, and the big hemlock-trunks, stripped of their bark, lie rotting in labyrinths on the long slopes, covered with a dense new growth.

At that time, however, half the course of the Hudson was a wilderness. Here and there at long intervals were small towns and villages, and farms and manors were seen, where the banks were less high and shaggy. No railroad trains rushed along the shores; no steam-whistles broke the silence; no great three-story steam-boats thundered by, thronged with people. The river was a quiet place in those days. Light, graceful sloops, and slow-moving barges and arks were all the craft we saw on its waters, excepting the little steam-boats, not much larger than one of our small tugs, that came up sometimes, and were still looked upon with a touch of wonder.

As for the great ice-houses, the factories, the fine

country-seats and pretty villas that now crowd the shores of the broad river, they had not been dreamed of. The scream of the eagle and the blue-jay alone broke the silence.

Our boss was a first-rate fellow, and one Christmas-day he let us have a holiday and a



"AFRAID? NO! FATHER TOLD ME TO STAY HERE, AND I'M GOING TO DO IT."

big sleigh-ride. All the girls of the country round were invited, the snow lay just deep enough, and the sleighing was capital.

But I was sulky and would not go, because I'd

been 'cut out,' as we called it, with the girl I wanted to take. I was very fond of still-hunting, and in my vexation I went off to look for deer. Beyond the Kauterskill Clove, I did n't know the

country very well, but an old man told me they often crossed the pass above Plauterkill and I went to look for them there.

I hunted all day, and found no deer; they had grown shy and scarce, and had gone away, over the mountains toward Hunter. I had a long chase over their tracks, up the Clove to Hayne's Falls, and away over to the top of Plauterkill Clove, and then along the pass by the shoulder of Indian Head, to the side of Overlook Mountain. It was coming on toward night, with a wild sunset blazing, and gusts of wind springing up, and I began to think of getting back, or, at least, of finding some place to sleep; for, in my eagerness for deer, I had gone too far to return to Catskill village that night. I thought I might get as far as Plauterkill or Hayne's Falls, where there were a few houses.

I was turning to go up the pass again, when, just on the edge of the hemlock forest, under a ledge of rocks on the mountain-side, I saw a small quarry, where a few paving stones had been taken out, and close by a smoke curling into the air. I looked sharp, and, sure enough, there was a little hut tucked under the ledge; just a shed, so rough that it seemed like part of the rock, with a stone wall, and a few slabs and boughs to roof it over.

The sun was setting angrily down the valley, behind the distant Shandaken range, and pouring on the near mountains great dashes of orange light; and the purple chasms between, and the black pines and hemlocks that stood out against the heights where the snow was sky-blue and gold,—all had a strange and stormy look. I was just thinking how handsome those mountains were, and yet what dangerous faces they had, as if they meant to have a wild night of it among themselves. Overlook had his white cap on, and the others were gathering mist around their tops. The day had been still, but now a strong wind blew from the hills, and drove the loose snow in fine powder before it. I was just noticing all this, you know, and saying to myself that there was not a moment to spare, and I must hurry, or the storm would be upon me, when I heard a little voice near me, calling out:

"Mister! have you seen my father, anywheres?"

I started with surprise to see in that lonely wintry place the figure and face of a pretty little boy, about ten years old, suddenly standing out against the sunset sky.

"Your father? No, my boy," said I. "But what are you doing here, miles away from any house, all alone at this time of day?"

"Why, you see, sir," said the boy, as cheerful as a chipmunk, "my father *told* me to stay till he came back. He went down this morning to Woodstock to get news of mother who is very sick. If

she's no better, he'll come up to-night and take me home to-morrow, but, if she is better, he'll want me to stay here with him, and help get out some more stone."

"But, my boy," said I, "there's a heavy snow-storm coming. Look down there toward Shandaken. Look at the queer colors in that sky. If you stay here to-night you will be covered in with drifts till next summer. and never come out alive. Have you got food?"

"Enough for to-night," said the brave little fellow.

"And are you not afraid of——" I stopped short. I was going to say bears, for I had seen plenty of their tracks that day.

"Afraid? No! Father's *sure* to come. He told me to stay, and I'm going to do it."

I went into the little cabin and found a tiny stove, a few armfuls of chips, a pitcher of water, a bit of bread and cheese, and a pair of tattered blankets; that was all. My heart sank. Fuel, to be sure, was plenty, but how was that heroic little fellow to bring enough to keep himself from freezing if his father did not come.

It seemed almost certain death for him to remain there in the lonely pass through such a storm as was close at hand. It was growing dusk in the high valley; light flurries, forerunners of the tempest, were beginning to sweep down from the heights and long lines of white clouds were filing through the gorges.

"Come with me, my boy," I cried. "Come at once! We may get across to the head of Plauterkill before the storm bursts, and we shall be more sheltered in the woods. See how dark it grows all of a sudden."

"I *must* mind my father," said he. "He *told* me to stay, and I'm *going* to stay. He'll be *sure* to come."

"Who knows," thought I, "but your father may be drinking all this time in the old tavern at Woodstock? Yet so sharp a boy would have learned already not to trust such a father as that."

"Look here, my little man," I said; "you've *got* to come with me. If you wont, I shall carry you. I must not leave you here. Come along! You've got to go!"

As I started forward to take hold of him the boy gave a shout of laughter, and springing through the door-way vanished among the woods in a twinkling. I drew a long breath of wonder, and ran as fast as I could in the direction in which he had disappeared, but though I searched the mountain-side for nearly half an hour, so cunningly had he hidden himself away in the bewilderment of rocks and fallen trees, that my search was vain. He knew too well, all the caves and fastnesses of Overlook,

and was laughing at me, safely hidden away in one of them, like a little Puck, or mocking mountain sprite. The powdering drifts that were flying about had already hidden his small footsteps. The twilight was nearly gone, large flakes of snow began to fall thickly, and an ominous roar could be heard in the tops of the pines. The storm was upon me. I thought it best to take care of number one, as I had lost the half one, but I was sorely troubled and could not bear to leave that boy behind. Yet, though my conscience smote me, I hurried on as fast as possible through the pathless woods, often straying out of my course in the whirling tempest, till I reached, I hardly know how, the charcoal-burners at the top of the pass. There I got warm and rested a little, and then got on a little farther to Plauterkill Falls, where I spent what was left of the night.

Next morning I started early to get back to my work, though it was a very hard tug, and the storm was not much abated. But I did not want the boss to think that I had been carousing over-night. I valued my character a great deal, and meant to keep it up. I tried to persuade the people at Plauterkill to go over for the boy, but they would not go out-of-doors that day, they said, for Jones's boy, or any other boy. He might take care of himself.

Our lumbering was stopped for a while by that storm, and our gang were sent over to Rondout to ship timber, and from there back to Glenn's Falls, and I never knew what became of that boy. I always blamed myself for not staying with him for the night, or at least till his father came, and for my cowardice in caring more about losing my place, or possibly my life (for I came mighty near being lost in that storm), than for the safety of that fine, manly little fellow, whose bright face haunted me for many a day. Well, time went on. I was married to the very girl for whose sake alone I took to the woods that day; I tried to gain some education and read all the books I could get; I rose to be a partner and then to be a boss lumber-man myself. I grew rich, and middle-aged, and old, and still I heard nothing of the boy, though I made many inquiries after him. I never had any children of my own, to live, and I kept wishing I could adopt that boy; for, strange to say, it never occurred to me that if he were alive, he would be a middle-aged man, only eight or ten years younger than I. He always appeared to my fancy as the fine, handsome child of ten whom I had seen darting through the cabin-door into the forest, dim with winter twilight. I used often to go up and down the river then on business, but I never much fancied to pass by the Catskills. I don't know how it was, but it seemed as if that little fellow had somehow

got a hold on my heart, and would n't let go. One day I was on the Albany boat,—it was in the fall of 1860,—and when about noon, or later, we came in sight of the fine old mountains, looking just the color of blue-bells and periwinkle flowers, I turned my back to them. There was a handsome man, with hair just turning iron-gray, standing near, who looked at me rather hard, as I wheeled short round, as if he wondered what I was about, for I suppose I looked as if I had something on my mind.

So I said to him: "I don't much like to look at those splendid old fellows, because I have been always afraid that I may have been partly the cause of the death of a little chap, away up there by Overlook, many years ago."

"Why, how was that?" said the gentleman, as polite as possible. Then I told him all the story, just as I have told it to you, and he listened, with a queer twinkle in his eye; but the water stood in them, too.

"Then," said he, "my friend, don't trouble yourself any more about that boy. You were not at all to blame. He is still alive, to my certain knowledge; for here he stands before you, and his name's Paul Jones."

I could scarcely believe my senses, and it was a minute or two before I could take it all in.

"You that boy!" said I, and starting back, I nearly went over the guards in my wonder. "Why, you must be Rip Van Winkle himself! But, do tell me all about it."

"Well," said he, "I was tickled enough when I found I had outwitted you, and saw you go away beaten. I knew my father would come, for he never broke his word to me, and in about an hour he did come; but he'd had a very hard time getting there. My mother was better, and it would n't do to try, he said, to get home that night. I tell you we had a rough time in that hut, all snowed in and nearly frozen; but we managed to hold out till the next afternoon, when the storm abated a little, and hunger started us back to Woodstock. We managed to struggle through. My father carried me most of the way on his back; there were a few farm-houses at the foot of Overlook to rest in, and, though we were almost frozen again, we reached Woodstock before night-fall. I was as much troubled about you as you were about me; for I did not think you knew the woods as well as my father. I was right about my father, you see? I was sure he would come, and come he did; but we did n't get out any more stone for a good while.

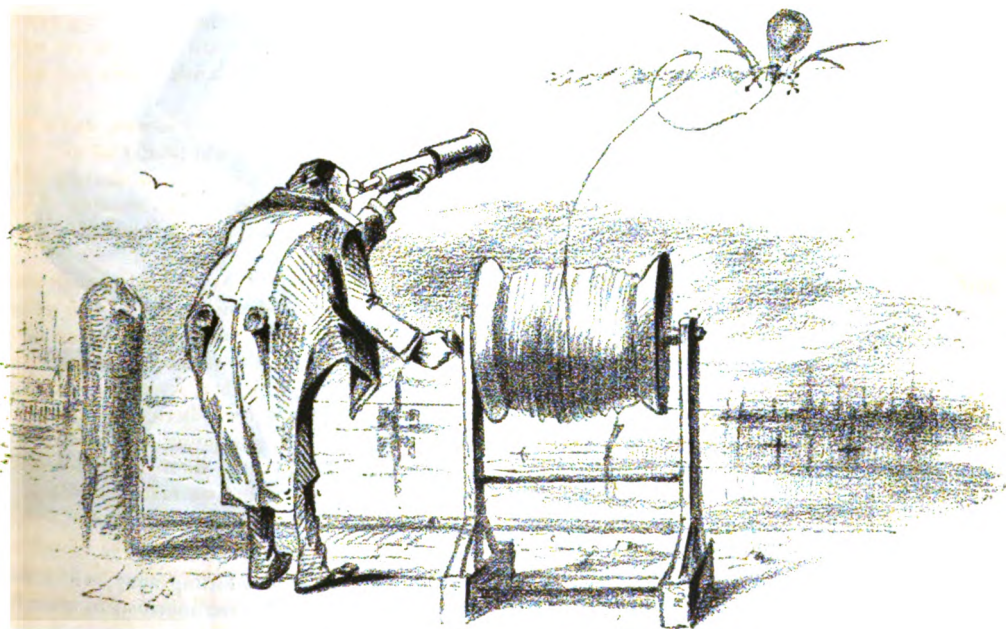
"He did not care for danger, my father did n't; if he'd given me his word he kept it, and I kept mine. So here I am, Rip Van Winkle if you like, and you may make friends again with our jolly

mountains, who are good friends of mine, too. Why, have n't we both made our money out of 'em, —you in lumber, I in stone? I was brought up among them, and I'm fond of them. I know every nook and cranny of 'em, and I could have told you that day where to find the deer you were after. I even knew of a famous bear-hole, where, if you'd wanted, you could have found a big she-one with cubs. My father got them some time afterward with me and the dog. And now, if you'll just land here, at Rondout, you'll find my team waiting, and I'll drive you over to my house, beyond Kingston toward the quarries, where you'll find my wife, as pretty a woman as any on the river, and as fine a family of boys and girls as you'd wish to see. We shall be just in time for a good old-fashioned early tea, and a good appetite."

The end of it was that he persuaded me to accept his invitation, and I went to visit my old and new friend, Paul Jones. And there, among the children of the household, I found a little Paul,—a manly boy of ten,—who seemed the very same whom I had left alone in the mountain-pass forty years before.

He has always spent a great deal of time with me ever since, and I have considered him as my child.

I should be very lonely now if it were not for my friend, Paul Jones, and his charming family. They form quite a large colony, and I am always quite at home among them; for the best friend of my old age is the boy whom I found and lost on the side of Overlook Mountain on that wild winter's night of 1821.



A WISE man built him a flying machine;
 " 'Twill cross the ocean," quoth he, "I ween.
 'Twill cross the ocean safely, I trow,
 But 't will have to cross without me, I vow!"

THE MICROSCOPE; AND WHAT I SAW THROUGH IT.

BY MRS. MARY TREAT.

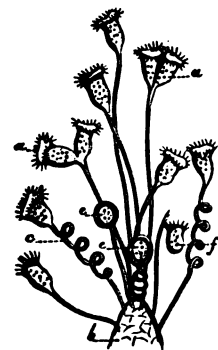
THE picture on this page represents a compound binocular microscope-stand. It is called binocular because it has two tubes, so that we can use both eyes; and it is called compound because it has two sets of glasses. At the top of the microscope, marked *a, a*, are the eye-pieces through which we look. The lower end of the tube, *b*, is where we screw on the object-glass,—the real magnifying power,—and these object-glasses are called low or high according to the number of times they magnify. An object-glass magnifying 15 diameters would be low, but one of 1,500 diameters would be very high.

A good microscope is such a complicated piece of machinery, and costs so much, that boys and girls, generally, must be contented to use smaller and less satisfactory instruments, or to hear and read about what older people see; but I hope some of my young readers may become so much interested that when they grow older they will procure microscopes and go on with the delightful work which we older people must in course of time lay aside.

The microscope reveals fairy-like, beautiful creatures, far more beautiful than those you read of in fairy-tales; and our fairies in this real world pass through as many forms or transformations as the most approved fairy of the imagination could desire.

The picture on page 117 represents a group of these fairy creatures, as seen through an object-glass magnifying about 160 diameters. It is called a

“tree vorticellæ” and lives in the water. You will think it looks much more like a tree with flowers on the ends of the branches than it does like living, moving creatures; but if you could look into the microscope and see how wonderfully polite they seem, how they bow and courtesy to each other as if preparing for a grand quadrille, you would not hesitate in calling them marvelous, beautiful, fairy creatures. Yes, a tree endowed with life and motion, and the little bell-shaped animals are decked out in

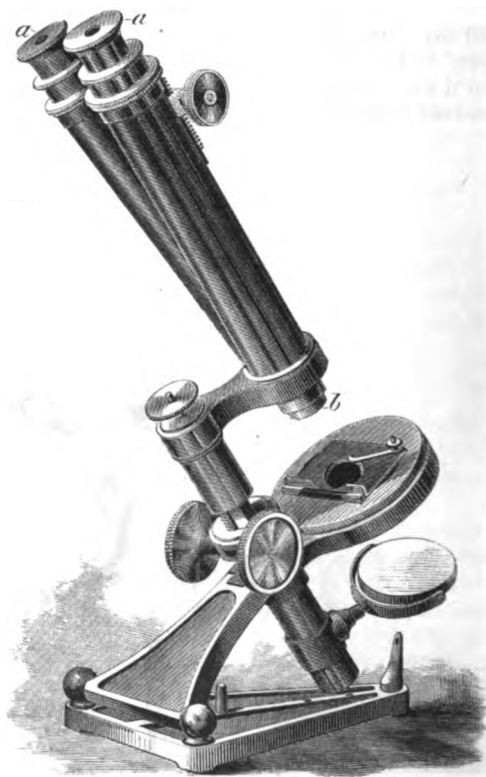


DEVELOPMENT OF VORTICELLA.

a, a, in division; *b*, base; *c*, coiled stem; *e, e*, encysted vorticellæ; *f*, floating bell, just freed from stem.

gay colors,—red and green and yellow,—making them as brilliant as a many-hued flower. The mar-

gin of the bell is beautifully fringed with hairs or cilia, and this fringe is almost always in rapid motion, making a little current in the water, by which means they capture their food. But the little creatures will not accept everything for food which the current brings them; a great many small particles



A COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.

they reject, and send whirling away, which shows they have power and discrimination to select their food just as larger animals have.

Now and then, one breaks away from the home stem [see *f* in picture showing development of vorticellæ], and instantly goes whirling away as if delighted to be free, no longer tied to its parent.

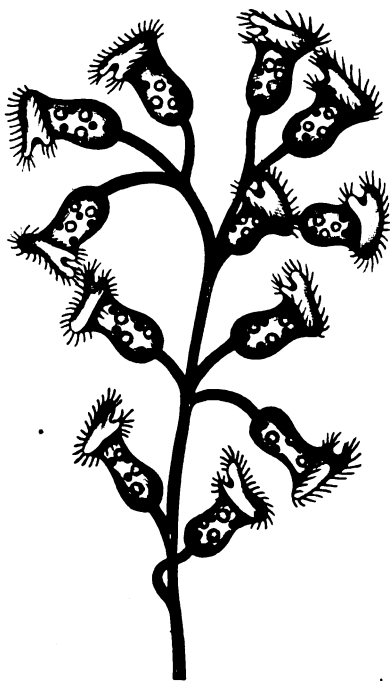
In a book entitled “Great Wonders in Little Things,” by Rev. Sidney Dyer, I found the following pleasing passage on the movements of the free vorticellæ:

“It is very interesting to watch the eccentric movements of the free vorticellæ. They seem to exult in their deliverance from restraint: hence they part from the stem, where they have had their growth,

with a violent jerk, and spring away with a flying speed. Here they go, over and over, like a gymnast turning somersaults,—now stopping to revolve in an eccentric orbit, or spinning like a top; now nigrag, or with an up-and-down motion. Occasionally one will stop, and, turning the mouth or bell downward, will remain motionless, except a rapid play of the cilia, which is so violent as sometimes to give an oscillating motion to the animal. This motion continues for a few moments, when the creature either resumes or, which is more generally the case, suddenly flies into broken fragments, like the bursting of a grind-stone, from too rapid revolution."

We can, when looking at wonders like these, say with Solomon: "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." We look and look again, and wonder if it is a dream or reality that we see. We are truly beholding something stranger than the "stuff that dreams are made of, yet as real as the everlasting hills,—a delicate picture of nature's painting."

I have often watched the little bell-shaped animals after they became free from the parent stem, but I never saw one break into fragments as the reverend gentleman describes, while it had the regular form of the true vorticella; but in another form called the encysted stage [see *e, e*, on page 116], when the little animal is inclosed in a transparent shell corresponding to the chrysalis stage of the butterfly, I have seen this thin shell break, freeing numerous tiny monad-like bodies, which the microscopists tell us, after passing through different forms, at last become real bell-shaped vorticellæ. This transformation is no more wonderful than that



A TREE VORTICELLA.

of the ugly-looking caterpillar passing into the chrysalis stage, from which emerges the lovely butterfly.

MISTLETOE-GATHERING IN NORMANDY.

BY MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

It once happened to two American wanderers to spend Christmas in an old French chateau. Many Christmases had passed since these Americans had seen their own native land. Some of them had been spent in "Merrie England," where the heavy plum-puddings had given them nightmares enough to equip a cavalry regiment, and where the sight of hundreds of thousands of beeves' hearts and slaughtered swine had filled them with thoughts which were not merry, and had made them long for that blessed land, beyond the sea, in which plump turkeys, delicious cranberry sauce and golden squash pies were at that very time making thousands of tables a lively sight for hungry eyes to see. Six-years-old Charley, coming to his first Christmas dinner in England, piteously said: "Why, mamma, 't is n't a really true 's-you-live Christmas at all, 'cause there 's no squash pie."

How the good-natured English friends laughed at the word "squash!" "Do you have higgledy-piggledy and clushy-mushy, as well as squash, in America?" asked one lady, whose only idea of squash was that it was a decayed peach, or an over-ripe cucumber fallen from a great height.

We reached the grand old chateau, so venerable and ivy-grown, six weeks before Christmas. Thus we were in time to see the curious and interesting harvest which is collected every year, about the end of November. This is the gathering of the mistletoe, which grows abundantly in the apple-orchards of Normandy, and is sent thence in great quantities to London and New York, though chiefly to the former city. For New York, the mistletoe is gathered near the end of November; for London, it is harvested a few days before Christmas. It is used for the decoration of homes during the holi-

days, and I have seen it left hanging to the chandeliers, sometimes, withered and dry, until another Christmas-tide brought fresh boughs and berries. The hanging of the mistletoe is a cause of much frolic and laughter in the house. It is the rule that whoever is passing under the mistletoe-bough must submit to being kissed then and there by whosoever chooses to take that liberty. As a bough usually hangs from the center of the ceiling, spreading over a large space, it follows that there must be much dodging or much kissing; I am inclined to think that there are both.

The origin of this use of the mistletoe is not known; but we do know that more than eighteen hundred years ago, when the glad stars sang together over the manger in Bethlehem, and wise men brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to a young Child in the peasant mother's arms, England was a chill, mist-covered island, inhabited only by savages, who wore garments of skins and lived in huts of mud and stone. Among these savage Britons there were pagan priests called Druids. These priests were a mysterious folk, who lived in dense woods far away from other men, and who, in the gloomy solitudes of the forest, performed strange secret ceremonies. The "sacred groves," as they were called, were of oak; for the oak was a divine tree, according to the Druidical religion. Within these sacred groves, the priests, it is recorded in history, offered their sacrifices, and in some manner, not now known, they employed the mistletoe. But all mistletoe was not sacred to the Druids. They would have none but that which clung to the trunk and was nourished by the sap of the divine oak. To them, the apple-tree mistletoe, which modern England uses so freely in her holiday festivities, would be a worthless and common thing.

When, in later centuries, England was taught the Christian religion by priests who went thither from Rome, the people, though professing a belief in Christ, retained many of their heathen rites and customs changed from their original meaning and purpose. At any rate, from the Druids has come the modern usage of the mistletoe-bough, strangely preserved in festivities which commemorate the birth of Him whose pure worship destroys all heathen superstitions.

The mistletoe is a parasite which fastens its roots and tendrils so firmly and closely to the tree on which it grows, that it is often difficult to tell where the tree leaves off and the parasite begins. Its leaves are of a dull green color, and it bears white, wax-like berries. It has boughs and branches, and long, tough leaves, and it looks like other and more honest plants, which do not steal their support. It sucks the life from the fruit-trees, which,

after a while, droop, wither and die, forming a mere support for the plant. There is a story of an Englishman, who was so attached to the Christmas customs of his country that when he removed his home to California he carried with him some of the mistletoe and set it upon apple-trees. But the transplanted parasite did not seem to care for the apple-trees of America, when it could have richer food. So it left these and fastened itself to the wild plum-trees which grew profusely in that region. So strong did the mistletoe become in that fruitful climate, that it finally sucked out the life-sap of the wild plum-trees of the neighborhood, far and wide. And that was not all. A tribe of debased Indians, called Diggers, had always depended on the wild plums for their living. The mistletoe killed the plum-trees, and the failure of the plum harvest caused famine, distress and death among the hapless Diggers.

Before Christmas, and when the apples have been gathered and carried to the cider-presses, or stored away in "*caves*," as the French call their cellars, all the peasant children of the neighborhood, and poor people from the towns, come out to the mistletoe harvest. They are hired by the farmers for a few cents a day, and they gladly come with huge baskets, and with little donkey-carts (not much larger than wheelbarrows), called *charrettes*. These are piled so high with the harvested parasite that they look like miniature hay-carts going home to the farmer's barn.

Little Jeanne Duval came up to the chateau from *Maire Brisé's* orchard, having heard the foreign lady say that she wished to see the harvesters at work. "Will you tell the lady who talks like a baby that I have come to show her the way to the orchard?" she said to Eliza, the *femme de chambre*. The lady whose American-French seemed so baby-like to the patois-speaking child, rode along the broad highway, regarding the demure little maiden by her side more than the beautiful world about her, all silver-gray and tawny-gold, olive-green and crimson in its glorious autumnal dress. Little Jeanne wore a coarse gray woolen petticoat reaching to her ankles, and beneath this were so many other short, full-gathered petticoats that her skirts stood out as if she were "making a cheese," as the children say. She wore coarse stockings and *sabots*, or wooden shoes, that seemed as if they had been cut with a jack-knife from solid chunks of wood. Her loose black jacket reached just below her waist, and her head was covered with a white cotton cap, very like a night-cap, in which, as the lady said to herself, she looked "like a little old woman cut short."

On the way to *Maire Brisé's* orchard they passed Jeanne's mother washing clothes at a wayside fountain; and she smiled and bowed as the little party

went by. The good woman covered each article, as she washed it, with a thick lather of soap, then, spreading it on a smooth board before her, she pounded it with a wooden shovel-shaped implement with all her might and main. Master Charley said she "gave it ballywhack," whatever that may be.

"What do you call that shovel-shaped thing?" Jeanne was asked. But Charley, who had felt very insecure in his clothes ever since he came

apple-trees at last. So, enough is left at every harvest to increase and multiply itself for the next year. It clings, clings, clings, like drowning men to wreck stuff, so that sometimes, in tearing it away, the branch to which it has fastened itself is riven from the tree. Some of the masses of foliage are so large that, at that special Christmas already mentioned, one huge bough was more than the butler at the chateau could manage to hang from the carved oak beams of the dining-room ceiling.



A VISIT TO THE MISTLETOE-GATHERERS.

into the region of wayside washer-women, answered for her, "The champion button-smasher."

Down in the orchard a large company of peasants were busy at work. The men threw off their *sabots* and climbed the gnarled apple-trees, where they could cut off the mistletoe with small, sharp saws. The women and children caught the branches as they fluttered down in great straggling masses, and loaded them into baskets and crates. The mistletoe is in so much demand in English markets that the French farmers find it profitable to encourage its growth, even though the parasite kills the

After the mistletoe is gathered, it is tightly packed into great wooden crates, like hen-coops, and sent by steamer to England. From England, a portion of it goes to America, where thousands of English families, in the home of their adoption, can eat and drink their hearty Christmas cheer beneath the familiar Druidical shadows. And it is not unlikely that, as they recall the Christmas festivities of Merrie England, and cast their eyes upward at the Normandy mistletoe, they may say, with a sigh, "Ah, this mistletoe, after all, is nothing like the mistletoe at home!"

THE SMILING DOLLY.

By M. M. D.

I WHISPERED to my Dolly,
And told her not to tell.
(She's a really lovely Dolly,—
Her name is Rosabel.)

“Rosy,” I said, “stop smiling,
For I've been dreadful bad!
You must n't look so pleasant,
As if you felt real glad!

Still Rosabel kept smiling;
And I just cried and cried—
And while I searched all over,
Her eyes were opened wide.

“Oh, Rosy, where I dropt it
I can't imagine, dear;”
And still she kept on smiling,—
I thought it very queer.



“I took mamma's new ear-ring,—
I did, now, Rosabel,—
And I never even asked her,—
Now, Rosy, don't you tell!

“You see I'll try to find it
Before I let her know;
She'd feel so very sorry
To think I'd acted so.”

I had wheeled her 'round the garden
In her gig till I was lame;
Yet when I told my trouble,
She smiled on, just the same!

Her hair waved down her shoulders
Like silk, all made of gold.
I kissed her, then I shook her,
Oh, dear! how I did scold!

"You're really naughty, Rosy,
To look so when I cry.
When *my* mamma's in trouble
I never laugh: not I."

And *still* she kept on smiling,
The queer, provoking child!
I shook her well and told her
Her conduct drove me wild.

When—only think! that ear-ring
Fell out of Rosy's hair!
When I had dressed the darling,
I must have dropped it there.

She doubled when I saw it,
And almost hit her head;—
Again, I whispered softly,
And this is what I said:

"You precious, precious Rosy!
Now, I'll go tell mamma
How bad I was—and sorry—
And O, how good you are!"

"For, Rose, I had n't lost it—
You knew it all the while,
You knew I'd shake it out, dear,
And that's what made you smile."

THE NEW CLOTHES.

(A True Story.)

BY AUNT FANNY.

ONE bright morning, last winter, "Aunt Fanny" received a mysterious letter. It was what is called an anonymous letter, for the writer's name was not signed at the end of it. An anonymous letter is very often unkind in intention, and painful to read; but, strange to tell, this one was perfectly delightful, as you shall see, for here it is:

"To Mrs. ———"

"DEAR MADAM: Having noticed in the 'New York Tribune' a few lines to the effect that you would kindly receive toys and clothing for the children of the poor, and see that they were properly bestowed, I send you by express a box of clothing which I have made, and which I desire that you will give to one little girl. I believe that they will fit a child of ten or eleven years of age. The time that I have so pleasantly employed in sewing on these little garments causes me already to feel an interest in the child who will wear them. And so, when you receive the box, if you will kindly write a line to an address I shall give below, and tell me something about the child, it will gratify me very much. My own name I wish to withhold; but a note to 'Dr. K—, F. on H.,' will reach me."

handkerchiefs. So you see that, except boots and a hat, it was a perfect outfit.

Aunt Fanny was charmed, and immediately sat down and wrote this note to the delightfully mysterious lady:

"DEAR MADAM: I have received your letter and the box of clothing. You have made for me a great pleasure, and a very serious mission, for I must not carelessly part with so good a gift. I must try to find just the right little girl, and as this will take time, you may not hear from me again for a week or ten days. With hearty thanks, believe me very cordially yours,

"AUNT FANNY."

And now she began to inquire among her friends for a very poor and very deserving family. One lady said she knew a poor man, who had fallen months ago from a high ladder, hurting his back so dreadfully that he had been in bed ever since. His wife, with all her efforts, could scarcely get bread for him and their children, and never any clothes. The eldest child, who was a girl, would be just the one for the beautiful and useful present.

"Oh yes; send her to me," said Aunt Fanny. "I am sure she will do."

It rained in torrents the next morning, but what did Nannie, the poor girl, care for that? Was she not to get a box full of new clothes? She ran all the long distance to Aunt Fanny's house. An old shawl was pinned over her head, her ragged dress hardly held together, and there were great holes in her boots. And what a long, lanky, square-shouldered girl she was, to be sure! and how she twisted

The next day the box arrived and was opened. At the top was such a pretty dark-brown plaid dress! It had little fluted white muslin ruffles at the neck and wrists; an outside pocket ornamented with a bow of beautiful cherry-colored ribbon on the right side; while inside the pocket was a nice little handkerchief. Was n't that quite complete?

Then there was a gray Balmoral skirt, with a flounce bound with bright cherry-colored braid; two white flannel petticoats made with tucks, to be let down when that happy little girl who was to get them should grow taller; pretty drawers trimmed with Hamburg edging; chemises also trimmed; several pairs of stockings, and five more pocket-

and wriggled as she said: "Please, ma'am, I'm sent for the clothes," and then her eyes grew so big and so wishful that Aunt Fanny brought out the box at once.

"Suppose we try the dress on," she said. "I am afraid that it will be short for you; but never mind that, if it fits in the waist."

The miserable ragged dress was taken off, and the new one put on. It was made to button in the back. Aunt Fanny pulled and tugged, but it would not come together; it did not fit at all; and she said, kindly:

"I am sorry, dear, but I am afraid you are too big for the clothes."

"Oh!" cried the child, bursting into tears. "Oh, ma'am, don't say that! Oh, I want them so much! I'll hold my breath if you will try to button it again! Oh, do try! I wish I was n't so big!"

Aunt Fanny tried, but it was of no use; the waist was at least four inches too narrow; and nearly crying herself because she was so sorry for Nannie, she took off the beautiful dress, and put the ragged one on again. Then she told Nannie not to be quite heart-broken, for she would try to find something for her that *would* fit. She hunted up a good dress of her own, and another larger one, which came out of a parcel sent "for the poor." This one would do for the hard-worked mother, and these, with some other things, she gave to the sobbing girl, and as it had stopped raining, she sent her home.

Then another child was recommended, but Aunt Fanny was afraid that her parents would sell these nice clothes for drink. They had sold other things which had been given to their children, and so this poor little one must be denied. Was not this miserable? But it only proves what wise folks tell us, that neither you, nor I, nor any one, can do wrong without causing some innocent person to suffer; so let us take heed what we do.

Well, the days went by; the right little girl did not appear, and Aunt Fanny was quite troubled. At last, a dear friend came to make a call, to whom was told the story of the clothes. Clapping her hands, she joyfully exclaimed:

"Why, I have the very child for you!—a dear, good little German girl. Her mother is dead; her father has deserted her and two elder sisters, who work at trades; they go away early in the morning and leave this little one to wash the dishes, and clean and tidy up the two small rooms they call their home. Then little Annie comes to my mission-school, and is such a good little scholar!—so quick, obedient and gentle. After school, she hurries home;—she makes up the fire; she washes and irons the clothes; she cooks their little bit of

dinner, and she has everything clean, neat and cheerful for her tired sisters when they get back at night. She tells them 'welcome home' in her sweet, quaint, German fashion; and—well—no matter how it storms without, love sends a warm, rich glow all through those poor little rooms, and makes them beautiful! The sisters spend their evenings reading, sewing, and telling each other all that has happened during the day; and then, contented and thankful, they say their simple prayers and go to rest. Why," said Mrs. A., "my husband and I once invited ourselves to take tea with them. We sent in all the goodies, of course, but they furnished the welcome, and we never have spent a pleasanter evening."

"But," said Aunt Fanny, hesitating just a little, "is this child poor enough to be the fortunate one?"

"Well, I think so. The elder girls, work as hard as they may, can only earn enough to meet the rent, and find food, light and fire. After these are paid for, there is very little left for clothes, and they were lamenting to me that 'liebchen Annie' was so badly off for warm petticoats and stockings, and yet they could not see their way to buy any."

"Poor little thing! she shall be the one; send her along," said Aunt Fanny.

And that settled the matter.

The next morning, a pale, pretty little girl came in, shy and trembling, saying, with a timid little smile:

"Mrs. A. sent me to you, ma'am."

"Did she tell you what I wanted you for?"

"No, ma'am."

And the little thing clasped her hands, and a questioning look stole into her gentle face, but she did not say a word.

Just at this moment Mrs. A. came hurrying in.

"Oh, here you are," she said to Annie. "Well, Aunt Fanny, she'll do, won't she?"

The little girl wondered what it was that she was to "do" for, as Aunt Fanny, laughing, went out of the room, and soon returned with the box. Her wonder increased, as the pretty dress was lifted out and "tried on." It fitted as if it had been made for her. The little white ruffles round the neck and hands, and the red bow on the pocket, were so becoming that both ladies exclaimed:

"Oh! now, is n't that nice!"

And Aunt Fanny added:

"Yes, we are right this time; Annie must have the clothes."

Then they took out and displayed, to the astonished gaze of the child, the gay Balmoral and flannel petticoats, the drawers, stockings, chemise and pocket-handkerchiefs, and ended by kissing Annie

on her cheek,—now crimson with excitement,—and saying:

"They are yours, dear,—all for you."

At first, Annie did not know what to make of it. Her dark eyes grew large and larger. She looked at Mrs. A., then at Aunt Fanny, and then at the new clothes. All at once, she gave a joyful little skip in the air, her eyes grew wildly happy, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"Somebody—you ma'am—have given these beautiful new things to me. Is it so? Oh, a thousand thanks! Thank you a thousand times!"

"It is not I, dear, but a kind lady who made them for some little girl whom I was to choose, and I have chosen you. Can you write, Annie?"

"Not very well, ma'am."

"Never mind; I want you to write a little note, as nicely as you can, thanking that good lady. I do not know her name, but it will be sure to reach her."

Then Aunt Fanny made the clothes into as small a bundle as she could; but even then it filled the arms of that joyful little girl, who said that it did seem as if she could never wait till night to tell her sisters the good news. Then Aunt Fanny and Mrs. A. kissed her, and sent her home as happy as a queen,—yes, and a great deal happier.

And now a letter was written to the lady, and in

it she was told all that you have been reading here; and a few days after, Aunt Fanny received this answer:

"I thank you for writing to me about the disposition of the clothes, and very much for taking so much trouble to find a child to whom they would be most serviceable. The story of her life is quite touching, and it has been so gratifying to know something about one, in whose behalf I have spent so many pleasant hours in sewing. I like to sew for the poor, and if you know of any one in special need, I shall be glad to help them. I will no longer withhold my name, though I never wish to be known in any work of charity, except as a friend."

And then this good "friend" signed her name, and told Aunt Fanny how to send letters in future.

A few days after, little Annie's letter went to her "friend." It was written in the tiniest little letters, and looked as if a doll had written it. This is what it said:

"DEAR MADAM: Thank you, from my heart, for my beautiful new clothes. You are so kind, so very kind. I will try my best to deserve my blest fortune, and I am your grateful little

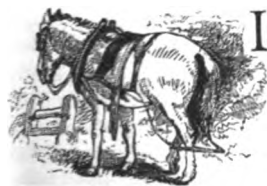
"ANNIE W."

Annie still lives with her sisters, and is their little maid-of-all-work,—scrubbing and rubbing, and sweeping and dusting, and cooking and washing, and yet finding time to go to school, for she well understands the great importance of a good education.

I think she deserved the new clothes. Don't you?

A DAY WITH THE PONIES.

BY JOSEPHINE NORMAN.



I AM going to spend the day at Oaklawn, just outside of the city of Buffalo, with my little cousins, Lutie, Alice and Louis, and thinking it too selfish to keep the pleasure to ourselves, will take with me any readers of the ST. NICHOLAS who care to go. We will start from the Square and drive along the "Avenue," our prettiest street. After a drive of nearly three miles, we draw near our destination, Oaklawn, the delight of the children in our fair city; for here are the Liliputian ponies about which we are going to tell you. Do you see that house of many gables, at the left? It stands with its barns and stables, in a broad expanse of about twenty acres of land,—the house is surrounded

by trees, under which we see some of these little ponies,—and the children hardly can wait until we drive up the short hill and enter the grounds, to jump from the carriage and run after their four-footed friends. But we must leave the children for a moment and speak to the lady of the house, Mrs. L—, who, recognizing the familiar shouts of the children, is coming to meet us with some of her dogs about her. She warmly welcomes us, and, sending away the carriage, we are ready for a long day's visit. First of all we will see the ponies; and here come the little girls, Lutie and Alice, already mounted on the ponies, Lucy and Rebecca, Louis running by them to see no harm can come to his little cousins; but you would not fear too great a draught on his manly strength (of eight years) if you could see the gentle amble of the ponies as they come toward us with their accustomed burdens, and

stop of their own accord to get the usual petting from the elder members of the party. The children are in great glee, and off go the three, with some of the dogs after them, as happy as children

Islands to buy ponies for her, but with instructions not to bring any one that was over forty inches in height. After six months he returned with Lucy, Rebecca, May Ensign and Jessie; he had brought



THE FOUR-IN-HAND. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.)

can be; and, as they are evidently going to see the other ponies, we will walk after them at our leisure.

Mrs. L—— takes us to make the first call upon the aged grandmother, the pony Fanny, given to her nearly thirty years ago. Fanny is now blind, but is kept alive by the kind attentions of her mistress; she has the freedom of the grounds, and, as no one on the place is ever allowed to tease any animal, is much happier than she could be anywhere else. Then we look at Matilda Stuart and Louise Deshler, daughters of Fanny. They are dark bay, about forty-eight inches high (the largest ponies that Mrs. L—— has); with them are Hannah, a bay, of forty inches, and Artaxerxes Longimanus, a black beauty of about the same height.

Now, little ones, get your mamma's tape-measure or brother's rule, so that you can understand just how high these little ponies are that we have found in the orchard. You must measure the exact height from the ground. They are so very small that you will hardly believe that there are such perfect little horses in the world. They are smaller than General Tom Thumb's ponies; he has tried to purchase some of Mrs. L——, but she never will sell a pony to be put in a show, for fear it might be ill treated.

Lucy and Rebecca are here with the children, and all the other ponies are coming toward us, so we can see them without any trouble. In 1865, Mrs. L—— sent a Scotchman to the Shetland

a fifth, which died on the passage; but it was thought very fortunate that he was able to get four to America; they are rarely transported safely, the change in food being so great. This man, however, wisely brought enough of their own food to get them safely to America without any change being necessary. And what do you think that food was? I should like to wait and see if any of you could guess; but, as I cannot, I must even tell you that it was dried fish and sea-weed! This seems strange food for horses; but these ponies utterly scorned grain, grass or hay, until they found they could have no more fish to eat.

Lucy, the eldest, is a black pony, so old that her head is gray and so gentle that nothing can startle her, and she is always ready to be driven or ridden by the children. Rebecca, a brown, is often called grandmother; she is so very staid and correct, that she never will stray away, no matter how many gates are open, and will even virtuously pass by the gate of the kitchen garden if it happens to be open, — a temptation that the others never try to resist. Rebecca has a great affection for a very large family horse named George, and, during the summer, it is one of the sights of the place to go to the stable and see George and Rebecca keeping each other free from their common enemy, the fly. Rebecca will stand by the heels of George, whisking her tail around his legs, and he will swing his heavy tail about her body, performing the same

kindly service of driving the flies away ; they stand in this way for hours, keeping each other very comfortable.

May Ensign, also brown, is the swiftest pony in the collection ; and these last-mentioned ponies, Lucy, Rebecca, and May Ensign, are thirty-eight inches in height. Jessie is the prettiest ; she is mouse-colored, with a dark line from mane to tail, and is smaller than the others, being not quite thirty-eight inches high. Here also we find the twin brothers, Henry Ward Beecher and Charley, only thirty-six inches high ; they are so perfectly matched that you cannot tell them apart. They came to this city four or five years ago, with a drove of sheep from Scotland ; the drover brought them with him, meaning to take them West ; but, upon reaching Buffalo, he found them so emaciated, that he feared to take them farther, and sold them to a gentleman in the city, who afterward sold them to their present mistress. They are justly considered one of the most curious sights of the city, and when their mistress appears in the park with the twins, as leaders in her "four-in-hand," do you wonder that the children think that there never was such a wonderful equipage seen before ! The grown people think so, too, judging

by the great number that invariably follow her as she sits in her little carriage (made, in London, to suit the size of the smallest ponies) and drives along, sometimes with a child beside her, of whom, perhaps, she does not even know the name, but who "wants to ride," and with her groom sitting behind in the rumble. But we have not yet mentioned the three ponies which are considered by their mistress as her "gems." Now, my dears, have you the tape-measure or rule mentioned before ? If so, find thirty-two inches, that is the height of a fine little bay pony, Frank Tracy. Now, look at this beauty, Agnes Ethel, the most perfect little animal, and only thirty inches high ; and at this other fellow, George Washington (so named, because it was a Centennial colt), of the same height as Agnes Ethel, thirty inches. Does it seem possible that such ponies are in daily use in a prosaic, matter-of-fact country like ours ? But they really are, and many strangers go to see them ; and, I presume, some of you children may have heard of them before ; but if any of you doubt, you can ask one of the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, for he was at Oaklawn a few years ago, and saw some of these very ponies, and any of you can see them, if you like, and ever come to our good city.



HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.

You may think, dear readers, that Lilla's "mortification" was quite an excitement in this enterprising young household ; yet I assure you that never a day passed but a ridiculous adventure of some kind overtook the girls. The daily bulletin which they carried over to Mrs. C.'s boarding-house kept the worthy inmates in constant wonderment as to what would happen next. Sometimes there was an arranged programme for the next day, prepared the night before, but oftener, things happened "of themselves," and when they do that, you know, pleasure seems a deal more satis-

fying and delightful, because it is unexpected. Uncle Harry was in great demand, and very often made one of the gay party of young folks off for a frolic. They defied King Winter openly and went on all sorts of excursions, even on a bona-fide picnic, notwithstanding the two feet of snow on the ground. The "how" of it was this : On Friday the boys, Hugh Pennell, Jack Brayton, Belle's cousin, and Geoffrey Strong turned the great bare hall in the top of the old Winship family house—Uncle Harry's—into a perfect bower.

By the way, I have n't told you about Geoffrey Strong yet, because there was not time, but he is a lad I should like all my girl readers to

know. He was only seventeen years old, but had finished his sophomore year at Bowdoin College, and was teaching the district school that he might partly earn the money necessary to take him through the course. He was as sturdy and strong as his name, or as one of the stout pine-trees of his native state; as gentle and chivalrous as a boy knight of the olden time; as true and manly a lad, and withal as good and earnest a teacher—notwithstanding his youth—as the little country urchins and urchinesses could wish. Mr. Winship was his guardian, and thus he was quite one of the family.

Well, the boys were making a picnic ground when I interrupted my story with that long parenthesis. They took a pair of old drop-curtains and made a dark green carpet, stretched across the floor smoothly and tacked down—wreathed the posts, and trimmed doors and windows with evergreens, and then planted spruce and cedar and hemlock trees in the corners and scattered them about the room, firmly rooted in painted nail-kegs.

"It looks rather jolly, boys, does n't it," cried Jack. "But I guess we've gone as far as we can—we can't make birds and flowers and brooks!"

"What's the difficulty?" asked energetic Geoff.

"We'll borrow Mrs. Winship's two cages of canaries and Mrs. Adams's two; then we'll bring up Miss Belle's pet parrot, and all together we'll be musical enough."

This they accordingly did, and their forest became tuneful. The next stroke of genius came from Hugh Pennell. He found bunches of white and yellow everlastings at home with which he mixed some cleverly constructed bright tissue-paper flowers (of mysterious botanical structure) and adorned the room. And, behold, their forest blossomed!

"But we're through now, boys," said Hugh dejectedly, as he put his last bed of whiteweed and buttercups under a shady tree. (They were made of paper, and planted artistically in a chopping-tray.) "We can't get up a brook, and a brook is a handy thing at a picnic, too."

"I have an idea," cried Jack, who was mounted on a step-ladder and engaged in tying a stuffed owl and a blue-jay on to a tree-top. "I have an idea. We can fill the ice-water tank, put it on a bracket, and let the water run into a tub; then station a boy in the corner to keep filling the tank from the tub. There's your stagnant pool and your running streamlet! What could be more romantic?"

"Out with him!" shouted Geoff. "He ought to be drowned for proposing such an apology for a brook."

"Well," said Jack, "the sound would be watery

and trickling. I've no doubt the girls would be charmed."

"We'll brook no further argument on the subject," retorted Hugh; "the afternoon is running away with us. We might bring up the bath-tub, or the watering-trough, sink it in an evergreen bank and surround it with house-plants, but I don't think it would satisfy us exactly. I'll tell you, let us give up the brook and build a sort of what-do-you-call-'em for a retreat, in one corner."

After some explanations from Hugh about his plan, the boys finally succeeded in manufacturing something romantic and ingenious. Two blooming oleanders in boxes from Mrs. Winship's parlor, a hemlock tree with a mystic seat under it, an evergreen arch above, a little rockery built with a dozen stones from the old wall behind the barn, and potted scarlet geraniums set in among them, two hanging baskets and a bird-cage. With nothing save an air-tight stove to warm it into life, the cold bare hall was magically changed into a fairy green forest vocal with singing birds and radiant with blooming flowers.

The boys swung their hats in irrepressible glee.

"Wont that be a surprise to the people though! Wont they think of the desert blossoming as the rose!" cried Hugh.

"I fancy it wont astonish Uncle Harry and Aunt Emily much," answered Jack, dryly, "inasmuch as we've nearly borrowed them out of house and home during the operation. The girls will be—stunned—though. Just imagine Belle's eyes! I told them we'd see to sweeping and heating the hall, but they don't expect any decorations. Well. I'm off! Lock the door, Geoff, and guard it like a dragon; we meet at eleven to-morrow morning, do we? Be on hand sharp, and let us all go in and view the scene together."

Jack and Hugh started for home, and Geoff down-stairs to run a gauntlet of questioning from Jo Fenton (present in the kitchen on one of the borrowing tours of the day) as to why so much mysterious hammering was going on.

While these preparations were in progress the six juvenile housekeepers were undergoing abject suffering in their cookery for the picnic. It had been a day of disasters from beginning to end—the first really mournful one of their experience.

It commenced bright and early, too; in fact, was all ready for them before they awoke in the morning, and the coal fire began it, for it went out in the night. Everybody knows what it is to build a fire in a large coal stove; it was Jo's turn for fires, and I regret to say this circumstance made her a little cross, in fact, audibly so.

After much hunting for kindling-wood, however,

much chattering of teeth (for the thermometer "was below zero"), much vicious banging of stove doors, and clattering of hods and shovels, that trouble was overcome. But, dear me, it was only the first drop of a pouring rain of accidents, and at last the girls accepted it as a fatal shower which must fall before the weather could clear, thus resigning themselves to the inevitable.

The breakfast was as bad as a breakfast knew how to be. The girls were all cooks-to-day in the exciting preparation for the picnic, for they wanted to take especially tempting dainties in order that they might astonish more experienced providers. Sadie had scorched the milk toast. Edith, that most precise and careful of all little women under the sun, had broken a platter and burned her fingers. Lilla had browned a delicious omelet, waved the spider triumphantly in the air, astonished at her own success, when, alas, the smooth little circlet slipped ill-naturedly out into the coal hod. Lilla stood still in horror and dismay; while Belle fished it hastily out, looking very crumpled, sooty, shrunken and generally penitent, if an omelet can assume that expression. She slapped it on the table severely, and said, with a little choke and a tear in her voice:

"That is going to be rinsed and fried over and eaten. There is n't another thing in the house for breakfast. Alice put cream-of-tartar into the buckwheats, instead of saleratus, and measured it with a tablespoon besides, and I'm ashamed to borrow anything more of grandma."

"Never!" cried Allie, with much determination. "Sooner eat omelet and coal-hod too! Never mind the breakfast! What shall we take to the picnic?"

"Mince-pies," cried Jo, animatedly.

"Goose," answered Belle. "There is n't time to make minced-meat, of course."

"At any rate, we must have jelly-cake," said Lilla, with decision, while dishing up the injured omelet for the second time. "We'll make the delicacies. Mrs. Pennell and Mrs. Winship will be sure to bring bread and meat and common things."

"Oh, tarts, tarts!" exclaimed Edith in an ecstasy of reminiscence. "I have n't had tarts for a 'perfect' age! Do you think we could manage them?"

"They must be easy enough," answered Sadie, with calm authority. "Cut a hole out of the middle of each round thing, then fill it up with jelly and bake it; that's simple."

"Glad you think so," responded Edith, with an air of deep melancholy and cynicism, as she prepared to wash the breakfast china and found an empty dish-water pot. "I should think the jelly

would grow hard and crusty before the tarts baked, but I suppose it's all right. Everything we touch to-day is sure to fail."

"Oh!

how

much

better

if you

said,

I'll—I'll—I'll

try—try—try!" sang Belle, in a spasm of gayety.

"Oh, how much sadder you will feel when you've tried, by and by," retorted Edith.

And so the time passed until at one o'clock Allie Forsaith went to bed with a headache, leaving the kitchen in a state of general confusion and uproar. I cannot bear to tell you all the sorry incidents of that dreadful day, but Belle had shared in the blunders with the rest. She had gone to the store-room for citron, and had stumbled on a jar of frozen "something" very like minced-meat. This, indeed, was a precious discovery! She flew back to the kitchen, crying:

"Hurrah! We'll have the pies, after all, girls! Mamma has left a pot of minced-meat in the pantry. It's frozen, but it will be all right. You trust to me. I've made pies before, and these shall not be a failure."

The spider was heated, and enough meat for three pies put in to thaw. It thawed,—naturally, the fire being very hot, and presently became very thin and curious in its appearance.

"It looks like soup, with pieces of chopped apple in it," said Lilla to Belle, who was patting down a very tough, substantial bottom crust on a pie-plate.

"We-l-l, it does!" owned the head-cook, frankly; "but I suppose it will boil down or thicken up in baking. I don't like to taste it, somehow."

"Very natural," said Lilla, dryly. "It does n't look 'tasty'; and, to tell the truth, it does not look at all as I've been brought up to imagine minced-meat ought to look."

"I can't be responsible for your 'bringing up,' Lill. Please pour it in, and I'll hold the plate."

The mixture trickled in; Belle put a very lumpy, spotted dough coverlid on it, slashed an original design in the middle, and deposited it in the oven, with a sigh of relief.

Just at this happy moment, Betty Bettis, Mrs. Winship's girl, walked in with a can of kerosene.

"Don't you think that's funny-looking minced-meat, Betty?" asked Sadie, pointing to the spider.

Betty the wise looked at it one moment, and then said, with youthful certainty and disdain:

"T aint no more mince-meat than a cat's foot."

This was decisive, and its utterance fell like a thunder-bolt upon the kitchen-maids.

"Gracious!" cried Belle, dropping her good English and her rolling-pin at the same time. "What do you mean? It looked exactly like it before it melted. What is it, then?"

"Suet," answered cruel Betty Bettis. "Your ma chopped it and done it up in morlasses for her suet plum-puddens this winter. It's thick when it's cold; and, when it was froze, like enough it did look like pie-meat, with a good deal of apple in it; but it aint no sech a thing."

doughnuttty hand, and trying to wipe away her tears with an apron redolent of hot fat. "You can use the rest of the pie-crust for tarts, and my doughnuts are swelling up be-yoo-ti-ful-ly!"

Belle withdrew the roller from her merry, tearful eyes, and said, with savage emphasis:

"If any of you dare tell this to-morrow, or let Uncle Harry or the boys know about it, I'll — I don't know what I'll do," finished she, weakly.

"That's a fearful threat," laughed Jo.

"The King of France and fifty thousand men,
Pluck'd forth their swords! and put them up *again*."

And so this cloud passed over, and another and



"'T AINT NO MORE MINCE-MEAT THAN A CAT'S FOOT!"

This was too much. If I am to relate truly the adventures of this half-dozen suffering little maidens, I must tell you that Belle entirely lost that sweet, sunny temper of hers for a moment; caught up the unoffending spider, filled with molasses and floating bits of suet; carried it steadily and swiftly to the back-door; hurled it into a snow-bank; slammed the door, and sat down on a flour-firkin, burying her face in the very dingy roller-towel. The girls stopped laughing.

"Never mind, Bluebell," cooed Sadie, sympathetically smoothing her curly hair with a very

yet another, with comforting little gleams of sunshine between, till at length it was seven o'clock in the evening before the dishes were washed and the kitchen tidied; then six as tired young housewives stretched themselves before the parlor-fire as a bright blaze often shines upon. Belle, pale, pretty little hostess, was curled up on the sofa with her eyes closed. The other girls were lounging in different attitudes of dejection, all with from one to three burned fingers enveloped in rags. The results of the day's labor were painfully meager: a colander full of doughnuts, some currant-buns

and a loaf of dark cake tolerably light. Out in the kitchen-closet lay a melancholy pile of failures: Allie's pop-overs, which had refused to pop; Sadie's tarts, rocky and tough; and a bride's-cake that would have made any newly married couple feel as if they were at the funeral of their own stomachs. The girls had flown too high in their journey through the cook-book. Belle and Jo could really cook plain things very nicely, and were considered remarkable caterers by their admiring family of school-mates; but the dainties they had attempted were entirely beyond their powers; hence the pile of wasted "goodies" in the closet.

"Oh dear!" sighed Lilla. "Nobody has spoken a word for an hour, and I don't wonder, if everybody is as tired as I. Shall we ever get rested enough to go to-morrow?"

"I was thinking," said Edith, dreamily, "that we have only seven days more to stay. If they were all to be as horrible as this, I should n't care much; but we have had such fun, I dread to break up housekeeping."

"Well," said Belle, waking up a little, "we will crowd everything possible into that week, and make it a real carnival time. To-morrow is Saturday and the picnic; on Monday or Tuesday we'll have some sort of a 'pow-wow' (as Uncle Harry says) for the boys, in return for their invitation, and then we'll think of something perfectly grand and stupendous for Friday, our last day of rest. It will take from that till Monday to get the house into something like order." (This with a remorseful recollection of the terrible "back bedroom," where everything imaginable had been dumped for a week past.)

"I have n't finished trimming our hats," called Allie, faintly, from the bed. "I'll do it in the morning while you are packing the lunch."

The girls had tried to get up something jaunty, picturesque and summerish for a picnic costume; but the weather being too cold for a change of dress, they had only bought broad straw hats at the country store,—hats that farmers wore in haying-time, with high crowns and wide brims.

They had turned up one side of them coquettishly, and adorned it with funny silhouettes made of black paper, descriptive of their various adventures. Lilla's, for instance, had a huge ink-bottle and sponge; Belle's, a mammoth pie and frying-pan. Around the crowns they tied scarfs of different colors, interwoven with bunches of dried grasses, oats and everlasting.

Half-past eight found them all sleeping soundly as dormice; and the next morning, with the reboundativeness and enthusiasm that youth brings, they awoke entirely refreshed.

The picnic was a glorious success. It was a

clear, bright day, and not very cold; so that, with a good fire, they were able to have a couple of windows open, and felt more as if they were out in the fresh air. The surprise and delight of the girls knew no bounds when they were ushered into their novel picnic-ground, and even the older people avowed they had never seen such a miracle of ingenuity. The scene was as pretty a one as can be imagined, though the young people little knew how lovely a picture they helped to make in the midst of their pastoral surroundings. Six charming faces they were, happy with girlish joy, sweet and bright from loving hearts, and pure and tender from innocent, earnest living. Belle was radiant, issuing orders for the spread of the feast, flying here and there, laughing over a stuffed snake under a bush (Geoff's device), and talking merry nonsense with Hugh, her arch eyes shining with mischief under her great straw hat.

The canaries sang, and Marcus Aurelius, the parrot, talked, as if this were the last opportunity they ever expected to have; the worsted butterflies and stuffed birds fluttered and swayed and danced on the quivering tree-twigs beneath them almost as if they were alive.

The table-cloth was spread on the floor, real picnic fashion (the boys would allow neither tables nor chairs), and the lunch was simply delectable. Mrs. Winship, Mrs. Brayton and Mrs. Pennell, with affectionate forethought, had brought everything that school girls and boys particularly "affect,"—jelly-cake, tarts and hosts of other goodies. How the girls remembered their closetful of "attempts" at home; how they roguishly exchanged glances, yet never disclosed their failures; how they discoursed learnedly upon yeast-powder *vs.* saleratus, raw potato *versus* boiled potato yeast, and upon many questions of household economy with great dignity and assurance!

In the afternoon, they played all sorts of games,—some quiet, more not at all so,—until at five o'clock, nearly dark these short days, they left their make-believe forest and trudged home through the snow, baskets under their arms, declaring it a mistaken idea that picnics were entirely summer affairs.

"What a gl-orious time we've had!" exclaimed Jo, as they busied themselves about the home dining-room. "Yesterday seems like a horrible nightmare, or at least it would if it had n't happened in the day-time. The things we carried were not so v-e-r-y bad, after all! I was really proud of the buns. and Sadie's doughnuts were as 'swelled up' as Mrs. Brayton's."

"And a great deal yellower and spotted-er," quoth Edith, in a sly aside.

"Well," admitted Sadie, ruefully, "there was full enough saleratus in them; but I think it very

unbecoming in the maker of the bride's-cake to say anything about other people's mistakes! Bride's-cake, indeed!" finished she, with a scornful smile.

"True!" said Edith, much crushed by this heartless allusion to what had been the most thorough and expensive failure of the day; "I can't deny it. Proceed with your sarcasm."

"This house looks as if it were going to ride out!" exclaimed Alice. "Do let us try to straighten it before Sunday! The closets are all in snarls, the kitchen's in a mess, and the least said about the bedroom the better."

Accordingly, being inspired by Alice's enthusiasm, they began to work and improve the hours like a whole hiveful of busy bees. They put on big aprons and washed pans and pots that had been evaded for two days, made fish-balls for breakfast, dusted, scrubbed, washed, mended, darned and otherwise reduced the house to that especial and delicious kind of order which is likened unto apple-pie. And thus one week of the joys and trials of this merry Half a dozen Housekeepers was over and gone.

CHAPTER V.

MONDAY morning broke. Such a cold, dismal drizzly morning! The wind whistled and blew about the cottage until Lilla suggested tying the clothes-line round the chimneys and fastening it to the strong pine-trees in front for greater safety. It snowed at six o'clock, it hailed at seven, rained at eight, stopped at nine, and presently commenced again to go through the same varied programme. After breakfast, Belle went to the window and stood dreamily flattening her nose against the pane, while the others busied themselves about the room.

"Well, girls," said she at length, "we've had four different kinds of weather this morning, so it may clear off after all, but it does n't look like it. It's too stormy to go anywhere or for anybody to come to us, so we shall have to try violently in every possible way to amuse ourselves. But I must run over to Miss Mirandy's for the milk before it rains harder. Perhaps I shall stumble over some excitement on the way: who knows!"

So saying, she ran out, and in a few moments appeared in the yard wrapped in a bright red water-proof, the hood pulled over her head, and framing her roguish rosy face. In ten minutes she returned breathless from a race across the garden and a vain attempt to keep her umbrella right side out. She entered the room in her usual breezy way, leaving the doors all open, and sank into a chair with an expression of mysterious mirth in her eyes.

"Well!" cried the scarlet-mantled saucy little maiden; "I have the most enormous, improbable,

unguessable surprise for you; you never will think, and anyway I can't wait to tell, so here it is: We are all invited to tea this afternoon with Miss Mirandy and Miss Jane! Is n't that 'ridikilis'?"

"Do tell, Isabel," squeaked Jo with a comically irreverent imitation of Miss Jane. "Air you a going to except?"

"Oh yes, Belle; we'd better go," said Edith Lambert. "I should like to see the inside of that funny old house, and I dare say we shall enjoy it."

"We are remarkably favored," laughed Belle. "I don't think anybody has been invited there since the Sewing Circle met with them three years ago. They live such a quiet, strange, lonely life! Their mother and father died when they were very young, more than fifty years ago. They were quite wealthy, and left this big house all furnished and quantities of lovely old-fashioned dishes and pictures. All the rooms are locked, but I'll try to melt Miss Mirandy's heart and get her to show us some of her relics. Scarcely anything has been changed in all these years, except that they have bought a cooking-stove. Miss Jane hates new-fangled things, and is really ashamed of the stove, I think; as to having a sewing-machine or a yeast-cake, or an egg-beater, or a carpet-sweeper,—why she would as soon think of wearing an overskirt and a bustle! I believe there is n't such a curious house, nor another pair of such dried-up, half-nice, half-disagreeable people in the country."

And Belle's criticism was quite just. The old house stood in a garden which, in the sweet spring-time, was filled with odorous lilacs, blossoming apple-trees, and long rows of currant and gooseberry bushes. In the summer, too, there were actual groves of asparagus, gaudy sunflowers, bright hollyhocks, gay marigolds, royal fleur-de-lis,—all respectable old-fashioned posies, into whose hearts the humming-birds loved to thrust their dainty beaks and steal their sweetness. Then there were little beds paved round with white clamshells, where were growing trembling little bride's-tears, bachelor-buttons, larkspur, and china pinks. No modern blossoms would Miss Mirandy allow within these sacred ancient places, no begonias, gladiolas, and "sech," with their new-fangled, heathenish, unpronounceable names. The old flowers were good enough for her; and certainly they made a blooming spot about the dark house.

Now indeed there was neither a leaf nor a bud to be seen; snow-birds perched and twittered on the naked apple-boughs, and drifts of snow lay over the sleeping little seed-souls of the hollyhocks and marigolds, keeping them just alive and no more, in a freezing, cold-blooded sort of way common to snow. But if the garden outside looked like a relic of the olden time, the rooms

inside seemed even more so. The "keeping-room" had been refurnished fifteen or twenty years before, but so well had it been kept that there still hovered about it a painful air of newness. Over the stiff black hair-cloth sofa hung a funeral wreath in a shell frame, surrounded by the Sawyer family photographs,—husbands and wives always taken in affectionate attitudes, that their relations might never be misunderstood. In a corner stood the mahogany what-not, with its bead watch-cases, shells, and glass globe covering worsted flowers, together with more family pictures in black cases on the top shelf, and a marvelous blue china vase holding peacock's feathers. Then there was a gorgeous "drawn in" rug before the fire-place, with impossible purple roses and pink leaves on its surface, and a tall three-legged table holding a magnificent lamp with a glass fringe around it, and a large piece of red flannel floating in the kerosene.

All these glories the girls were allowed to view as a great favor granted at Belle's earnest request. They examined the parlor and the curiosities in the dining-room cupboard with awe-struck faces, though their sobriety was almost overcome at sight of some of the works of art which Miss Mirandy held up for their reverential admiration.

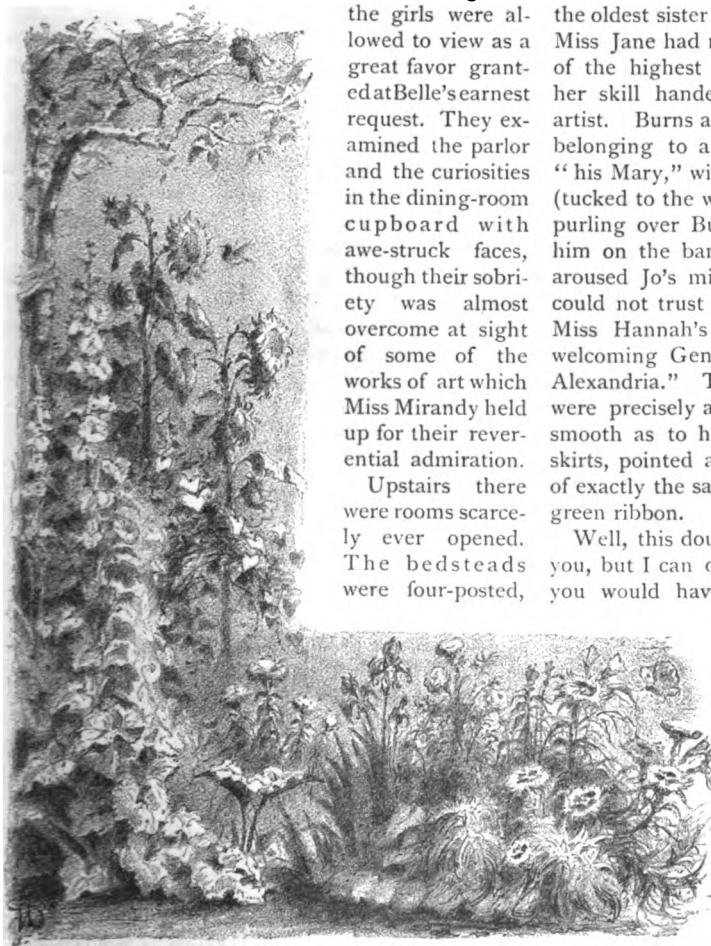
Upstairs there were rooms scarcely ever opened. The bedsteads were four-posted,

and so high with many feather beds, that their sleepy occupants must have ascended a step-ladder, or climbed up the posts hand over hand and dropped down into the downy depths. The counterpanes and comforters were quilted in wonderful patterns. There was a wild-goose chase, a log-cabin, a rocky mountain, an Irish plaid, and a "charm quilt" in twelve hundred pieces, no two alike. The windows in the "best chamber" had white cotton curtains with fringe; the looking-glass was long and narrow with a yellow-painted frame, and a picture, in the upper half, of Napoleon crossing the Alps, the Alps in question being very pointed and of a sky-blue color, while Napoleon, in full-dress uniform, with never an outrider nor a guide, was galloping up and over on a skittish-looking pony. These things nearly upset Jo's gravity, and she quite lost Miss Jane's favor by coughing down an irrepressible giggle when she was being shown a painting of Burns and his Mary, done in oils by Miss Hannah, the oldest sister of the family, and long since dead. Miss Jane had no doubt that Hannah's genius was of the highest order, although the specimens of her skill handed down would astonish a modern artist. Burns and his Mary were seated on a bank belonging to a landscape certainly not Scottish; "his Mary," with a sort of pink tartan dress on (tucked to the waist), while a brook was seemingly purling over Burns's coat-tail spread out behind him on the bank. It was this peculiarity which aroused Jo's mirth (as it well might), so that she could not trust herself to examine with the others Miss Hannah's last and finest effort,—"*Maidens welcoming General Washington in the streets of Alexandria.*" The maidens, thirteen in number, were precisely alike in form and feature, all very smooth as to hair, long as to waists, short as to skirts, pointed as to toes, and carrying bouquets, of exactly the same size and structure, tied up with green ribbon.

Well, this doubtless seems all very tiresome to you, but I can only say that had you been there, you would have laughed with Jo and Lilla, or politely smothered a smile with Sadie and Alice.

The tour of inspection finished, the girls sat down to chat over their fancy work, while the two ladies went out to get supper.

"My reputation is gone," whispered Jo, solemnly. "To think that I should have laughed at last when I had been behaving so beautifully all the afternoon; but Mr. Burns was the last straw that broke the camel's back of my politeness; I could



"POSIES INTO WHICH THE HUMMING-BIRDS THRUST DAINTY BEAKS."

n't have helped it if Miss Mirandy had eaten me instead of frowning at me," said she.

"Well," cried Lilla, jumping up impulsively and knocking down her chair in so doing, "I'm going to beard the lion in his den, and see if they wont let me help them. Don't you want to come, Jo?" The two girls ran across the long cold hall, opened the kitchen door stealthily, and Jo asked in her sweetest tones, "Can't we set the table or help you in any way, Miss Mirandy?"

"No, I thank you, Josephine; there is nothing to do, or leastways you would n't know where

fingers, so that when she finished they were perfect little calendars of suffering; however, this only concerned herself, and she did not murmur, as most of her ordinary mistakes implicated other people.

At half past five they sat down to supper; and such a supper! Miss Mirandy was evidently anxious to impress the young people. The best pink "chany" set had been unearthed, and there were several odd dishes besides of great magnificence. There were light soda-biscuits as large as saucer plates, and there was cold buttermilk bread; a blue-and-white bowl held tomato preserves, while



"CAN'T WE SET THE TABLE, MISS MIRANDY?"

things were, and would n't be any good. The Porter girl may come in if she wants to, but two of you would only clutter up the kitchen."

So Lilla went in meekly, and poor Jo flew back to the parlor smarting under a bitter sense of disgrace. The sisters fortunately knew nothing of Lilla's aptitude for blunders, else she never would have been suffered to touch their precious household gods. As it was, by dint of extreme care she managed to get the plum sauce on the table, and set the chairs around without any serious disaster. To be sure, in cutting the dried beef, she notched memoranda of the pieces shaved on each of her

a glass one was full of delicious apple-sauce cooked in maple syrup; then there was a round creamy cottage-cheese, white as a snowball; a huge golden dried pumpkin pie, baked in a deep yellow plate; the brownest and plummiest and indigestible-est of all plummy cakes, with doughnuts and sugar gingerbread besides. This array of good things being taken in with rapid and rabid glances, the girls exchanged involuntary looks of delight, and even emitted audible sighs of happiness. To say that they did justice to the repast would be a feeble expression, for in truth the meals of their own preparation were irregular as to time, indifferent

as to quality, and sometimes, when they calculated carelessly or unwisely, even small as to quantity.

After tea was over, each of the girls was required to give, in answer to a string of questions asked, her entire family history; for no tidbit of information concerning other people's affairs was uninteresting to Miss Jane or Miss Mirandy. This cross-examination being finished, they rose to go, not being able to bear any longer the quiet, proper, suppressive atmosphere that surrounded them. When they had taken their leave, and the sound of their merry voices and ringing laughter floated in from the garden, Miss Mirandy sank into a chair, and waved a fan excitedly to and fro, her mouse-colored complexion having taken on quite a pink flush from the unwonted dissipation.

"Wall, Jane," said she, "it's over now, and we've done our dooty by Mis' Winship: she's a good neighbor, and I wanted to act right by Isabel when her Ma was away, but of all the crazy 'stiv-ering' girls I ever see, them do beat all; though they did behave tolerable well this afternoon."

(To be continued.)

ELISABETH'S ROSEN.

VON KATHARINE JACKSON.

[We shall be glad to hear from the girls and boys concerning this story. All translations received before New Year's Day shall be acknowledged in our March number.]

AUF steiler Höhe steht ein altes Schloss. Man nennt es die Wartburg. Wisst ihr auch wer dort gewohnt hat? Voretwa siebenhundert Jahren war es die heilige Elisabeth, und später, im sechszehnten Jahrhundert der grosse Reformator Luther. Aber heute erzähle ich nur von der heiligen Elisabeth.

Sie war in Ungarn geboren, eines König's Tochter, und wurde als Kind in goldener Wiege nach Thüringen gebracht, wo sie mit einem Fürsten vermählt ward, der selbst noch ein Knabe war und Ludwig hiess. Seine Heimath war die Wartburg, und ringsum gehörten ihm Land und Leute. Elisabeth aber wuchs nicht nur schön und anmuthig heran, sie hatte auch ein frommes und überaus hebreiches Gemüth und erbarmte sich besonders der Armen und Dürftigen.

Das gefiel anfangs ihrem Gemahl, der sie sehr lieb hatte. Er wehrte ihr auch nicht wenn sie in das Thal stieg um eigenhändig die Armen und Kranken zu speisen, zu kleiden und sie zu trösten. Wem dies aber nicht gefiel, das waren die Höflinge ihres Gemahls. Von Neid und Misgunst getrieben, verdächtigten sie die Fürstin bei dem letzten, und, in einem Augenblick des Zornes, verbot er ihr endlich vom Schlosse herabzusteigen

"They seemed to enjoy their vittles," said Miss Jane; "I never see girls make a heartier meal. We ought to be very thankful we hev n't any young ones or men-folks to cook for, Mirandy."

And with this expression of gratitude on her lips, she lighted a candle, and after locking up the house securely, the two went to their bedroom to sleep the sleep of the calm and the virtuous.

Their merry visitors, undisturbed by the pelting rain from above, and the deep "slosh" beneath, waded over into their own grounds with many a hearty laugh and jest.

"Oh, how delightful our own sitting-room looks!" exclaimed Sadie, as they opened the door and gathered about the cheerful fire in the grate. And indeed it did, after the stiff, prim arrangement of the rooms they had left. The flickering blaze cast soft shadows on the walls, and touched the marbles on the brackets with rosy tints; the canary birds had their heads hidden under their wings fast asleep, and the dog and cat were snoozing peacefully together on the hearth-rug.

und wie eine Magd den Armen Almosen und Hülfe zu spenden.

Sie aber konnte es nicht über das Herz bringen die armen Hilfsbedürftigen zu vernachlässigen, und als eines Tages ihr Gatte hinunter in die Stadt gegangen war, schlich sie sich zum Thore hinaus, mit einem Korbe voll Brod, Fleisch und Eiern unter dem Mantel. Noch war sie nicht halb den Berg hinab, da kommt ihr plötzlich der Fürst mit seinem Gefolge entgegen, und fragt sie in strengem Ton, was sie unter dem Mantel trage? Bleich vor Schrecken, antwortete sie: "Es sind Rosen, gnädigster Gemahl!" Der Fürst schlug den Mantel zurück, und da lagen in dem Korbe die schönsten halberblühten Rosen!

Von diesem Anblick tief ergriffen, umarmte der Fürst sein frommes Weib, bat sie um Verzeihung und verbot ihr fortan nicht mehr dem Drange ihres mildthätigen Herzens zu folgen.

Die Höflinge wurden wegen ihres niedrigen und böswilligen Wesens von ihrem Herrn mit strengen Worten gestraft. Das Beste von der Geschichte aber ist, dass die Rosen der Elisabeth sich alle wieder in nährende Speise verwandelten sobald sie in die Mitte der sie erwartenden Armen trat, deren Hunger sie nun zu stillen vermochte.



THE LITTLE SWEET CAKE.

BY CHARLOTTE SOULARD.

Do you like sweet cakes? No?

Oh, you say, "Yes." You do like them. That is better. So do I. But did you ever have a sweet cake jump out of your hand and run away from you,—a spicy sweet cake, with a temper of its own? I did once, but it ran in a queer way; for it was round and had no legs. How I chased that cake, all the way down the garden walk! Some one else chased it too. It was Pompey, our dog. But he ran so very, very fast that he tumbled past it, head-over-heels. I beat him, and caught the cake. He barked at every bite I took. The cake was quiet enough; and it never ran away any more. This reminds me of a story my dear grandmother told me when I was a little bit of a girl. You shall hear it:

One bright summer's day an old woman was baking some little sweet cakes, while her husband sat near the kitchen door smoking his pipe, and on the stove stood a small black kettle which the old woman always used when she boiled her potatoes. When the old woman took the pan from the oven, one of the little sweet cakes hopped out of it and ran away. Pretty soon it met a boy who said to it: "Good-morning, little sweet cake, where did you come from?" It said: "I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man, from the little old kettle and the little old pan, and now I will run away from you if I can." Then it ran away from the boy.

After it had gone a little farther it met a girl, and she said to it: "Good-morning, little sweet cake, where did you come from?" It made the same answer: "I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man, from the little old kettle and the little old pan, and now I will

run away from you if I can." Before the little girl could put out her hand to take it, it ran away from her, and ran and ran until it came to a broad and deep river. While it stood there wondering how it should get across, a sly old fox came up, and he also said: "Good-morning, little sweet cake, where did you come from?" It said to the fox as it had said to the others: "I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man, from the little old kettle and the little old pan, and now I will run away from you if I can."

"Stop!" said the fox; "I will carry you over the river if you will get on the end of my tail." The little sweet cake said: "I fear you will eat me up." The fox said: "Try me, and you will see."

So the little sweet cake got on the end of his tail.

Pretty soon the fox called out: "The water is getting deeper and you must get on my back." The little sweet cake said: "I fear you will eat me up." But the fox again said: "Try me, and you will see." So the little sweet cake hopped up along the back of the old fox. After swimming still farther out into the river, the fox cried out to the little sweet cake to get up to the top of his head, or it would surely be drowned; and though the poor little sweet cake was afraid of the fox, it was still more afraid of the deep water, and so it crept up to the top of his head. Very soon the fox was in the middle of the river, where the water was very, very deep, and so he called out, in a loud voice, to the little sweet cake, to get on the end of his nose; and, as soon as it did so, the wicked old fox opened his mouth very wide and ate up the poor little sweet cake before it could say a word.



THE FIVE-FINGER FOLK.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

AH! what dear little things the five-finger folk are! And they live on every little baby-hand. Can you find them? First, there's Little Pea, she's the smallest of all; Tilly Lou stands next; she is taller than Little Pea. Bess Throstle is of about the same size as Tilly Lou; and Lu Whistle, who is the tallest of the family, stands between them. Then there's Tommy Bumble,—sometimes known as Thumbkin,—what a plump, funny little fellow he is!

Now you shall have a song about them all; so hold out your little fist and we'll begin!

LITTLE Pea, Little Pea, pray where are you going,
In your little pink hood and your little pink shoe?
"I'm going where *she* goes, my next bigger sister;
I always go with her—my own Tilly-Lou."

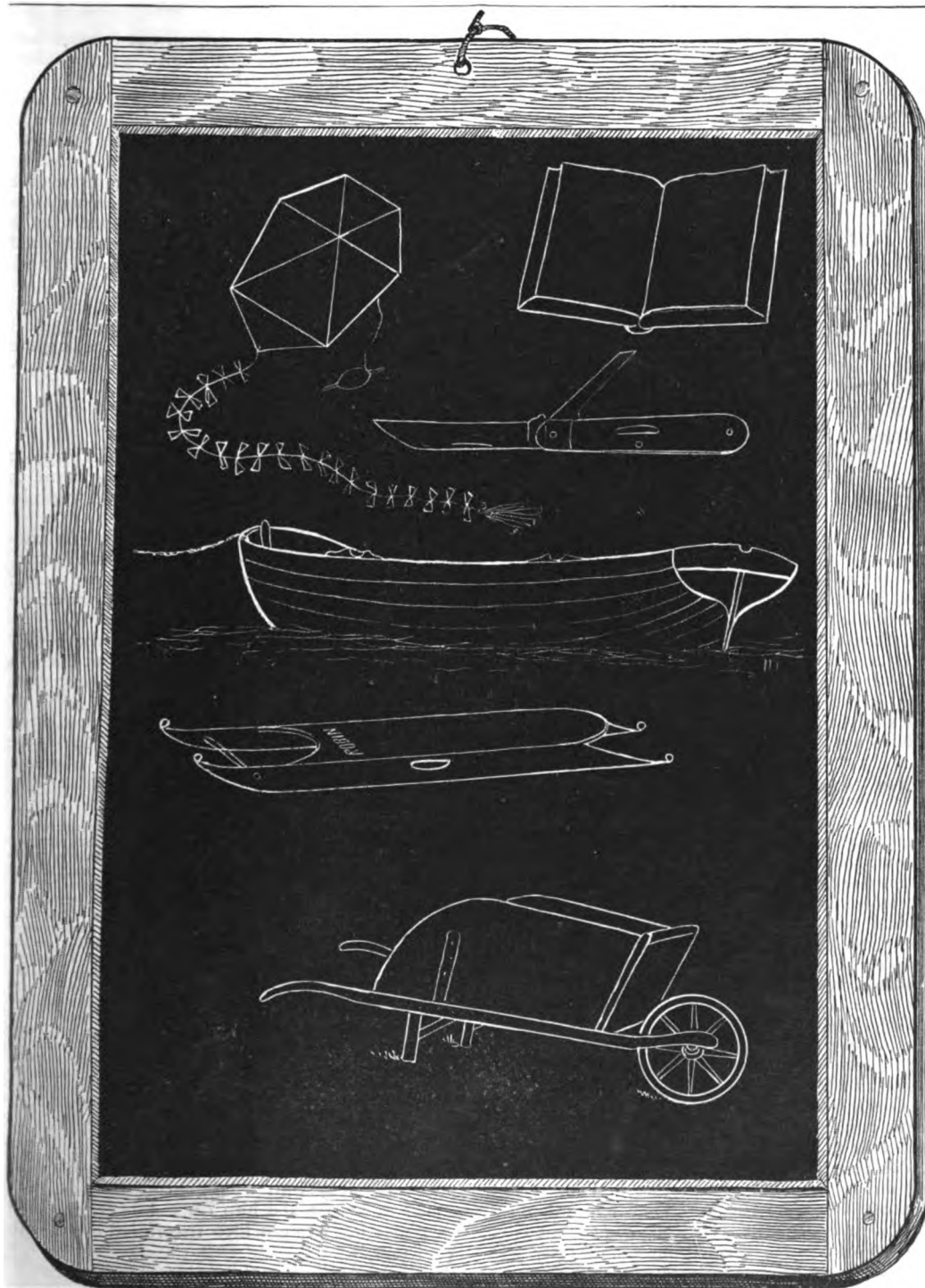
Tilly-Lou, Tilly-Lou, pray where are you going,
With motions as light as the down of a thistle?
"I'm going where *she* goes, my next bigger sister;
I always go with her—my own Lucy Whistle."

Lu Whistle, Lu Whistle, pray where are you going?—
You're frail to be tossed in the jar and the jostle!
"I'm going where *she* goes, my next little sister;
I always go with her—my own Bessie Throstle."

Bess Throstle, Bess Throstle, pray where are you going?—
Beware, as you rove, of a trip or a tumble!
"I'm going where *he* goes, my only big brother;
I always go with him—my own Tommy Bumble."

Tom Bumble, Tom Bumble, pray where are you going,
If you don't think it rude to ask or to guess?
"I'm going where *they* go, my four little sisters—
Little Pea, Tilly-Lou, Lu Whistle, and Bess."

Little folk, little folk, where *are* you all going?
Going up?—going down?—going out?—going in?
"We're going, we're going, we're going creep-mousing
Right under the dimple in baby's own chin!"



A KITE ; a book ; a knife ; a boat ; a sled ; a wheelbarrow. Now, which of these shall brother or sister copy for you on the slate ?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now for the long, cold, silent nights, and short, brisk, busy days,—though I 'm told there are some parts of the world where things are just the other way, about this time, and other parts where it is all night and no day, and yet others where it is all day and no night. Well, well! A cheery world it is; never dark on one side but what the sun smiles bright and warm upon the other.

Here, now, is something jovial, about

THE LARGEST WEDDING THAT EVER WAS.

YOUR "Jack" has told you about many large things, my hearers, and now you shall have an account, sent by Mrs. Kellogg, of the largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began.

It took place at Susa. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite the victors and the vanquished by the strongest ties possible, he decreed a wedding festival. Now, guess how many people he ordered to be married? You never could do it.

Well, Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius; one hundred of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families, and ten thousand of his Greek soldiers were to marry ten thousand Asiatic women;—twenty thousand two hundred and two people to be married at once!

I don't see how they ever managed to get up a feast for so many; but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests beside. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain, near the city, a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones which ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Adjoining this building were a hundred gorgeous chambers for the hundred bridegrooms, while, for

the remaining ten thousand, an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry; and tables were spread outside for the multitude.

A separate seat was assigned to each pair, and all were arranged in a semicircle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without, the brides entered the banquet-hall and took their places. And now, don't think that each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed, "With this ring I thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple: the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example. That was the way. Then came the festival, lasting five days, with music and feats of jugglery, and play-acting, and all kinds of delightful games.

MUSSELS THAT TRAP DUCKS.

ONCE I heard a woful tale of a duckling,—a handsome, downy, active little fellow who came to an untimely end. It happened on the Pamunky River, in Virginia.

At low tide, one day, the little duck was paddling around, lively and busy as usual, when, suddenly, he stopped right where he was, unable to move; and when the tide came in, it rose above his unlucky head, and drowned him.

The cause of this was a mussel, into whose gaping shell the duckling had accidentally put his foot. Snap went the jaws of the shell, and the poor duck was held fast.

This took place some time ago, and now, I am told, there are no ducks on Pamunky River; the mussels are too many and too fond of trapping.

HOW TO MAKE A WIND-HARP.

Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In your October number, some one asked how to make a wind-harp, or Eolian harp. As I happen to have an old paper telling people just how to make one, I will tell you. First get a long, narrow box, as long as the window in which it is to be placed. It must be made of thin pine, four inches deep and five in width. On the top, at the ends, fasten two bits of oak about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick. Into one of these pieces put seven "twisting" pegs, such as are used for fiddles; into the other piece fasten the same number of small brass pins. To each pin tie one end of a string made of catgut, and twist the other end of the string around a peg, tuning the string in unison with the rest, by turning the peg as in a fiddle. Place over the row of strings, and three inches above them, a thin board held up by four pegs fastened into supports glued to the ends of the box inside. The harp is then complete and should be put in place, the window partly closed. To increase the draught of air, the door or an opposite window in the room should be open. If the harp be placed in a strong current of air in a grotto or arbor, or hidden in some shady nook near a waterfall, the effect of its sweet sound is improved.—Yours truly, N. E. H.

JAPANESE MANNERS.

A SCHOOL-BOY was walking down my meadow some time ago, with a sharp-nosed man, who seemed to have taken him quite by surprise. He was screaming straight into the round eyes of the little fellow:

"What! call the Japanese 'half-civilized'? Why, their servants and laborers are as polite as possible among themselves, no less than toward persons of high station. It seems to come natural to them to say: 'Pray excuse me,' 'Condescend

to let me see it,' 'With pleasure,' 'Pardon my rudeness,' 'Allow me to offer you a cup of tea,' and so on; and all without the least constraint or stiffness. Now, when you can show me habits so courteous and a spirit so gentlemanly among ——"

I did n't catch any more of what the sharp-nosed man said; but he went striding off beside the little boy, shaking his fist high in air. For aught I know, he might have been going to wind up with some unpleasant reference to ——, but I don't see what use there can be in *my* guessing.

bled about, for the rest of their lives, with their heads close together. We cannot know how long they lived this way. They may have been able to eat a little grass, if both of them agreed to put down their heads at the same time. But at last they died. And how curiously things turned out! Each of them hoped to kill the other, and yet the result of the quarrel was to bind them together as long as they lived, and even death did not part them. And, if they thought that no one would ever know of their fight, how greatly they were



THE RECORD OF THE FIGHT.

A STRANGE END TO A FIGHT.

DEACON GREEN sends a curious photograph, which the editors have had engraved. This is what the deacon says about the picture:

"These two skulls of stags, with their horns so firmly locked together that they could not be separated, were found in the mountains of Colorado. It is quite plain that they once belonged to a couple of stags who had a terrible fight in the solitude of the mountains. After the combat had been kept up some time, their horns became so tangled and locked together that they could not get them apart. It is very probable, that when this happened, they stopped thinking of fighting, and tried their best to get away from each other. But this was of no use. Their horns were so firmly interlocked that they could not twist nor pull them apart. So they stum-

mistaken! The record of their combat—these two skulls fastened together—has remained for many a long year, and will remain for many a year to come. It was truly a strange end to a fight.

"Shakespeare makes Polonius say:

'Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't, that the opposer may beware of thee.'

These stags did that with a vengeance; did n't they?

"It very often happens in other fights or disputes that the fighters cannot stop and separate just when they wish to. Something is apt to get hopelessly interlocked and tangled, such as good-will, or self-respect, or fairness, or honor. Still, one must n't be too peaceable, as the Quaker said when he took up a pitchfork as he saw the mad bull coming."

THE LETTER-BOX.

Santa Barbara, Cal.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read a piece in Jack-in-the-Pulpit in the number for January, 1878, which I picked up lately, about a garden in winter time. We have flowers all the time in Santa Barbara. The roses are prettier in winter than in summer, and we never see snow except on the mountains; but we have a beautiful sea.—Yours truly,
 E. M. L.

IN the November "Letter-Box" we asked the boys and girls to send us before November 1, short stories, written by themselves, concerning the picture of "The Young Hunter," on page 28 of the November number. "November 1" was a mistake; and now we say that the best one of these stories, written by a boy or girl, and received before December 1, shall be printed, *with the picture*, in our "Young Contributors' Department;" provided, of course, that the young author complies with the other conditions mentioned in the November "Letter-Box."

A YOUNG correspondent, who must be fond of surprising facts and figures, sends us the following information which he has gathered concerning London, England:

It covers within the fifteen miles' radius from Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles.

It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants.

It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe.

It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire, and Durham combined.

It has a birth in it every five minutes, a death in it every eight minutes, and seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets.

It has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened, and 9,000 new houses built, in it every year.

It has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day.

It has an influence with all parts of the world, represented by the yearly delivery in its postal districts of 238,000,000 letters.

Castle Hill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send an answer to the question asked by "D. J.," in your October number. The question was: "Which was the greatest battle of Alexander the Great?" Noun: "Toes." And the answer was to be in rhyme and contain the noun "Toes." Here is my answer:

Alexander's greatest battle
 (As everybody knows),
 Was the battle of Arbela,
 Where the crowd was so tremendous
 That the soldiers—Saul defend us!—
 Trod on one another's "toes."

A. L. RIVES.

T. H. L.—"Down in the dumps," is not thought a polite expression; but, if it is slang, it certainly is very old slang, and, perhaps, its origin is more aristocratic than that of many upstart, fashionable new words. It means "dejected," or "out of spirits,"—and is derived from the name of Dumps, a King of Egypt, who built a pyramid, but died of melancholy.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard from the late General Scammon this anecdote of Ben McCullough, who was prominent in the Confederate army. He was a West Point graduate, and while U. S. Artillery colonel, made a visit to Montreal, where he was present at a military parade. The Canadian officers, in compliment to his army rank, invited him to maneuver a horse-battery. A horse-battery was something unknown in U. S. military service, and McCullough was completely ignorant of the drill. The U. S. officers who accompanied him, knowing of this ignorance, expected to hear him decline the Canadian invitation. But without a sign of being disconcerted, McCullough replied that he would be very happy to maneuver the battery, and promptly stepped into the position of command.

If you ever heard a military drill, you will remember that you couldn't make out a word the commanding officer said; that his orders seemed incoherent sounds delivered explosively, but passed through muffers. McCullough remembered this, and argued in a flash that the men knew the drill "by heart," as dancers know the figures of a quadrille, and that a *staccato* bark would serve for a signal as perfectly as the most cleanly cut words. So he stood up straight,

looked at the battery-men in an awful way, and shouted in a voice of muffled thunder: "Fee! foh! fum!" The thoroughly trained men executed the first movement in the familiar drill, and when McCullough saw it drawing to a close, he gave a second guttural shout: "Hi to the Poles!" The next order was, "Run like mad!" and the next, "Blu! dah! g'long!"

Here are some others: "Hop! skip! jump!" "Charge for the moon!" "Storm Venus!" "Go to thunder!"

Of course the words were spoken in a very smothered way; but he stood up grandly, looking like a major-general, though ready to burst with laughter. It seems to me that somebody standing near must have found him out.—Truly yours,
 G. M. K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are always so kind as to answer questions sent to ST. NICHOLAS, so I am going to ask you in what sense the word "Mizpah" is used on Christmas cards, valentines, etc. Can you also tell me how many years a student must remain at West Point or Annapolis in order to graduate?—Yours very truly,
 RITA T. HOWLAND.

Mizpah is the name given by Jacob and Laban to a pillar raised to commemorate their vows of friendship. In Genesis, chapter xxxi, verse 49, the interpretation given is: "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent from one another." No doubt, the same interpretation may be pleasantly given to the word when used on Christmas cards.

To graduate at either Annapolis or West Point, the student must remain four years and, of course, pass the examinations.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other night a man came past our place with a big box of pigs, and papa bought 4, one for each of us. We each have now 1 pig apiece, 1 dog, 18 chickens all together in a hulk that my brothers build, and 3 goats, 1 donkey, 3 wagons, and 1 sulky and 2 turtles. I am a little over 10 years old.

When I don't have anything to do, I just pick up one of your books and read and get out enigmas. It is real fun.—Yours very truly,
 MARIE MANICE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of mine, who at one time lived in Rome, Italy, tells this story, which those of your readers who have a special love for Michael Angelo and his works may like to know:

A young sculptor named Hogan, while studying his art in Rome, used to stand, for many minutes together, lost in self-forgetful fits of admiration, before some of the masterpieces of the old-time sculptors. A statue by Michael Angelo—representing St. Bruno in the act of preaching one of his wonderful sermons—oftenest and strongest cast this spell upon the young man. Indeed, it is said that he visited this statue daily, standing before it for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, and gazing at it, in an ecstasy of delight and deep study.

One day, while thus engaged, Hogan was tapped on the shoulder by an old friend, who said to him:

"What is the meaning of this freak of yours, friend Hogan?"

"I am waiting for him to speak," said the sculptor, in his usual quiet tone, and pointing to the statue.

The story is a true one, and I think Hogan paid a deserved homage to Michael Angelo.—Yours truly,
 P. J. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please publish this poem of mine in the Letter-Box?—Truly yours,
 R. G.

ONE LITTLE CLOUD.

ONE little cloud,	Suppose you get lost
Whither do you roam?	In the sky so blue,
Pretty little cloud,	Then, little cloud,
You'd better go home.	What would you do?

Little cloud answered,
 "I just came out to play,
 My friends are coming soon
 To make a rainy day."

Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twins, and were ten years old last March, and we want to tell you about two 'coons that we had, and we named them Mary and Jack, and they were so tame that they would climb upon our shoulders, and lick our faces, and play with our hair, and they always ate with their fore-paws; and we had to watch them when they were loose, as they would go to the neighbors' houses

and get on their beds and sleep, which was very naughty, as they always played in the dirt, and had such dirty feet; and they would get in an apple or cherry tree and throw the fruit at people, and then hide. One day they found the butter in the house and began to eat it with their two paws, which was very comical to see. One night, when they were chained up, some dogs got at them, and killed them, and we were very sorry, as we had become very fond of them.—
Yours truly,
ROSA AND LILLIE PARKHURST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old, a reader of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I see in it some letters and poetry written by little girls of my age; and I have written some poetry which is simple, and brings in all the neighbors, both rich and poor, in our neighborhood, but please don't print where our neighborhood is. If it is good enough for the "Letter-Box," I should like very much to see it there.—Your constant reader,
J. S.

"FIRE! fire!"
Said Mrs. McGuire.
"Where? where?"
Said Mrs. Blair.
"Down town,"
Said Mrs. Brown.
"Oh! oh! save us!"
Said Mrs. Davis.
"Where will we get water?"
Said Mrs. McWhorter.
"In the race,"
Said Mrs. Gamerace.
"Or in the ditch,"
Says Mrs. Fitch.
"Put on the water and drench her!"
Says Mrs. Spencer.
"How the flame ascends!"
Said Mrs. Bens.
"There goes the floor in!"
Said Mrs. Doren.
"The fire-men need relief,"
Said Mrs. O'Kieffe.
"See the stuff they are carting!"
Said Mrs. Martin.
"Largest fire I've ever seen!"
Said Mrs. Dean.
"I'm glad I am not neighbor,"
Said Mrs. Seabor.
"For that building there's not a hope!"
Said Mrs. Rope.
"These fires are very troublesome,"
Said Mrs. Robinson.
"Fire leaves a black mark,"
Said Mrs. Clark.
"I am sure there is nothing blacker,"
Said Mrs. Tacker.
"I must go home, they will miss me,"
Said Mrs. McChesney.

Claremont, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was looking at ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1878, this week, and I discovered a mistake in the picture of a boy milking a cow. (P. 517.)

I used to live in Fairfield, New York, and one time, when I was visiting a farmer, I went to the barn, and the hired man, Jim, came in to milk. He sat down on the left-hand side of the cow, and she kicked him over. Farmer Neely dryly remarked:

"You'd better try the right side, next time."
Now, I want to ask you if your artist has put the boy on the "right and proper side" of the cow?
EDDIE M. GODDARD.

You certainly are right, Eddie, as to the side one should take when milking a cow; but, if you will read the story again, you will see that none of the party, except Bob Trotter, knew how to milk a cow. The artist remembered this when making his picture, which shows Kit at the wrong side of the cow trying to milk, and Bob Trotter coming across the field toward him and his amused companions.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to tell you about a curious surprise party that really was held in the winter of 1828, in what is now Hillsboro', Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentice had gone away from their log-cabin, which was away off from everywhere, to make a long visit in a distant town. Mary, their daughter, aged thirteen, was left in charge of the house, and of her brothers, William and John, one nine years old, and the other, seven.

Well, on the first day the father and mother were away, the boys dropped off to sleep at dusk, weary with extra play. Mary tidied up, barred the doors, raked together the embers on the hearth, put on a few bits of wood, and was just about to go to bed, when from

outside sounded a terrible scream! This made the hearts of all stand still with fear, for the scream was made by a panther.

Soon he was scratching at the front door, and bounding against it, trying to force his way in. Again and again Mary called the dog, but no answer came. Presently the panther went around to the back door, having failed in front; but the bars were strong, and he could not get in that way. Then the children heard him clambering up the corner of the cabin and leaping about upon the roof, and next they heard his hungry sniffing at the top of the wide chimney. Then, something had to be done at once, if they would prevent their unexpected visitor from dropping in and making a meal of them.

What Johnnie did, and what the panther did besides sniffing up there, I don't know. But William said over and over the little prayer that begins, "Now I lay me." Mary leaned over the hearth a moment, listening, open-mouthed and staring, her head under the chimney, and the light of the low fire flickering over her face and form. Then she seemed to awake suddenly, and, seizing the straw bed, she threw it on the fire. The flames quickly roared up the chimney, and, no doubt, singed Mr. Panther's whiskers. At least, he must have taken offense at this warm welcome, for, giving a harsh, discouraged howl, he leaped from the roof, and never called again.

I think that was well and bravely done by Mary. Since then, William has become a parson. Yours truly,
B. S. H.

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One evening we were playing paper dolls and telling ghost-stories, when we heard a step in the hall like something promenadeing up and down. We were very much frightened, as the step was like none we had ever heard before. We ran and looked over the stairs, and what do you suppose we saw? A GREAT BIG GOOSE!—Your little friends,
ALICE AND AMY.

Cernay-la-ville, France.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You see I am in Cernay-la-ville, a French village of about fifty old thatched houses, a *mairie* (town hall), and a picturesque church.

Cernay-la-ville, and the two or three villages near, belong to a duchess. A while ago, the duchess invited the Maréchal McMahon to hunt through her reserved grounds. He accepted the invitation, and one afternoon we saw him and his attendants hunt through the big beet-fields behind our house.

We first saw a long line of fifty beaters,—"rabbatoirs," they are called,—hand in hand, on the distant hill, waving red and white flags, and going across the country. Before them scudded the big hares, and skimming over the ground came the quail, glancing a moment in the sun as they turned for shelter into the beet-field, which soon was full of game. The hunters then advanced into the field in a line, with men to pick up the game close behind. Soon there was a popping of guns, like a small skirmish; sometimes a pheasant would start up and twenty marksmen would fire at him, and he would sail triumphantly by. We cheered him as he went over our heads.

But a big hare was the best: he broke out of the beet-field, and got through the line of rabbatoirs posted to prevent the game from passing. They waved their flags and set on their dog; then there was a confusion like the blowing down of a line full of washed clothes; but the hare finally bore bravely away. The dog in his eagerness turned a double somersault, and lost the scent, and the hare was gone. "A hare-breadth escape."—Yours,
R. B.

Yonkers, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your youngsters may be interested in finding the solution of the problem which has puzzled mathematicians of all ages, viz., the Squaring of the Circle.—Yours truly,
J. N.

My first is never square, but always round—
My second flew too near the sun, he found—
My third 's the rarest of all rarities—
My fourth to bring forth out of nothing is—
My fifth is shed on heroes by their deeds—
My sixth is due to good men of all creeds.

ANSWER.

CIRCLE
ICARUS
RAREST
CREATR
LUSTRE
ESTEEM

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia, send the "Boy Trapper," the second volume of the "Boy Trapper" series. It continues the story begun in the first volume. The author is Harry Castlemon, and the story and pictures are calculated to interest boys in a wholesome way.

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS. Houghton, Osgood & Co. This is another of the illustrated "Bodley" books by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. It is, if possible, even better than its forerunners, in the way it is

made and in its curious and charming cover. Besides its other good points, it has special local and historical interest; for it tells, in a bright and pleasant way, how the whole Bodley family cruised in a carry-all through Essex County, Massachusetts,—one of the parts earliest settled by the Puritans. It describes what the Bodleys saw and did, and the stirring tales and quaint anecdotes they heard concerning famous personages and places of old times and of to-day.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY sends:

"Guiding Lights," a small illustrated book by F. E. Cooke, telling in plain language the stories of the lives of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; Madame Guyon, the devout Frenchwoman; Martin Luther; and Frederick Perthes, the German bookseller and philanthropist;—four shining examples of true manhood and womanhood;—

"Heroes of Charity," by James F. Cobb, Fellow of the English Royal Geographical Society,—also an illustrated book of biographies. The men whose lives the volume records are John Howard, the prisoners' friend; Las Casas, the friend of the American Indians; Johannes Falk, the friend of poor children; Pestalozzi, the wonderful school-master; Baron de Montyon, the kind Frenchman; and Valentine Haüy, the friend of the blind. The reading matter in this book is clear and unpretentious, but the pictures are poor;—

"Champions of the Reformation," by Janet Gordon, Illustrated, gives in a simple, pleasant way the histories of eight worthies of the great Reformation;—

"Daisybank," by Joanna H. Mathews, illustrated, is an interesting story of a boy who got into trouble by mixing with evil companions;—

"Christmas Jack." By Rev Edward A. Rand. Illustrated. A pathetic temperance story;—

"Handsome Harry." By Sarah E. Chester. Illustrated. A pleasant and natural story of lively boys and girls, and how they grew to be handsome inwardly as well as outwardly;—

"Life and Adventures in Japan." By E. Warren Clark. Illustrated from original photographs, and with an outline map. This is a crisp, plain, and interesting account of varied life in Japan, by one who spent four years there, and used his eyes to good purpose.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15, from James H. Slade, Jr., Anna R. Stratton, Ernest A. Munsell; Lewis G. and Bertie Davis; Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, "Princy," S. Norris Knapp, "N. E. W. S.," Carrie and Mary F. Speiden; Emma Lathers, "R. N.," Geo. Houghton, "Nice Little Camerinos," Mina C. Packard, C. L. S. Tingley; Harry and Jack Bennett; Mary H. Bradley, Southwick C. Briggs, Maria Briggs, Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, Minnie Bissell, B. P. Emery, "Fritters No. 2," "Willowbrook," Neils E. Hansen, Willie Gray, Dycie Warden, Julia Crafton, John V. L. Pierson, Charles H. Stout, Irla Smith, "F. W.," Maud L. Smith, "Hard and Tough," Lulu Robert; "Dr. J. E. Clark and Wife"; "Don Hippolite Lopez Pomposo and Signora Marie Baratta Morgani"; H. B. Ayres, Bessie Hard, Florence L. Turrill; David Phillips Hawkins and Leah; "Ursino," J. Wade McGowin; "Litchfield, no name"; "Two Wills," Sarah Gallett, Emmy A. Leach, Kate Sampson; Amy Z. Adams, Walter and Grant Squires, and "Mrs. Foulard and the lamented T. J."

Mamie E. Sumner, and "Bessie and her Cousin," answered correctly all the puzzles in the October number.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM a familiar proverb composed of twenty-six letters.

My 1, 4, 3, 13, 9, are plants with bitter juice. 2. My 5, 11, 10, is a division of land. 3. My 2, 6, 7, 8, has no end. 4. My 23, 24, 16, 17, is a troublesome insect. 5. My 20, 18, 21, 12, 15, is a bitter medicine. 6. My 14, 19, 22, 25, 26, is a fixed number of small articles.

G. Y. C.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. To weave. 2. A southern constellation containing nine stars. 3. A consonant. 4. Part of the human body. 5. Separated into blocks. Diagonal, from left to right, downward: Uncovered. Diagonal, from right to left, reading downward: Arrows. Central, reading downward: A weapon.

CYRIL DEANE.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



Find the names of two celebrated statesmen, represented by these pictures.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

It was last year that Lena omitted her singing, as well as her drawing. She became deaf, and the glint of the light hurt her eyes. So they had to let her teacher,—Maria,—go. But, before she went, they had a sail, or rather a row, together, after which Maria left to teach a young Italian.

In the above sentences are concealed seven words, meaning: 1. The world. 2. A Scripture name. 3. Used for lighting. 4. Scraped linen used in dressing wounds. 5. A Shakespearean character. 6. A mariner. 7. Dried grass.

The initials and finals of these words name the chronicles of a certain nation.

STALLKNECHT.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

LEFT-HAND DIAMOND, reading across: 1. In imprimatur. 2. A house of entertainment. 3. To bury. 4. What everything is at first. 5. In Merovingian.

RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND, reading across: 1. In antediluvian. 2. Fear. 3. String. 4. What everything must have. 5. In amber.

THE CENTRALS, connected, form one word, reading across, meaning, to connect by weaving together.

R. A.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pencil, but not in slate.
My second is in post, but not in gate.
My third is in sun and also in sunder.
My fourth is in silent and also in thunder.
My fifth is in John, but not in Frank.
My sixth is in office, but not in bank.
My seventh is in friend and also in foe.
My eighth is in high, but not in low.
My ninth is in cane, but not in staff.
My tenth is in wheat, but not in chaff.
My whole is a very useful thing.
It serves the poor man and it serves the king.
'T is sought by all, girl, boy and man.
Now guess this riddle; that is,—if you can!

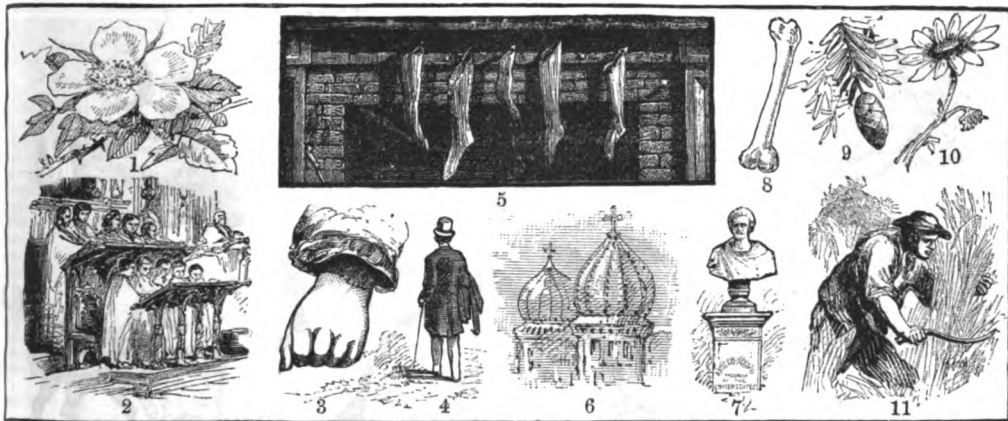
MAMIE L. W.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

AFTER feeding the 1, 6, 7, the 5, 3, 9 killed a 4, 8, 2, and, taking a gun, went to the mountain in search of a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 for dinner.

ISCL.A.

PICTORIAL CONCEALED-WORD PUZZLE.

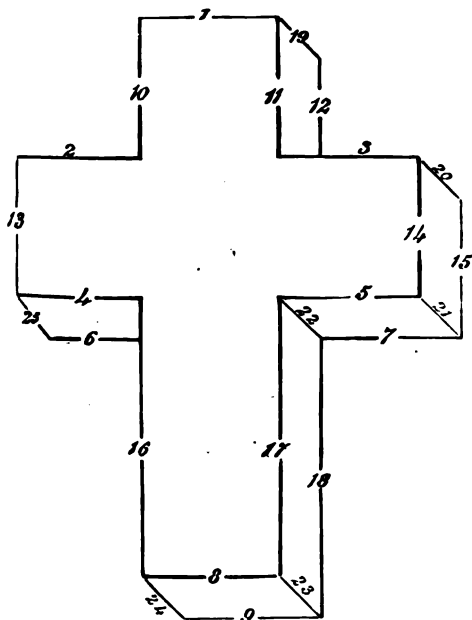


This picture is a Concealed-Word puzzle. It represents the second line of a familiar Christmas couplet, which line gives one good reason for being merry at Christmas time. In the order indicated by the numerals, write eleven words descriptive of the eleven pictures. The letters of any one word of the answer may not fall all together, without intervening letters or spaces, but, if the right descriptive words have been written, the letters of the answer will be found concealed in proper succession among the eleven descriptive words.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A set of bells. 2. Integrity of character. 3. To make oneself false to. 4. A small gnawing animal. 5. Wandered from duty. A.

PERSPECTIVE CROSS.



THE horizontal words in this cross have five letters each, except number 6, which has three. Of the perpendiculars, 16, 17, 18 have ten letters each, number 12 has three. All other perpendiculars have five letters each; the slanting words have three.

The meanings of the words are: 1. A wanderer. 2. To aim. 3. To bewitch. 4. A bird. 5. A color. 6. An animal. 7. A time of darkness. 8. To tend. 9. To intimidate. 10. A tale. 11. A Biblical king. 12. A jewel. 13. An organ of the body. 14. To exercise controlling influence. 15. A fish. 16. A scientific person. 17. A kind of dog. 18. Lowest. 19. An animal. 20. An animal. 21. A kind of fruit. 22. To excrete. 23. A point used in writing. 24. A boy's nickname. 25. A part of the body. "GREENE HORNE."

CHARADE.

MOTHER was making my *first* for Johnny, Johnny was doing some *second* for Sally, and Sally was making some *whole* for mother. L. E.

EASY METAGRAM.

1. BEHEAD a kind of rod, and leave a person given to unlawful arts. 2. Syncope and transpose the person, and leave a small portion. 3. Transpose the portion and leave a part of speech. 4. Curtail the part of speech, and leave a man of genius. 5. Behead the man of genius, and leave a pronoun. 6. Curtail the pronoun, and leave a Roman numeral.

A PROVERB IN CIPHER.

In this problem, the letters A and B are the same in the common alphabet and in the cipher key. Of the other letters, T in the cipher stands for S of the alphabet and the cipher O means the alphabet W. The cipher words have the same number of letters as are in the words to which they correspond, and they occur in the order of the words of the proverb. The proverb is a common one, and applies to the solving of such puzzles as this. Here it is in cipher: "LOG EDACT AUD BDHIDU IEAF GFD."

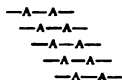
CENTRAL DELETIONS.

(For older puzzlers.)

In each of the following examples, remove the middle letter of the word first described, in order to form the second. The letters that have been taken away, when arranged in order as they come, will spell a Latin word, meaning "little grape," used in English writing as the name of a part of the human throat.

1. Publicly liked; a tree. 2. A scene of great, perhaps free, enjoyment; a kind of dance. 3. Color; male. 4. A name of a sea-port of the United States of Colombia; an animal that climbs trees. 5. A country of Europe; to turn. Y. E.

RHOMBOID DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.



FILL the blanks of the rhomboid with letters which, with the vowels given, will form words having the following meanings:

Across: 1. Destructive. 2. A girl's name meaning, "princess." 3. Intrigue. 4. Pertaining to the foundation. 5. Native. Down: 1. A sign in printed music. 2. A word meaning "like;" also a Roman weight of twelve ounces. 3. A word used in old law to signify a customary payment of tenants. 4. A native of Arabia. 5. A Scripture name of a man, meaning "white." 6. A verb, and a vowel. 7. An abbreviation of a geographical term. 8. The tone A. 9. A part of a house of certain form. H. H. D.

NEW-DOLLAR PUZZLE.



The central picture shows the face or obverse of the new silver dollar, the coining of which was authorized by the Congress of 1878. Find the word represented by each of the seventeen pictures, not counting the dollar. The numeral beneath each picture denotes the number of letters contained in the word for which the picture stands. When all the words have been found, re-arrange their letters so as to form twenty-six other words, of four letters each, representing twenty-six things on the face of the new dollar: thus, "head," "face," etc. (The word "eyes" would not do, as only one eye is seen.) It will aid in the solving of this puzzle to look at the face of a real new dollar.

W. H. G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE RHYMING PUZZLE.—

First Verse.	Second Verse.	Third Verse.
Ace — each.	Eels — roll.	In — Rip.
Lace — reach.	Reels — troll.	Sin — trip.
Place — breach.	Creels — stroll.	Tsin — strip.
Fourth Verse.	Fifth Verse.	
Ear — end.	Ripe — ream.	
Hear — rend.	Tripe — cream.	
Shear — trend.	Stripe — scream.	

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.—Across: 1. Part. 2. Meet. 3. Deer. 4. Maid. WHAT IS IT?—Whales, Wails, Wales.

CHANGED FINALS.—1. Alice; Alick. 2. Salem; sales. 3. Store; stork. 4. Stall; stalk. 5. Pine; pink. 6. Plan; play. 7. Shot; shod. 8. Clap; clam.

DIAMOND.—Across: 1. W. 2. Cam. 3. Caret. 4. Warbler. 5. Melon. 6. Ten. 7. R.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Founders; four ends. 2. Boasts; sabots. 3. Sent four; fortunes. 4. Mediations; no, it aids me. 5. I sold; solid. 6. Dames; meads. 7. Village; all give. 8. Scorn a; acorns. 9. Cautioned; education. 10. In dreams I; meridians. 11. O, I can shout; Housatonic.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Shoewaaccaemette Rowing Club.

TWO EASY DOUBLE SQUARE-WORDS.—Across: 1. 1. What. 2. Rare. 3. Even. 4. Neat. 11. 1. Star. 2. Name. 3. Omen. 4. Wend.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Wellington.

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Diamond: 1. AdA. 2. sIr. 3. cAt. 4. AMY. 5. rOd. 6. aNd. 7. aDd.

DROP-LETTER REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.—Across: 1. D. 2. Dew. 3. Dewed. 4. Wed. 5. D. ENCLOSED SQUARE: Across: 1. Dew. 2. Ewe. 3. Wed.

FRAME PUZZLE.—Horizontal: Prodigious, broadsword. Perpendiculars: Bloodstone, troubadour.

CHARADE.—Crow's-foot.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Feast, feat. 2. Pilot, plot. 3. Broom, boom. 4. Wrist, writ. 5. Coral, coal. 6. Spine, sine. 7. Sable, sale. 8. Steer, seer.

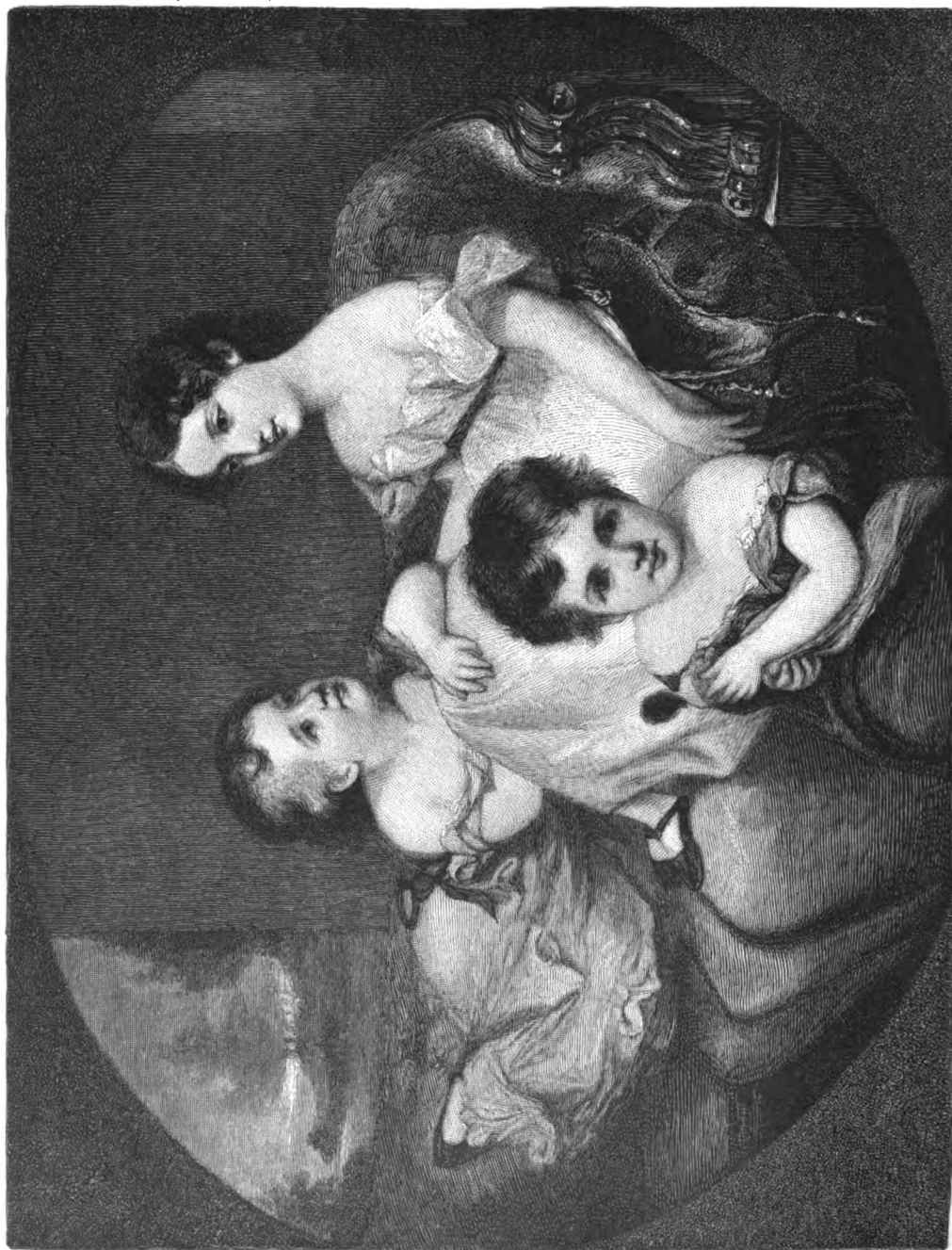
EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Across: 1. M. 2. Boa. 3. Moose. 4. Ash. 5. E.

EASY RHYMED REBUS FOR YOUNGER PUZZLERS.—

Four lines that are easy and wise,
Here are placed before your eyes,
All means you see of learning seize,
Be kind and mind you do not tease.
Find useful ways your time to use,
Attend well to your P's and Q's.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—1. Love's Labor's Lost. 2. All's well that ends well. 3. Timon of Athens. 4. Much ado about nothing. 5. Romeo and Juliet. 6. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 7. Midsummer-Night's Dream. 8. As you like it. 9. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

For the names of the solvers of October puzzles, see "Letter-Box," page 142.



THE SISTERS.

[FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM PAGE.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1879.

No. 3.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

THE VOYAGE OF THE "JETTIE."

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Two hundred winters' snowing,
Two hundred summers' glowing
Had passed on Bearcamp River;
And, between its flood-torn shores,
Sped by sail or urged by oars
No keel had vexed it ever.

Alone the dead trees yielding
To the dull axe Time is wielding,
The shy mink and the otter,
And golden leaves and red,
By countless autumns shed,
Had floated down its water.

From the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
Came a skilled sea-faring man,
With his dory, to the right place;
Over hill and plain he brought her,
Where the boatless Bearcamp water
Comes winding down from White-Face.

Quoth the skipper: "Ere she floats forth,
I'm sure my pretty boat 's worth
At least, a name as pretty."
On her painted side he wrote it,
And the flag that o'er her floated
Bore aloft the name of "Jettie."

On a radiant morn of summer,
Elder guest and latest comer
Saw her wed the Bearcamp water;
Heard the name the skipper gave her,
And the answer to the favor
From the Bay State's graceful daughter.

Then, a singer, richly gifted,
Her charmed voice uplifted;
And the wood-thrush and song-sparrow,
Listened, dumb with envious pain,
To the clear and sweet refrain
Whose notes they could not borrow.

Then the skipper plied his oar,
And from off the shelving shore,
Glided out the strange explorer;
Floating on, she knew not whither,—
The tawny sands beneath her,
The blue sky bending o'er her.

Amid the tangling cumber
And pack of mountain lumber
That spring floods downward force,
Over sunken snag, and bar
Where the grating shallows are,
The good boat held her course.

Under the pine-dark highlands,
Around the vine-hung islands,
She plowed her crooked furrow;
And the rippling and the paddling
Sent the river-perch skedaddling
And the musk-rat to his burrow.

Every sober clam below her,
Every sage and grave pearl-grower
Shut his rusty valves the tighter;
Crow called to crow complaining,
And old tortoises sat craning
Their leathern necks to sight her.

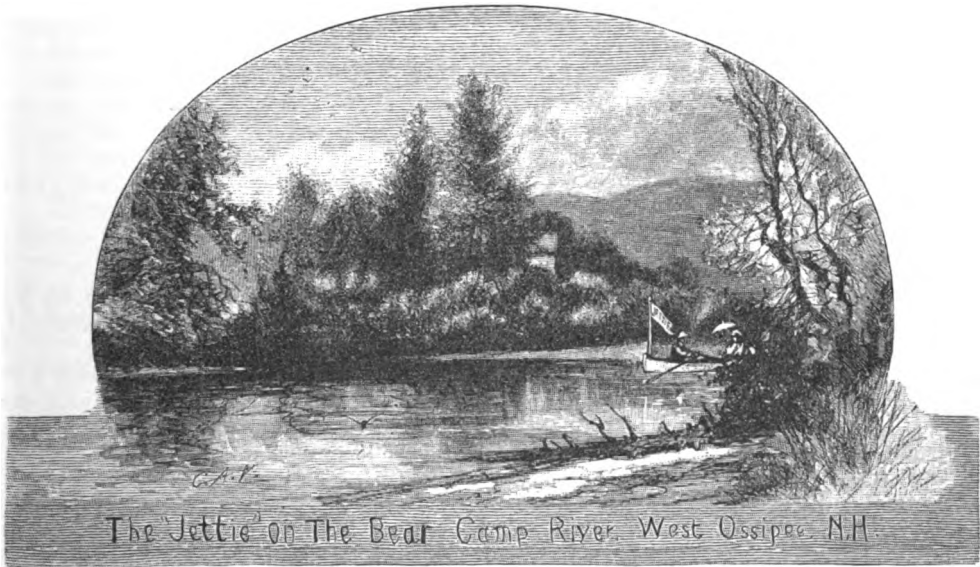
On she glided, overladen,
With merry man and maiden
Sending back their song and laughter,—
While, perchance, a phantom crew,
In a ghostly birch canoe,
Paddled dumb and swiftly after!

And the bear on Ossipee
Climbed the topmost crag to see
The strange thing drifting under;
And, through the haze of August,
Passaconaway and Paugus
Looked down in sleepy wonder.

All the pines that o'er her hung
In mimic sea-tones sung
The song familiar to her;
And the maples leaned to screen her,
And the meadow-grass grew greener,
And the breeze more soft to woo her.

The lone stream mystery-haunted,
 To her the freedom granted
 To scan its every feature,
 Till new and old were blended,
 And round them both extended
 The loving arms of Nature.

Of these hills the little vessel
 Henceforth is part and parcel;
 And on Bearcamp shall her log
 Be kept, as if by George's
 Or Grand Menàn, the surges
 Tossed her skipper through the fog.



And I, who, half in sadness,
 Recall the morning gladness
 Of life, at evening time,
 By chance, onlooking idly,
 Apart from all so widely,
 Have set her voyage to rhyme.

Dies now the gay persistence
 Of song and laugh, in distance;
 Alone with me remaining
 The stream, the quiet meadow,
 The hills in shine and shadow,
 The somber pines complaining.

And, musing here, I dream
 Of voyagers on a stream
 From whence is no returning,

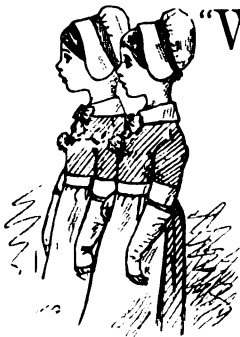
Under sealed orders going,
Looking forward little knowing,
Looking back with idle yearning.

And I pray that every venture
The port of peace may enter,
That, safe from snag and shoal
And siren-haunted islet,
And rock, the Unseen Pilot
May guide them to their goal.



CHILDREN'S DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

BY N. D'ANVERS.



"WELL, Leonard, I hope you 'll answer next time, that's all! Here have I been shouting, 'Leonard, Leonard,' and you take no more notice than if a mouse had squeaked. Too much liberty to call such a young swell as you've become, 'Leonard,' I suppose; we outsiders must n't speak so familiarly to a choir-boy of St. Botolph's!"

A long speech, surely, for one boy to make to another without eliciting any response; but then, Leonard Layton, or "Double L," as he was sometimes called by his school-fellows, was at this moment absorbed in a dream of such exquisite delight that I don't think he would have stirred if a cannon had been discharged beneath the window at which he sat. In reality, he was but a charity boy, wearing the quaint costume, since abandoned, which distinguished him as one of the Aldersgate Ward scholars; in the imaginary land, however, to which the little fellow had blissfully wandered, he was already a successful musician, standing before an orchestra of his own training, leading that orchestra with his magic wand to higher and yet higher triumphs. The first step to that great result

had been taken not very long ago by my hero's admission to the choir of the church attended by the school to which he belonged.

But Leonard woke from his reverie with a start, and, turning his flushed face and bright blue eyes on the speaker, he said, with a smile which would have disarmed a less partial observer than his brother:

"Well, Harry, what's the row now?"

"The row is," answered Harry, laying a big brown hand on Leonard's blue serge jacket, "that the choice is made, and I've been all over the place to look for you, and when I find you, I bawl at you for half an hour, without ——"

"Oh, Harry," interrupted Leonard, eagerly, "am I? am I ——?"

"Yes, you're chosen fast enough; old Compton fixed on you the very first, though how any fellow could pass *me* over and take you is beyond my comprehension entirely, and no mistake. Now Layton, junior, I put it to you ——"

"Oh, don't, Harry; don't humbug about it!" exclaimed Leonard; "you know you never really wanted to be in; you've often said you're sick of it all, and glad your voice is cracked, so that they can't have you. Besides, how you'd tower above all us little fellows! The street boys would laugh as you went in. You remember how they shouted 'For children only!' when Smith went in at the door last year. You told me about it yourself."

"All's well that ends well," laughed Harry; "and

now I've told you my news, let's hear what you were dreaming about when I came in. I do wish, Len, you'd come out and have a jolly good fling between whiles; no wonder you get called a milk-sop; and where 'll be the good of mother having got you in here if you go and be ill?"

"I sha' n't do that, old fellow; no fear of that. Harry, I must tell you, or I shall burst with thinking. It haunts me all through everything. I think of it in school in play-time, most of all in church; it mixes itself up with the psalms and comes into the sermon."

"What does the boy mean?" cried Harry.

"Don't laugh, Harry," said Leonard, getting up and walking backward and forward with his hands clasped behind his head. "Harry," he added, stopping suddenly before his brother, "it's music that's haunting me; not music generally, but *one piece of music*; it's been there ever since that day in the country; you remember? Everything we saw there—the river, the trees, the rocks, the birds, even the boys have somehow put themselves into music in my head, and I can't get it out. I've no voice for it."

"No voice—you've got the best voice in the whole school," answered Harry, with a schoolboy's literalness; "and you'll blossom into a public singer yet; if that's what you mean, though how any fellow can like a bowing and scraping life, when he might——"

"I don't mean that; I don't mean that!" exclaimed Leonard, his color rising painfully at his brother's evident

incapacity to understand him. "I mean I have never learned how to write music; to give expression to——"

"Never learned to write music? Why, any fool could imitate the crabbed characters you singing fellows are so fond of. I would n't break my heart about such a trifle as that, Len, if I were you."

Leonard sighed and was about to speak when the

brothers' interview was broken in upon by the entrance of some of their school-fellows, and a few minutes later a bell summoned all the boys to study.

But even reading, writing and arithmetic, the rudiments of geography and history, the dry bones, as it were, of learning, which made up the whole course of education in the Aldersgate Ward, failed this afternoon to chase away the happy expression which the good news had brought to Leonard's face; and in the delight of practicing under a skillful teacher the beautiful music to be performed on Children's Day at St. Paul's, he forgot for a time even the haunting melodies which had sprung from the last great treat he had enjoyed.

The first meeting for practice in St. Sepulchre's Church, Newgate, when a kind of foretaste of the great day had been given to the children, had

seemed to Leonard simply perfect, and though he was himself unconscious of it, his voice had more than once rung out in his exultation above that of his companions, and attracted the notice alike of the leader of the little singers and of some visitors in the gallery. Already, had he but known it, he had taken the second step toward the goal on which he had set his heart; but before I go on with his story I must pause for one moment to explain how a boy of evidently gentle nurture came to be growing up in a London ward school as a pauper scholar.

Leonard had passed the whole of his young life in the heart of the city. His mother, the widow of a curate, had supported her two boys as best she could with

her needle, until her painful struggle had attracted the notice of a distant relative of her husband, who had obtained the admission of both boys into the school where we first saw them. That poor Mrs. Layton was grateful, most grateful, for the timely help, none who had known of her previous despair could doubt, but neither did she ever see her sons in their charity garb or



THE BEADLE.

amongst their humble companions without a sigh from the very bottom of her heart for what might have been had their poor father lived. Harry, born before his parents' troubles began, when life seemed to them full of all manner of beautiful possibilities, had inherited his father's originally robust constitution and happy disposition; whilst Leonard, four years younger than Harry,—a little sister between them having died when he was a baby,—had grown up in an atmosphere of privation which could not but materially affect both his health and his character. In every lot, however, those who are not willfully blind may recognize how tenderly the all-wise Father provides for his children some compensation for their sufferings; and if Leonard was physically the inferior of Harry, he was far superior to him in intellect, in imagination, and in a certain nameless purity of mind which insensibly leavened all who came under his influence. Frail as he was, and by his peculiarities presenting many a vulnerable spot for ridicule, Leonard was never bullied, and, in his presence, the coarse oaths which are, alas, so often thought manly by English boys, were never heard. Very eager had been the competition amongst the Aldersgate boys for the honor of being one of those chosen to join in the annual festival at St. Paul's, yet none had grudged Leonard his place in the proud ranks of the "trebles."

The very eve of the festival had arrived. Again Leonard was sitting on his favorite bench, apparently looking just as before on his school-fellows at play; but, in reality, trying to picture the scene in which he should play his part on the morrow.



SINGING IN TUNE.

But, again, my hero's reverie was interrupted, not this time by Harry, but by the entrance of one of the masters into the school-room.

"Ah! Leonard," said he, "will you take this note for me to its address? It is not a long walk, or I would not ask it of you."

Leonard instantly consented and set out. It was

not a long walk; but, unfortunately, our hero fell into one of his reveries and lost his way. It was late; the neighborhood in which he found himself, at last, was new to him, and the people in the streets were rough and surly. He was in a bad



LEONARD.

quarter of the town, and we know not what would have become of him, if he had not fallen in with a little girl—a ragged little girl, but a kind-hearted one—who led him to the address he was seeking. As they walked along together, he told her of the approaching Children's Day at St. Paul's, and of the part he was to take in the ceremonies. Katie, that was her name, was wild to see and hear it all. But how? Leon-

ard could see no plan by which such a ragged little creature could get a place in St. Paul's.

The next day he told the master of the incident.

"Oh, sir!" cried the enthusiastic Leonard, "she was so kind to me, and took so much trouble to show me the way! Can't you get her a place to see us in the cathedral; that's what she'd like. 'I'd give my head and ears to be there,' she said."

"I am afraid I can't do that," said Mr. Dawson, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm, "unless—by the way, some one said—how big is Katie? You know Lucy Green? She was to have been one of the girls; she's sprained her foot. There's no one else of her size to go; now if Katie could—"

"I understand, sir!" cried Leonard, clapping his hands. "You mean if Katie could wear Lucy's dress she could go instead. Oh, it's the very, very thing. Mother would manage it. Oh, sir, I may go now and fetch Katie?"

"No, leave that to me," said Mr. Dawson, adding, almost to himself, "I'll arrange it with the mistress." Then, aloud, "You must go now, Leonard. Look out for Katie among the girls."

But, to return to Katie herself. Whilst Leonard, converted by his mother's rapid and almost magic manipulation from a jaded, shabby child, into a fresh-looking, gentlemanly boy, is sharing with his school-fellows the hot rolls and coffee which are to fortify them for their perambulation of the parish before the ceremony itself, Katie is enduring such a prinking at the hands of an assistant mistress as she had never even imagined in her worst nightmare. She felt, she expressed to Leonard afterwards, as if she was being "made over again," and certainly the result justified her somewhat

strong expression. Look at the little procession starting from the school and see if you can make out which is Katie. But, as you are not likely to

the delights before them, and of their own exceptional importance; even the much dreaded beadles, who know how to rap the knuckles of



LEAVING THE SCHOOL.

find out Katie for yourselves, I will tell you in a whisper that she is on the right, near the top of the steps, and close to the girl who is looking at her with wide open mouth, saying, perhaps, "And who are you?"

And Leonard! I must give you a special portrait of him now. See him pinched into a coat a little small for him, with his solemn, happy face, all the happier for the remembrance of the anxieties passed and the thought of the joy which has sprung for Katie out of the troubles in which she has shared. And now look at these other boys from another part of the city, and read in their dear, prim little heads, rising from their prim little costumes, the good results of the annual "redding up" to which they have been subjected. Surely these boys have never cuffed each other, shirked their lessons, used bad language, or cheated at marbles, or if they ever have, they never will again!

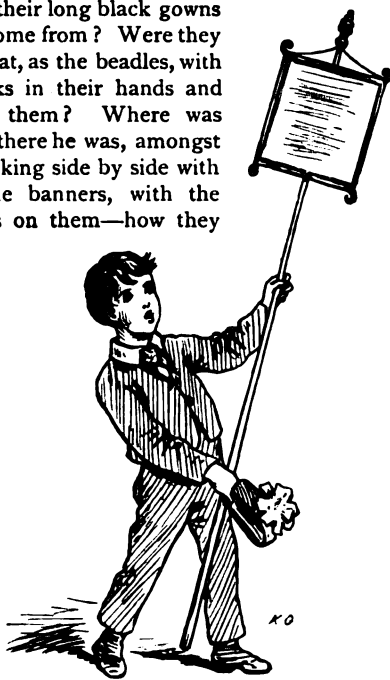
But it is half-past ten, and with one accord the processions are starting on the perambulations or walking round of their parishes. We will not follow them all the way, but join them again as they file into St. Paul's Church-yard, a little hot and dusty, perhaps, but still buoyed up by a sense of

restless boys with such terrible effect, wear beneficent expressions. Now I don't think, do you? that the one whose portrait we give would have the heart to turn Katie out, if he should learn of that little goat's presence among the lambs.

With what wondering eyes Katie stared about her in St. Paul's Church-yard! Where could all

these grand men, in their long black gowns and tall hats, have come from? Were they greater, or not so great, as the beadles, with the heavy gold sticks in their hands and the gold all about them? Where was Leonard now? Oh, there he was, amongst a stream of boys walking side by side with the girls. And the banners, with the names of the schools on them—how they fluttered in the wind! If it was so beautiful outside, what would it be in the cathedral itself? Katie's heart beat very fast as her turn came to be ushered up the steps by a beadle, with a very imposing wand of office in his hand. Suppose at the last moment she should be turned back?

But Katie needed not to be afraid. The dreaded beadle even smiled at her, as he met the sweet wonder in her eyes for a moment, and, re-assured by that smile, Katie drew a long breath of relief. The next moment she was in the beautiful cathedral, already apparently full to overflowing with children and spectators. Katie gave one long, wondering look around, and then she stopped, and dropped the flowers she held, causing a momentary pause in the procession.



THE STANDARD BEARER.

"Pick up your flowers and move on, stupid!" whispered the rather ill-natured girl with whom the little intruder was walking; and, with a face covered with blushes, Katie obeyed.

She did not drop her flowers again, but did her best to imitate her companions. When she stood beneath the dome, and saw the tiers of seats some already occupied, others waiting for the arrival of the schools to which they were allotted, Katie hardly could restrain her emotion; but she managed to remain outwardly calm. Her seat happened to be low down and to face the choir, so that she could see the east window, the clergy in their stalls, and—what she liked still better—the little boys in their white surplices in the choir. Imitating the action of the other girls as they took their places, our little Katie hid her face in her apron for a few moments, scarcely knowing why she did it. The poor child had never learned to pray, and yet I think that the wish that went up from her little heart to be always neat like this, was almost a prayer. Dimly and vaguely the new sights and sounds about her were awaking new ambitions

in our Katie, who never could, after this wonderful day, be content again with the dirt and squalor of the court in which she lived.

The prayer over, the white aprons smoothed down over the knees, and the mittened hands folded upon them, the children were free to gaze about them a little, before service began. Katie, searching for Leonard with eager eyes, was at first greatly



attracted by two little girls amongst the visitors,—their portraits are given you on the next page,—who were the daughters—though this Katie did not know—of one of the city dignitaries, sitting in grand state robes near the Lord Mayor, toward the center of the floor. Are these little girls, in the strangely shaped hats which were then coming into fashion again, any prettier than some of the charity girls, in their funny mob-caps? I scarcely think they are; do you?

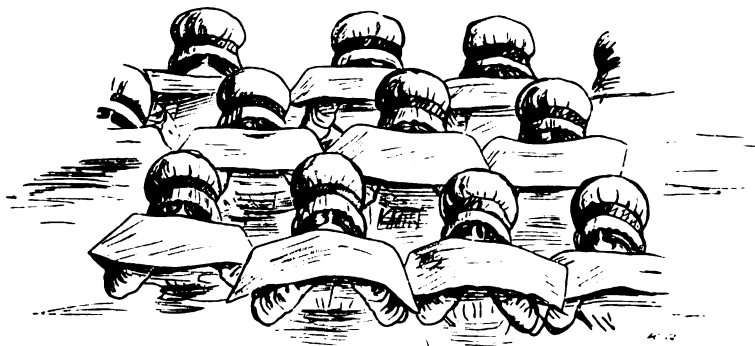
Just as the vast congregation rises to begin the service, Katie catches sight of the banner belonging to Leonard's school, far, far up above her head on the right. Her eager look of recognition contrasts very pleasantly with the rather weary expression of some of the more experienced singers. Many eyes are turned to look at two fine little singers, whose voices come in sweetly toward the close of the chorus,—yet one looks abstracted, and the other is half asleep. The advantages the latter has had, if they have taught her to join so correctly in the Hundredth Psalm, perhaps deprive her of a certain sense of novelty, which shines in many of the other young faces. To Katie, all is unmingled delight; the very notes of her companion's voice are to her a sweet and holy surprise, for never before has she heard the wonderful, wonderful harmonies of this mighty chorus. But because the girls, in their quaint and many-colored costumes, are prettier than the more soberly dressed boys, I must not show unfair partiality for them. I must leave Katie to stare about her, and listen in wondering astonishment to the music, to return to Leonard, who, perched up in rather an awkward position for seeing anything above him, yet scarcely once looked down, and had not even thought of Katie. His whole

soul seemed to go up with the music, and he found himself wondering that it did not lift up the dome and escape back to heaven, from where, he felt, it surely must have come. If I followed him through the whole service, you would be as tired as I fear many of the little ones who had entered the cathedral so happily were, long long before it was over. I have to tell you, instead, of rather a sad conclusion to Leonard's part in the performance, and for this you must imagine all the prayers to be over and the sermon to have begun.

The text was very suitable for the young audience, to whom the sermon was specially addressed. It was, "Be thou faithful over a few things," and both the children in whom you and I are interested were able to take in fully all that the preacher said. Katie's attention, it is true, often wandered; how could it be otherwise in such an unfamiliar scene? but Leonard listened, eagerly hoping, in his innocent, childish way, that he had been faithful over the few things trusted to him. But why did the preacher's head begin to bob up and down?—were the girls pelting him with their bouquets of flowers? Surely not. Leonard looked down upon the long circles of white linen mob-caps beneath him. Why were they whirling round and round? Was the cathedral moving, or what? The dome, too, as he turned his eyes toward it, was spinning. Leonard, frightened, giddy, scarcely knowing where he was, flung his arms up above his head and fell heavily forward upon the shoulder of the boy in front of him.

There was a stir amongst the boys which spread from their ranks to those of the girls beneath, and thence to the visitors on the floor. What Leonard had fancied, was partly coming true; the mob-





AT PRAYERS.

caps, if not the preacher's head, were bobbing up and down. Leonard did not see the real thing, though. He was lifted tenderly in Mr. Dawson's arms, and by him carried down between the cords strained from the highest to the lowest tiers of seats, marking off the spaces assigned to particular schools.

When Mr. Dawson reached the floor with his unconscious burden, he was met by a beadle who whispered: "Let me take him, sir; where does he live? I'll see him safe home." Mr. Dawson gave Mrs. Layton's address, and Leonard, still unconscious, was carried out of the cathedral, past the conductor and visitors, every one turning to look with sympathy at his white face resting against the coat of the resplendently attired beadle. The conductor, who, you remember, had been struck by Leonard's voice in St. Sepulchre's Church, saw him carried past and determined to find out all about him when he was released from the cathedral.

and the Hallelujah chorus begun, she started up with a low cry of relief, which, fortunately, perhaps, for her, was drowned in the burst of music. Katie ever after associated the beautiful chorus with the pain she felt on this occasion, as being still unable to follow Leonard. When at last the signal for leaving the cathedral came, her companion had really every excuse for eager injunctions to Katie to behave herself.

Back again in Aldersgate Ward, Katie, scarcely to her regret, was compelled to resume her rags, and she was bounding away in them toward Mrs. Layton's lodgings when she met Harry coming to seek her. Leonard was better, was asking for her. And "Oh, Katie," added Harry as she trotted beside him, scarcely able to keep up with his long strides, "there's such news! The conductor has been to inquire about him, and he's going to take him for his own pupil when he is better, and Mr. Dawson is there; he has seen mother alone and she won't tell me what he said."

But Katie cared nothing about Mr. Dawson; why should she? As she stood beside Leonard lying back on the slippery horse-hair sofa pale and exhausted, but with a smile of intense interest upon his lips, her little heart was full. Must she go back now, after this peep into a world of love and music, to the squalor and turmoil of the court? "Katie, come here," said Mrs. Layton, seeing the tears ready to fall from the bright blue eyes. "tell me how you would like to stay with me and be my little companion; Leonard is going away from me to the other side of London, and —"

"Yes, Katie!" cried Leonard sitting up and holding out his hand, "and you can have my little attic and my bed, and I shall see you sometimes. Oh, Katie, is n't it glorious?"

"Glorious, indeed!" echoed Harry; "though how a fellow's to do without you at that stupid old school is more than this fellow, for one, can tell."



THE DIGNITARY'S DAUGHTERS.

Katie, when she saw that the child who had fallen was Leonard, could scarcely restrain herself from running out after him. Not one word more of the sermon did she hear, and when it was over

But the great day is over, and we must say good-bye to those with whom we have shared its mingled pain and joy. You would like to know what became of them all after-

ward, you say; and, as a little bird has told me something, I will pass it on to you. Let us fancy we are standing again at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, sixteen years after the "Children's Day" when Katie and Leonard took part in the procession. See, there is the conductor, hurrying in to arrange his music before the arrival of the children. He is a tall, slim man, with blue eyes. Is there not something familiar about him? Can it be Leonard? See him turn and smile, before he disappears in the cathedral! Yes, it is the very smile which went to Katie's heart so many years ago. And now the crowd is thickening. Again the boys are filing up, so like, and yet so different, from those we watched so long ago. The knee-breeches are gone. The all-invading trousers have replaced them. There is nothing very distinctive now, even about

the banner-bearers of the wards. But here come the girls, they are not changed, the mob-caps, the white aprons and the long white gloves might be the very same as those worn by Katie and her companions. Do we see no familiar faces amongst them? No, not one. But who is that fair young mistress speaking to a beadle in the distance? Can it be Katie herself? Yes, it is Katie,

and if we could follow her to her lodgings after she has taken her little charges back to Aldersgate

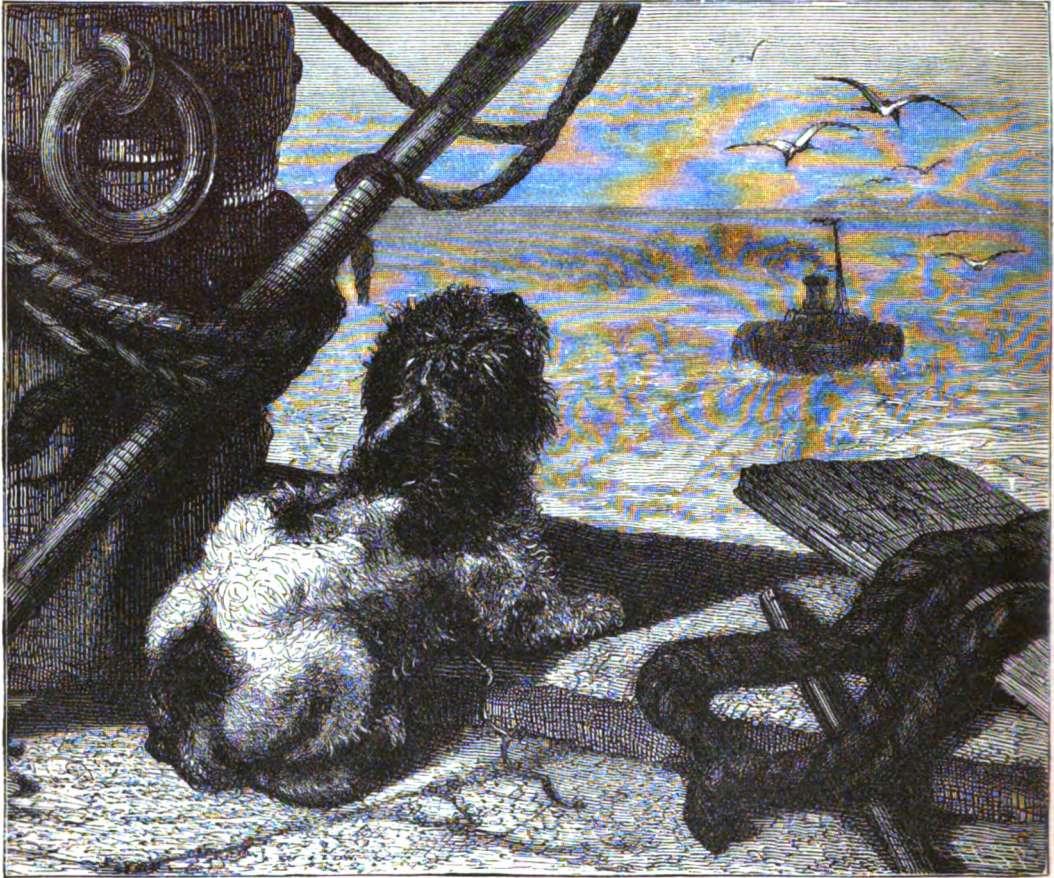


NEAR THE END OF THE SINGING. [PAGE 153.]

Ward, we should see what a cozy little home she has made there for her poor old mother.

And Harry and Mrs. Layton, where are they? Harry is tossing about in a ship on the Atlantic, Mrs. Layton is waiting in her pretty little house near London for Leonard's return home. She has a delightful letter from Harry that she is eager to share with her younger son.





LEFT BEHIND.

WHAT SHALL HE DO WITH HER?

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THIS is a sad, but short, tale about a cat, or perhaps about a rabbit that pretended to be a cat,—I do not know which. You will presently see why it must be short.

Some time ago a supposed friend sent me, as a present, what purported to be a Chinese cat. Thereby hangs a tale? Not at all. The cat had n't a sign of a tail. It was said by way of apology and explanation that all Chinese cats have no tails. If this is a fact in natural history, it is an absurd fact; for it is known that all Chinamen—even the smallest—have tails, which are called

cues, and sometimes pig-tails, but never cat-tails. And it seemed improbable and heartless that a Chinaman would deny tails to his cats. However, I took the kitten in, and named her "China",—a name she has never responded to, to this day.

And this shows the animal's instinct; for when I came to look in the dictionary, I found that, in all probability, she was a Manx cat from the Isle of Man,—a small English island (hardly room enough to turn round) where cats are obliged to do without tails. It is considered a very nice kind of cat, if it is a cat, of which I have doubts. It is said

that Turner, the great painter,—who was probably as good a judge of cats as ever lived,—kept seven Manx cats always in his house. Perhaps it was necessary to have seven Manx cats to get the equivalent of one real cat; in my experience it requires more.

As I said, I doubt if China is a cat, take her all together. She had, as a kitten, no tail. Her grown tail now is less than an inch long, and most of that is fur. It is exactly like a rabbit's tail, that is, a kind of place for a tail. When China first began to realize her existence, she evidently thought she was a cat, and her first sportive effort was to play with her tail. She looked around, and there was n't any tail there; the other end of her was rabbit. She was mortified; but what could she do? She began, without any apology, to play with her hind leg, to chase it round and round as if it were a tail; and ever after that she has amused herself with her hind leg.

And her hind legs are worth playing with. For they are not like the hind legs of a cat, but are long and bend under exactly like the legs of a rabbit. When China sits down, she sits down like a rabbit. So she is neither one thing nor another; and I cannot make out whether she is a rabbit trying to be a cat, or a cat trying to be a rabbit. She succeeds, any way. China is rather handsome. Her coat is the most beautiful combination of soft buff and ermine fur,—a most pleasing color,—and she is a shapely little thing besides, with a fine head and pretty face. Like some other beauties, however, she is not as good as she is beautiful. She has a temper,—can be very playful and affectionate one minute, and scratch and bite the next without provocation. From an infant she seemed to have no conscience. She was a perfect whirlwind in the house, when the whim took her to frolic; went over chairs and all sorts of furniture like a flying-squirrel; succeeded in about a week in tearing off all the gimp from the chairs and lounges, climbed the azalia trees, shook off the blossoms, and then broke the stems. Punishment she minded not at all,—only to escape from it for the moment. I think she had not, as a kitten, a grain of moral sense, and yet she was "awful cunning" and entertaining,—more so than a spoiled child. We got a sedate old cat to come and live with China. She drove that big cat out of the house

and off the premises in less than half a day; and that, too, when she was n't more than seven inches long. She went at the big cat with incredible fury, with the blaze and momentum of a little fire-ball.

Now that China has come to be of decent size, some of the vivacity and playfulness has gone out of her, but she is really untamed,—goes for things on the table, steals, and all that; and it is more difficult than ever to tell whether she is a rabbit or a cat. We have another companion for her,—a mild, staid old grandmother of a cat, with a very big tail, enough for two, if they would share it. China treats her with no respect, but, on the whole, they get on well, quarreling only half the time, and consent to live in the same house. China overlooks the intrusion.

But as to the nature of China, this is what happened recently. China's mistress had undertaken to raise some radishes, in advance of the season, in a box in her conservatory. It was a slow process, owing to lack of heat or lack of disposition in the radishes to grow. They came up, shot up, grew slender, tall and pale. Occasionally the mistress would pull up one to see why the bottoms did n't grow, so that we could eat them; but she never discovered why. The plants spindled up, all top and no radish; and by and by they got tired and laid down to rest. They might in time come to something. In fact, they began to look as if they were thickening in the stem and going to grow in the root. One morning they were gone. Gone, after weeks of patient watching, watering, and anxious expectation! Nibbled off close to the ground. China had eaten every one of them short.

Now, does n't that show that China is a rabbit? Will a cat eat radish tops? This is one thing I want to know.

There came once to our house a facetious person; that is, a person who makes jokes likely to hurt your feelings; and he looked at the cat, and said it did n't matter if it had no tail, that I could write one for it. I have done so.

But that makes no difference. What I want to know now from the children of ST. NICHOLAS is this: What can I do with her? I can neither give her away for a cat, nor sell her for a rabbit. Do you think it would coax a tail out of her to put her under blue glass?



HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.



CHAPTER VI.

"We never can be jollier than this!" cried Lilla, in an irrepressible burst of enjoyment. "Oh, that it might last forever, and that seminaries for young ladies might be turned into zoölogical

gardens! Then we could keep house here forever and take tea with Miss Mirandy every week, if she asked us. What a good supper that was, girls!! Oh, Belle and Jo, you ought to be overcome with remorse when you think what you might give us to eat, if you were only energetic and ingenious!"

"You're the very essence of thanklessness!" answered Belle, in high dudgeon. "It's just a fiery martyrdom to cook for you, girls, you are so ungrateful!"

"My dear child, I'm sorry for my remark," said Lilla, with sweet repentance. "It was very thoughtless in me to rouse your anger until after the next meal. Any impertinence of ours is sure to be visited upon us in the form of oatmeal mush, or salt fish and crackers."

"Lilla Porter, if you 'want to be an angel,' it

would be better to draw your thoughts away from eatables for a time. You talk entirely too much about food to be elegant," said Edith Lambert. "When you are through with your nonsense, I have something to propose for our final 'good time.' We've only four days, it's true, 'and pity 't is 't is true;' but we must go away with flying colors, and astonish the natives with our genius. Now I ——"

"Si-lence in court!" cried Jo, impressively. "Let me offer you the coal-hod for a platform; it wont tip over. Go on, you look as dignified as a policeman."

"Stop your nonsense, Jo. You remember, Belle, the time at school when we made a comic pantomime of 'Young Lochinvar,' and acted it before the professors?"

"Indeed I do," laughed Belle, in recollection. "We girls took all the characters. What fun it was!"

"Well, why can't we do that again, changing and improving it, of course? Our boys are so clever and bright about anything of the kind, they would be irresistibly funny. What do you think?"

"I like the idea," answered Sadie Weld. "Uncle Harry's large hall would be just the place for it, and the stage is already there."

"Yes," proceeded Allie; "we can't think of anything that would be greater fun. How shall we cast the characters? You must be the bride,

Belle, the 'fair Ellen;' you will do it better than anybody. Jo will make up into the funniest old lady for a mother, and the rest of us can be the bride-maidens. Hugh Pennell will be a glorious Young Lochinvar, if he can be persuaded to run away with Belle."

"Yes," said Edith, "and poor Jack will have to be the 'craven bridegroom' who loses his bride, and Geoff, the 'stern parient.'"

"Uncle Harry will read the poem, I know," continued Belle; "Phil Howard, Royal Lawrence and Harry will be bride-men. We'll perform the piece in such a tragic way that each separate hair in the audience shall stand erect."

"But, oh the work, girls!" sighed Sadie,—"wooden horses to be made for the elopement scene, Scottish dresses, and all sorts of toggery to be hunted up; can we ever do it?"

"Nonsense; of course we can," rejoined Belle, energetically. "We can consult every book on private theatricals, Scottish history, manners and costumes in the house. Let us get up at five to-morrow morning, have a simple breakfast of —"

"Mush and milk," finished Lilla, with grim sarcasm. "If time must be saved, of course it must come out of the cooking! How are we to do all this amount of work on a low diet I'd like to know?"

"How are the cooks to get time for anything outside the kitchen if they humor your unnatural appetite? Out of kindness, we are going to lower you gradually, meal by meal, into the pit of boarding-school fare."

"'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I don't care to be starved beforehand by way of getting used to it," retorted Lilla, as she lighted the bedroom candles. "Come, girls, do put out the fire; it was sleepy-time an hour ago, and if you want to see something beautiful, look out through this piazza window."

Beneath them lay the steep river-bank, smooth with its white glittering crust, above which a few naked alders pushed their snow-weighted fingertips; one rugged old pine-tree in the garden, standing grand, solemn and fearless; the quiet river, turned by King Winter into an icy mirror; the fall below, over which the waters tumbled too furiously to be frozen; the old bridge knitting together the two little villages; and over all the dazzling winter moonlight.

Six dreamy faces now at the cottage-window. Six girlish figures, all drawn closely together, with arms lovingly clasped. The beautiful, solemn stillness of the picture hushed them into quietness, and Belle impulsively bent her brown head down to the window-sill, and whispered softly:

"Dear Lord, make us pure and white within as thy world is without."

"Pull down the curtain," sighed Jo; "it makes me feel wicked!"

CHAPTER VII.

ON the next morning, and indeed on all those left of their stay, the six housekeepers were up at an alarmingly early hour, so that the sun, accustomed to being the earliest of all risers, felt himself quite behindhand and outshone.

In vain he clambered up over the hill-side in a desperate hurry; they were always before him with lighted candles. As for the clock, it held up its hands in astonishment, and struck five shrill exclamation points of surprise to see six wide-awake girls tumbling out of their warm nests at such hours.

The day's hours were hardly many enough for the day's plans; there were farewell, coasting, skating and sleighing parties, beside active daily preparations for the pantomime. The costumes of the boys were gorgeous to behold, and were fashioned entirely by the girls' clever fingers. They consisted of scarlet or blue flannel shirts, short plaid skirts, colored stockings striped with braid, sashes worn over shoulder, and jaunty little caps with bobbing feathers.

On the last happy evening of their stay, the event-



THE BOOKS THEY CONSULTED.

ful evening of "Young Lochinvar," the guests gathered from all the surrounding country to see

the frolic. There were people from North X, South X, East X, and West X, from X Upper Corner, X Lower Corner, and X Four Corners, and everybody had brought his uncle and cousins.

In the big dressing-room, the young actors were assembled,—in a high state of exuberance and excitement, fortunately, else they would have been decidedly frightened at the ordeal. Jo was trying to make herself look seventy; and, though not succeeding, transformed herself into a very presentable Scottish dame, with her short satin gown and apron, lace kerchief and glasses. Edith was giving one pointed burnt-cork eyebrow to Hugh, that he might wear a sufficiently dashing and defiant expression for Lochinvar. Jack was before the mirror practicing his meek expression for the jilted bridegroom.

Belle had sunk into a chair, and folded her hands to "get up" her courage. As to her dress, nobody knew whether it was the proper one for a Scottish bride or not; but it was the only available thing, and certainly she looked in it a very bewitching and sufficient excuse for Lochinvar's rash folly. It was of some shining white material, and came below the ankle, just showing a pair of jaunty high-heeled slippers; the skirt was brodered and flounced to the belt, the waist simple and full, with short puffed sleeves; while a bridal veil and dainty crown of flowers made her as winsome and bonny as a white Scottish rose.

Uncle Harry stumbled in at the low door.

"Are you ready, young fry?" asked he; "it is half-past seven, and we ought to begin."

"Put out the foot-lights; give the people back their money, and tell them the prima donna is dangerously ill!" gasped Belle, faintly, fanning herself excitedly with a box-cover. "I don't believe I can ever do it. Hugh, are you perfectly sure our horse won't break down on the stage when we elope?"

"Calm yourself, 'fair Ellen,' and trust to my horsemanship. Does n't the poem say:

'In all the wide border, his steed was the best;'

and does n't this exactly embody Scott's idea?"—pointing to a very wild and cross-eyed looking wooden effigy mounted on a pair of trucks.

Have you ever read Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Young Lochinvar?" I hope so, for they are brave old verses, albeit the moral may not be the best for nineteenth-century boys and girls. It begins:

"O young Lochinvar is come out of the West;
In all the wide border, his steed was the best;

And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

And then it goes on to say that he rode fast and far, staid not for brakes, stopped not for stones, but all in vain; for ere he alighted at Netherby Gate, the fair Ellen, overcome by parental authority, had consented to be married,

"For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar."

But he, nothing daunted, boldly entered the bridal hall among bride-men and bride-maids and kinsmen, thereby raising so general a commotion that the bride's father cried at once (the poor craven bridegroom being struck quite dumb):

"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!"

The lover answers with great indifference that though he has in past time been exceeding fond of the young person called Ellen, he has now merely come to tread a measure and drink one cup of wine, for although love swells like the tide, it ebbs like it also. So he drinks her health while she sighs and blushes, weeps and smiles alternately; then he takes her "soft hand," her parents fretting and fuming the while, and leads the dance with her,—he so stately, she so lovely, that they are the subject of much envy and gossip. But while thus treading the measure, he whispers in her ear something to which she apparently consents, without any unwillingness, and at the right moment they dance out by the back door, where the charger stands ready saddled. Quick as thought he swings her lightly up, springs before her, and they dash furiously away.

"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar."

As soon as their flight is discovered, there is wild excitement and hasty mounting of all the Netherby clan; there is racing and chasing over the fields, but they never recover the lost bride.

"So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

Uncle Harry read the poem through in such a stirring way that the audience were fairly warmed into interest; then, standing by the side of the stage with the curtain rolled up, he read it again, line by line, or verse by verse, to explain the action. During the first stanza, Lochinvar made his triumphal entrance, riding a prancing hobby with a

sweeping tail of raveled rope, and a mane to match ; gorgeous trappings, adorned with sleigh-bells and ornamental paper designs, and bunches of cotton tacked on for flecks of foam.

Lochinvar himself wore gray pasteboard armor, a pair of carpet slippers with ferocious spurs, red mittens ;—and he carried a huge carving-knife. His costume alone was enough to convulse any one, but the manner in which he careered wildly about the stage, displaying his valorous horsemanship as

room on his arm, while the bridegroom looks on wretchedly, the parents quarrel, and the bride-maidens whisper :

" 'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

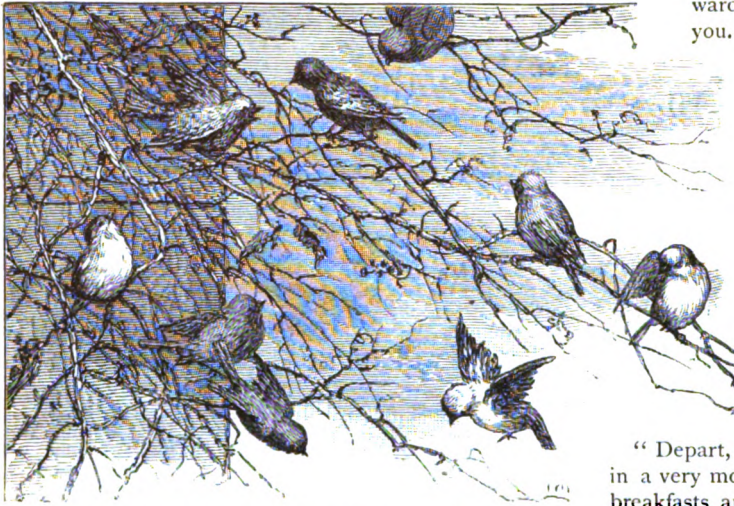
At the first opportunity, the guests walk leisurely out, and young Lochinvar gets an imaginary chance to draw Ellen hastily back into the supper-room. He whispers the magic word into her ear, she starts in horror and draws back ; he urges ; she demurs ;



BEFORE THE PLAY.

he rode to the wedding, was perfectly irresistible. The next scene opens in Netherby Hall, showing the bridal party all assembled in gala dress. Into this family gathering presently strides the determined lover, with his carving-knife sheathed for politeness' sake. Then follows a comical pantomime between the angry parents, who demand his intentions, and the adroit Lochinvar, who declares them to be peaceful. The father (Geoffrey Strong) at last gives unwilling permission to drink one cup of wine and lead one measure with the bride. She kisses the goblet (a quart dipper), he quaffs off the liquor and throws down the cup. Fair Ellen giggles with pleasure, and promenades about the

he pleads ; she shows signs of surrender ; he begs on his bended knees ; she yields at length, with a broad grin, to the plan of the elopement. Then he darts to the outside door and brings in his charger (rather a unique proceeding, but necessary under the circumstances). As the flight was to be made on horseback, much ingenuity and labor was needed to arrange it artistically. The horse's head was the work of Geoff's hand, and for meekness of expression, jadedness, utterly-cast-down-and-worn-out-ed-ness, it stood absolutely unrivaled. A pair of trucks were secreted beneath the horse-blankets, and the front legs of the animal pranced gayly out in front, taking that startling



and decided curve only seen in pictures of mowing-machines and horse-trots. Lochinvar quiets his fiery beast and swings Ellen up to the saddle, himself jumps up, waves his tall hat in triumph, and starts off at a snail's pace, the horse being dragged by a rope from behind the scenes. When half-way across the stage, Ellen nudges her lover hastily and seems to have forgotten something. Everybody in the room at once guesses it must be her baggage. She explains earnestly in pantomime; Lochinvar refuses to go back; she insists; he remains firm; she pouts and seemingly says she wont elope at all unless she can have her own way. He relents, and they go back to the house; Ellen runs up a back stair-way and comes down laden with maidenly traps. Greatly to the merriment of the observers, she loads them on the docile horse, in the face of Lochinvar's displeasure—two small looking-glasses, a bird-cage, and a French bonnet. She then leisurely draws on a pair of huge India-rubbers, unfurls a yellow linen umbrella, and suffers herself to be remounted just as her lover's patience is ebbing. The second trip across the stage was accomplished in safety, though with anything but the fleetness common to elopements.

Then came the pursuit. Four bride-men on slashing hobby-horses, jumping fences, leaping bars and ditches in hot excitement; four bride-maids, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads, running hither and thither in confusion; the old mother and father, limping in and straining their eyes for a sight of their refractory daughter; and last of all, poor Jack, the deserted bridegroom, with never a horse left to him, puffing and panting in his angry chase. It was done! How people laughed till they cried, how they continued to laugh for five minutes after-

ward you. I cannot begin to tell It had been the perfection of fun from first to last, and seemed all the funnier because it was original with the bright bevy of young folks. The lights at length were all out and the finery bundled up, many farewells were said, and as they trudged through the garden for the last time, the sorry thoughts would come, although the party was much too youthful and cheery to be very sad.

"Depart, fun and frolic!" sighed Lilla, in a very mournful tone. "Depart, late breakfasts and other delights of laziness!

Enter, boarding-school, books, bells and other banes of existence!"

"I am as savage as a—hydrant or any other monster," snapped Jo. "Now I know how Eve must have felt when she had to pack up and leave the garden; only she went because she insisted upon eating of the tree of knowledge, while I must go and eat whether I will or not."

"Your appetite is n't so great that you'll ever be troubled with indigestion," dryly rejoined Sadie, the student of the "six."

"Fancy starting off at eight to-morrow morning; fancy reaching school at noon, and sitting stupidly down to a dinner of fried liver and cracker-pudding! Ugh! it makes me shiver," said Allie.

"Think of us," cried Geoff, "going back to college, and settling into regular 'digs'!"

"No slang!" scolded Edith, saucily. "If 'digs' is a contraction of dignitaries, you'll certainly never be those; if you mean you are to delve into the mines of learning, that's doubtful, too; but if it's a corruption of Dig-ger Indian, I should say there might be some force in your remark."

"Hugh, I was really proud of you to-night," laughed Belle. "You made yourself very nearly as ridiculous and foolish as I made myself."

It was afternoon of the next day. The six little housekeepers were gone, and the dejected boys went into the garden to take a last look at the empty cottage. On the door was a long piece of fluttering white paper, tied with black crape. It proved to be the parting words of the "Jolly Six."

"How dear to our hearts are the scenes of vacation,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The coasting, the sleigh-rides, and—chief recreation—
That gayest of picnics with squires so true.

And now, torn away from the loved situation,
The bump of conceit will explosively swell,
As proudly we think, never since the creation,
Did any young housekeepers keep house so well!

But though our great genius so highly we've rated,
Yet all that belongs to the kitchen, we know;
And feel that from infancy we have been fated
For scrubbing and cooking far more than for show.

The cook-stove and dish-pan to us are so charming,
So toothsome the compounds we often have mixed,
That though you may think the news very alarming,
On housekeeping ever our minds are all fixed."

This nonsense the boys read with hearty laughter, and latching the gate behind them, they went off, leaving the place verily deserted.

The setting sun shone rosily in at the piazza window, but fell blankly against a gray curtain, instead of smiling into six laughing faces as before.

A noisy crowd of sparrows settled on the bare branches over the door-step, and twittered as if expecting the supper of bread-crumbs which girlish hands had been wont to throw them, and at last flew away disappointed. In the old house opposite, Miss Mirandy sat in her high-backed chair knitting as fiercely as ever, while Miss Jane was at her post by the window, drearily watching the sun go down.

She turned away with the glow of a new thought in her wrinkled face. "Mirandy!" called she, sharply.

No answer but the sharp click of knitting-needles.

"Mirandy Sawyer! What do you say to—adopting—of—a child!"

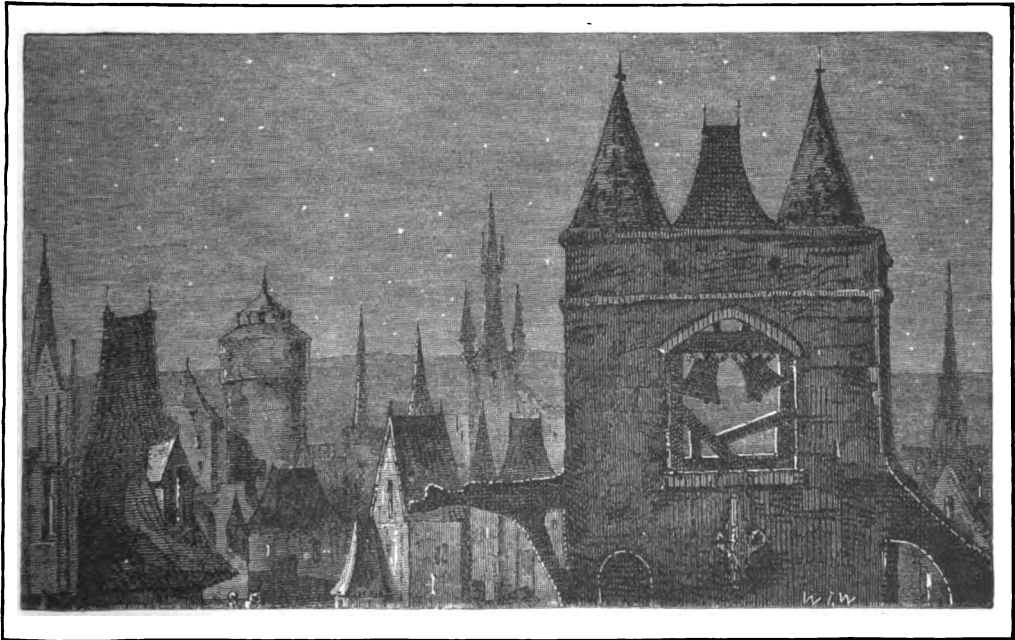
Miss Jane never sugared her pills, but cast them uncoated into the wide-open mouths of listeners.

"It seems like a streak of sunshine had gone out the place with them young creeturs, and I think we've lived here alone long enough! I should like to give one girl a chance of being a brighter, livelier woman than I be. Yes, you may drop your knitting, Mirandy, but you know it as well as I do!"

No wonder that Miss Sawyer looked very much as if she had been struck by lightning; the more wonder that the quiet old house did n't shake to its foundation, when this proposal was made. Indeed, old Tabby on the hearth-rug did wake up, startled, no doubt, by the consciousness that a child's hand might pull her tail in future days.

So, happiness, after all, is of some good in the world, since half a dozen happy young housekeepers showed two unhappy old ones the need of love and cheerfulness to brighten their lives.

THE END.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IN the heart of the busy city,
 In the scorching noon-tide heat,
 A sound of bubbling water
 Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a gray stone basin,
 And over the cool wet brink
 The heads of thirsty horses
 Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
 As the horses come and go,
 "The Gift of Three Little Sisters"
 Is read on the stone below.

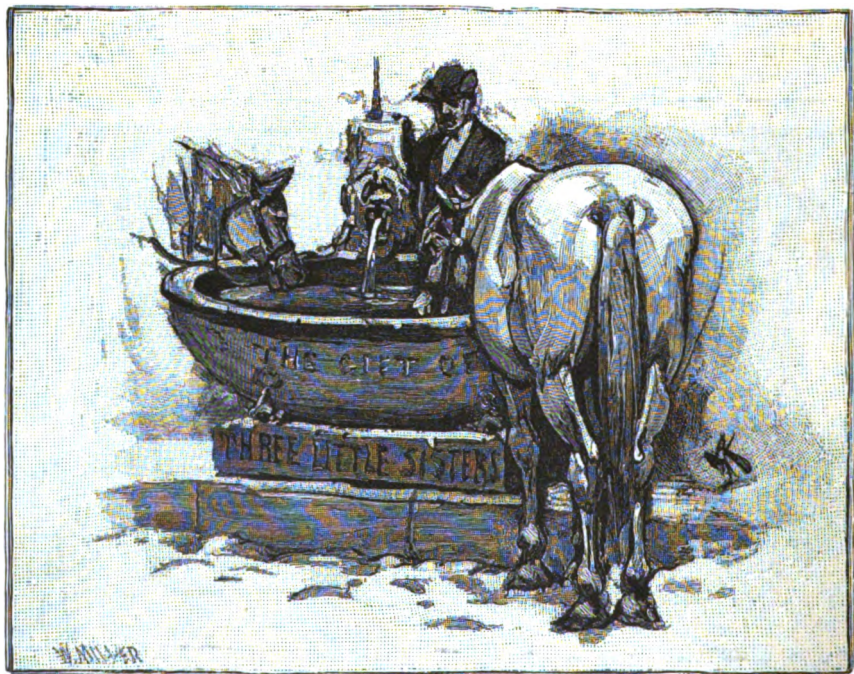
Ah, beasts are not taught letters,
 They know no alphabet;
 And never a horse in all these years
 Has read the words, and yet

I think that each toil-worn creature
 Who stops to drink by the way,
 His thanks in his own dumb fashion,
 To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
 Wrought at the basin's stone;
 The kindly little sisters
 Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fates
 Or the name they bear to men,
 But the sweetness of their gracious deed
 Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
 They must the happier be,
 For this "Cup of Water" given by them
 When they were children three.





SOME MALAYAN DANCES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

WHILE on a cruise among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, our ship put in at Batavia for a week's repairs. Batavia is the Dutch capital of Java, wholly under the control of Holland; and its Dutch architecture, and Dutch manners of living, make one feel as if every house had been built in far-away Amsterdam, then boxed up, people, furniture, and all, and sent by ship across the waters. So, to know anything of the natives to whom this great, beautiful island originally belonged, of their habits, dress, and amusements, one must visit the Malayan settlements of the interior; and

a little party of us determined thus to spend the week of our ship's stay at Batavia.

We had made the acquaintance of a petty chieftain, who once had been in the service of the Rajah of Djokjaskarta; and for a small fee, Selim volunteered to escort our party to the court of his former master, and if possible, to procure us admittance to the royal presence. Selim we found to be evidently a favorite with the Rajah, or *Sultan*, as he is called by his own subjects; and we were received with more favor than we had ventured to hope for, by this very exclusive Malayan prince,

who usually declines the interchange of all civilities with foreigners—strangers especially. But thanks to Selim's kindness, the Rajah not only gave us a cordial welcome to his palace, but also invited us to dine, and after a sumptuous repast of Malayan dainties served in Malayan style, he called in, for our entertainment, his favorite bands of singing and dancing girls. The dancers came first. They were lovely, graceful little creatures, hardly beyond their childhood, with bright faces, and pretty, girlish motions; and they glided into the room, each playing on a timbrel or a lute.

Every one of the dancers was crowned with natural flowers, and each wore, in addition, a massive wreath, that was passed over the left shoulder, and under the right arm, extending far down below the knees. These wreaths, we soon learned, were not designed merely or mainly for ornament. They were very compactly formed of evergreens and the tiny buds of fragrant flowers, such as would not fall to pieces readily; and each *danseuse* used her wreath very much as little girls sometimes use a hoop, in such games as "thread-the-needle," and "running the gauntlet." In truth, one of these Malayan dances was almost identical with the latter game, as I used to play it in my school-days—with only the difference that these orientals used their flower-wreaths to jump through, instead of the less graceful hoop. And let me tell you, it was a pretty sight to watch a dozen of these bright-eyed Malayan girls in their flower-crowns and short, picturesque dresses, chasing one another through a whole line of wreathed arches that were held in place, each by a holder on either side, the flying leapers clearing each wreath at a bound, without the pause of a second.

In one of the dances, the girls twirled rapidly around in a circle, the wreaths were thrown from one neck to another, in a twinkling, and so completely in accord were the movements, that there was seldom a neck carrying either two or none. The entertainment closed by the entire company, with hand joined in hand, dancing in a graceful ring around the Sultan; and each, as she came *vis-à-vis* with the great man, laid her wreath and crown, with a profound salaam, at his feet, and again joined her companions. Then all passed out, leaving behind two huge pyramids of lovely natural flowers, that loaded the air with fragrance.

At Bandony we attended a *gammelang*, a sort of half-play and half-concert, of which high-bred Malays are very fond; but in which the lower class never indulge. There were about three hundred instruments, timbrels, cymbals, drums, violins, triangles, tom-toms, horns, and flutes; and the deafening din produced by the combination, I cannot begin to describe. The very thought

of it caused my ears to tingle for a week afterward; but the natives said the music was excellent, and I suppose it was, if only there had been less of it. For the Malays are the most musical people of the East, and I have heard them sing songs of wonderful sweetness.

Some girls and boys acted a comical little farce just after the noisy music I have described; and the pretty, girlish performers were very fancifully dressed. But I thought the game scarcely a fair one. For each dainty damsel would single out one of her boy admirers, and invite his approach by offering him a flower, or holding out her hand toward him, and then, the moment he came within arm's length, she would throw a bon-bon in his face, and retreat behind her companions, who all joined her in laughing merrily at the youth's discomfiture. The last we saw of them the whole group were dancing gayly beneath a live palm-tree, and the next moment, tree, maidens and all disappeared, none of us knew how or where. At least, I did not. The natives, however, who are used to such wonderful feats, took the disappearance very coolly; but our unaccustomed eyes gazed with untold wonder at the vacant space, where, but a moment before, we had seen growing, in tropic luxuriance, this mammoth tree, loaded with leaves, fruits, and flowers.

At a later day we had an opportunity of witnessing the "sword-dance" of the Malays, the most noted of all their national dances. Ordinarily, it is performed by some thirty or forty ten-year-old lads, who are trained to their vocation from a very early age; but who practice it in public only for a year or so, before they are set aside as no longer sufficiently light and agile for this very peculiar dance. The boys are rigged out in very fantastic costume, their hats especially, which are fancifully adorned with the plumage of many-colored birds, intermingled with brightly gleaming jewels. The only weapons used are wooden swords; but the youthful gymnasts seem thoroughly in earnest, and rush upon one another with all the fury of real combatants, their eyes gleaming fiercely, and their dark faces glowing with excitement. They all brandish their swords with great dexterity, dealing blows sidewise, and even backward, while they are in the very act of whizzing and whirling round the room in a rapid gallopade. Their motions are not less graceful than enthusiastic; and though the company is numerous, and the turns and thrusts are sudden, none seem taken unawares; nor is there even the slightest apparent confusion. Sometimes single combats follow the general engagement, each selecting his own opponent; but the boys are so well matched in regard to size, and all are so perfectly trained, that really there seems little advan-

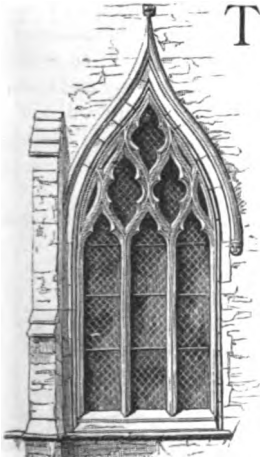
tage to be gained. The grand climax of the whole affair is to force two of their leaders into a corner, surround them with a circle of crossed swords, and hold them prisoners until one or the other succeeds in gaining possession of his opponent's weapon. The victor then receives as a prize a real sword, and is thenceforth honorably discharged from further trials of his skill; while the unfortunate lad who permitted himself to be disarmed, has to go through an additional season of probation.

The ordinary dress of the lower class of Malays is very simple, consisting for the most part of a long, loose "sarong," or petticoat, in place of trousers, and a tight-fitting jacket of white or red cotton; but the garb of the princes is very gorgeous.

The rajahs wore sarongs of heavy silk, jackets of velvet richly embroidered in gold and tiny seed-pearls, and jeweled girdles that seemed all ablaze with diamonds. Both turbans and sandals were adorned in the same costly fashion; and as for the creese or serpentine dagger, without which a Malay, whatever his rank, never appears, those of the rajahs were marvels of costly workmanship. The display of wealth in the palaces of these native chiefs was far beyond what we expected to find; but we learned afterward that Malayan "sultans" are pirate chiefs as well; and though they don't, in person, rob or murder on the high seas, they derive enormous revenues from the piratical hordes that everywhere infest the Malay Archipelago.

THE KING'S CHURCH.

A SWEDISH LEGEND.



THERE was once a king, who, to the honor and glory of God, erected a magnificent cathedral, and, by his express order, no one was allowed to contribute to it even a shilling, for he wished to complete it all alone at his own expense. So it was done, and beautiful and grand stood the cathedral in all its pomp and splendor. Then the king caused to be put up a great marble tablet, on which he had

carved, with letters of gold, an inscription, announcing that he, the king, had built the church, and that no one else had contributed thereto a single shilling. But when the tablet had remained up one day and one night, the inscription was altered in the night, and in place of the king's name was another, and it was the name of a poor woman, so that now it stood written that she had built the splendid cathedral.

This enraged the king to the highest degree, and he immediately had her name erased and his own inscribed again. But the next day the poor woman's name was again found upon the tablet, and again the people read that she had built the temple. For the third time the king's name was

replaced in the inscription, and for the third time it vanished, and the other appeared in its stead. Then the king perceived that it was the finger of God which had written, and he sent for the woman and brought her before his throne. Full of anguish and terror, she stood in the presence of the king, who addressed her thus:

"Woman, a wonderful thing has occurred. Now, before God, and to save thy life, tell me the truth. Didst thou not hear my command that no one should contribute anything to the cathedral? Hast thou, notwithstanding, given somewhat?"

Then the woman fell humbly at the king's feet and said:

"Mercy! my lord, the king! Under thy favor will I acknowledge all. I am a very poor woman, and earn my bit of bread by spinning, so that I need not die of hunger, and, having saved up a shilling, I wished, for God's honor, to give it to the building of thy temple. But, O king! I feared thy ordinance and thy stern threatenings, and therefore I bought with my shilling a bundle of hay and strewed it before the oxen that dragged the stone for thy church, and they ate it. So I sought to fulfill my wish without transgressing thy command."

When the king heard the woman's words, he was much moved, and perceived that God had looked into her good heart, and accepted her offering as a richer contribution than all he had lavished upon the costly temple. The monarch then bestowed rich gifts upon the woman, and meekly accepted the rebuke that God had given him.

Christmas Day.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men."

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day,
on Christmas Day ;

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day
in the morning !"



When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day ;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine,
With luster of a light divine.

Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas !" in their sleep ;
And dream about the Christmas-tree ;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear ;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas !" prayer.

While through it all, so sweet and strong,

Is heard the holy angels' song ;
"Glory be to God above !
On earth be peace and helpful love !"

And on the street, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin :

"Waken, Christian children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

"Come, nor fear to seek
Him,
Children though we be ;
Once He said of children,
'Let them come to me.'

"Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the king of glory,
Born for us to-day."



BEHIND THE WHITE BRICK.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

It began with Aunt Hetty's being out of temper, which, it must be confessed, was nothing new. At its best, Aunt Hetty's temper was none of the most charming, and this morning it was at its worst. She had awakened to the consciousness of having a hard day's work before her, and she had awakened late, and so every thing had gone wrong from the first. There was a sharp ring in her voice when she came to Jem's bedroom-door and called out, "Jemima! Get up this minute!"

Jem knew what to expect when Aunt Hetty began a day by calling her "Jemima." It was one of the poor child's grievances that she had been given such an ugly name. In all the books she had read, and she had read a great many, Jem never had met a heroine who was called Jemima. But it had been her mother's favorite sister's name, and so it had fallen to her lot. Her mother always called her "Jem," or "Mimi," which was much prettier, and even Aunt Hetty only reserved Jemima for unpleasant state occasions.

It was a dreadful day to Jem. Her mother was not at home and would not be until night. She had been called away unexpectedly and had been obliged to leave Jem and the baby to Aunt Hetty's mercies.

So Jem found herself busy enough. Scarcely had she finished doing one thing when Aunt Hetty told her to begin another. She wiped dishes and picked fruit and attended to the baby, and when baby had gone to sleep, and everything else seemed disposed of, for a time at least, she was so tired that she was glad to sit down.

And then she thought of the book she had been reading the night before,—a certain delightful story-book, about a little girl whose name was Flora, and who was so happy and rich and pretty and good that Jem had likened her to the little princesses one reads about, to whose christening feast every fairy brings a gift.

"I shall have time to write my chapter before dinner-time comes," said Jem, and she sat down snugly in one corner of the wide old-fashioned fire-place.

But she had not read more than two pages before something dreadful happened. Aunt Hetty came into the room in a great hurry,—in such a hurry, indeed, that she caught her foot in the matting and fell, striking her elbow sharply against a chair, which so upset her temper that the moment she found herself on her feet she flew at Jem.

"What!" she said, snatching the book from her, "Reading again, when I am running all over the house for you?" And she flung the pretty little blue-covered volume into the fire.

Jem sprang to rescue it with a cry, but it was impossible to reach it, it had fallen into a great hollow of red coal and the blaze caught it at once.

"You are a wicked woman!" cried Jem, in a dreadful passion, to Aunt Hetty. "You are a wicked woman."

Then matters reached a climax. Aunt Hetty boxed her ears, pushed her back on her little foot-stool, and walked out of the room.

Jem hid her face on her arms and cried as if her heart would break. She cried until her eyes were heavy, and she thought she should be obliged to go to sleep. But just as she was thinking of going to sleep, something fell down the chimney and made her look up. It was a piece of mortar, and it brought a great deal of soot with it. She bent forward and looked up to see where it had come from. The chimney was so very wide that this was easy enough. She could see where the mortar had fallen from the side and left a white patch.

"How white it looks against the black!" said Jem. "It is like a white brick among the black ones. What a queer place a chimney is! I can see a bit of the blue sky, I think."

And then a funny thought came into her fanciful little head. What a many things were burned in the big fire-place, and vanished in smoke or tinder up the chimney! Where did everything go? There was Flora, for instance,—Flora who was represented on the frontispiece,—with lovely, soft flowing hair, and a little fringe on her pretty round forehead, crowned with a circlet of daisies, and a laugh in her wide-awake round eyes. Where was she by this time? Certainly there was nothing left of her in the fire. Jem almost began to cry again at the thought.

"It was too bad," she said. "She was so pretty and funny, and I did like her so!"

I dare say it scarcely will be credited by unbelieving people when I tell them what happened next, it was such a very singular thing, indeed.

Jem felt herself gradually lifted off her little foot-stool.

"Oh!" she said, timidly. "I feel very light."

She did feel light indeed. She felt so light that she was sure she was rising gently in the air.

"Oh!" she said, again. "How—how very

light I feel! Oh, dear! I'm going up the chimney!"

It was rather strange that she never thought of calling for help, but she did not. She was not easily frightened; and now she was only wonderfully astonished, as she remembered afterward. She shut her eyes tight and gave a little gasp.

"I've heard Aunt Hetty talk about the draught drawing things up the chimney, but I never knew it was as strong as this," she said.

She went up, up, up, quietly and steadily, and without any uncomfortable feeling at all; and then all at once she stopped, feeling that her feet rested against something solid. She opened her eyes and looked about her, and there she was, standing right opposite the white brick, her feet on a tiny ledge.

"Well," she said, "this is funny."

But the next thing that happened was funnier still. She found, that without thinking what she was doing, she was knocking on the white brick with her knuckles, as if it was a door, and she expected somebody to open it. The next minute she heard footsteps, and then a sound as if some one was drawing back a little bolt.

"It is a door," said Jem, "and somebody is going to open it."

The white brick moved a little, and some more mortar and soot fell, then the brick moved a little more, and then it slid aside and left an open space.

"It's a room!" cried Jem. "There's a room behind it."

And so there was, and before the open space stood a pretty little girl, with long lovely hair, and a fringe on her forehead! Jem clasped her hands in amazement. It was Flora, herself, as she looked in the picture, and Flora stood laughing and nodding.

"Come in!" she said. "I thought it was you."

"But how can I come in through such a little place?" asked Jem.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Flora. "Here, give me your hand."

Jem did as she told her, and found that it was easy enough. In an instant she had passed through the opening, the white brick had gone back to its place, and she was standing by Flora's side in a large room—the nicest room she had ever seen. It was big and lofty and light, and there were all kinds of delightful things in it,—books, and flowers, and playthings, and pictures, and in one corner a great cage full of love-birds.

"Have I ever seen it before?" asked Jem, glancing slowly round.

"Yes," said Flora, "You saw it last night—in your mind. Don't you remember it?"

Jem shook her head.

"I feel as if I did, but ——"

"Why," said Flora, laughing, "it's my room, the one you read about last night."

"So it is," said Jem. "But how did you come here?"

"I can't tell you that; I myself don't know, but I am here, and so," rather mysteriously, "are a great many other things."



"Are they?" said Jem, very much interested. "What things? Burned things? I was just wondering ——"

"Not only burned things," said Flora, nodding. "Just come with me and I'll show you something."

She led the way out of the room and down a little passage with several doors in each side of it, and she opened one door and showed Jem what was on the other side of it. That was a room, too, and this time it was funny as well as pretty. Both floor and walls were padded with rose color, and the floor was strewn with toys. There were big soft balls, rattles, horses, woolly dogs, and a doll or so; there was one low cushioned chair, and a low table.

"You can come in," said a shrill little voice behind the door. "Only mind you don't tread on things."

"What a funny little voice!" said Jem, but she had no sooner said it than she jumped back.

The owner of the voice who had just come forward was no other than Baby.

"Why," exclaimed Jem, beginning to feel frightened, "I left you fast asleep in your crib."

"Did you?" said Baby, somewhat scornfully.

"That's just the way with you grown-up people. You think you know everything, and yet you have n't discretion enough to know when a pin is sticking into one. You'd know soon enough if you had one sticking into your own back."

"But I'm not grown up," stammered Jem, "and when you are at home you can neither walk nor talk: you're not six months old!"

"Well, Miss," retorted Baby, whose wrongs seemed to have soured her disposition somewhat, "you have no need to throw that in my teeth; you were not six months old, either, when you were my age."

Jem could not help laughing.

"You have n't got any teeth!" she said.

"Have n't I?" said Baby, and she displayed two beautiful rows with some haughtiness of manner. "When I am up here," she said, "I am supplied with the modern conveniences, and that's why I never complain. Do I ever cry when I am asleep? It's not falling asleep I object to, it's falling awake."

"Wait a minute," said Jem. "Are you asleep now?"

"I'm what you call asleep. I can only come here when I'm what you call asleep. Asleep, indeed! It's no wonder we always cry when we have to fall awake."

"But we don't mean to be unkind to you," protested Jem, meekly.

She could not help thinking Baby was very severe.

"Don't mean!" said Baby. "Well, why don't you think more, then? How would you like to have all the nice things snatched away from you, and all the old rubbish packed off on you as if you had n't any sense? How would you like to have to sit and stare at things you wanted, and not be able to reach them, or if you did reach them, have them fall out of your hand, and roll away in the most unfeeling manner? And then be scolded and called 'cross!' It's no wonder we are bald. You'd be bald yourself. It's trouble and worry that keep us bald until we can begin to take care of ourselves. I had more hair than this at first, but it fell off, as well it might. No philosopher ever thought of that, I suppose!"

"Well," said Jem, in despair, "I hope you enjoy yourself when you are here?"

"Yes, I do," answered Baby. "That's one comfort. There is nothing to knock my head against, and things have patent stoppers on them, so that they can't roll away, and everything is soft and easy to pick up."

There was a slight pause after this, and Baby seemed to cool down.

"I suppose you would like me to show you round," she said.

"Not if you have any objection," replied Jem, who was rather subdued.

"I would as soon do it as not," said Baby. "You are not as bad as some people, though you do get my clothes twisted when you hold me."

Upon the whole, she seemed rather proud of her position. It was evident she quite regarded herself as hostess. She held her small bald head very high indeed, as she trotted on before them. She stopped at the first door she came to, and knocked three times. She was obliged to stand upon tiptoe to reach the knocker.

"He's sure to be at home at this time of year," she remarked. "This is the busy season."

"Who's 'he'?" inquired Jem.

But Flora only laughed at Miss Baby's consequential air.

"S. C., to be sure," was the answer, as the young lady pointed to the door-plate, upon which Jem noticed, for the first time, "S. C." in very large letters.

The door opened, apparently without assistance, and they entered the apartment.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jem, the next minute. "Goodness gracious!"

She might well be astonished. It was such a long room that she could not see to the end of it, and it was piled from floor to ceiling with toys of every description, and there was such bustle and buzzing in it that it was quite confusing. The bustle and buzzing arose from a very curious cause, too,—it was the bustle and buzz of hundreds of tiny men and women who were working at little tables no higher than mushrooms,—the pretty tiny women cutting out and sewing, the pretty tiny men sawing and hammering, and all talking at once. The principal person in the place escaped Jem's notice at first; but it was not long before she saw him,—a little old gentleman, with a rosy face and sparkling eyes, sitting at a desk, and writing in a book almost as big as himself. He was so busy that he was quite excited, and had been obliged to throw his white fur coat and cap aside, and he was at work in his red waistcoat.

"Look here, if you please," piped Baby. "I have brought some one to see you."

When he turned round, Jem recognized him at once.

"Eh! Eh!" he said. "What! What! Who's this, Tootsiums?"

Baby's manner became very acid indeed.

"I should n't have thought you would have said that, Mr. Claus," she remarked. "I can't help myself down below, but I generally have my rights respected up here. I should like to know what sane godfather and godmother would give one the name of 'Tootsiums' in one's baptism. They are

bad enough, I must say; but I never heard of any of them calling a person 'Tootsicums'."

"Come, come!" said S. C., chuckling comfortably, and rubbing his hands. "Don't be too dignified,—it's a bad thing. And don't be too practical and fond of taking unpractical people down,—that's a bad thing, too. And don't be too fond of flourishing your rights in people's faces,—that's the worst of all, Miss Midget. Folks who make such a fuss about their rights turn them into wrongs sometimes."

Then he turned suddenly to Jem.



BIRDIE AND HER PET DOLL.

"You are the little girl from down below," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Jem. "I'm Jem, and this is my friend Flora,—out of the blue-book."

"I'm happy to make her acquaintance," said S. C., "and I'm happy to make yours. You are a nice child, though a trifle peppery. I'm very glad to see you."

"I'm very glad indeed to see you, sir," said Jem. "I was n't quite sure —"

But there she stopped, feeling that it would be scarcely polite to tell him that she had begun of late years to lose faith in him.

But S. C. only chuckled more comfortably than ever, and rubbed his hands again.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "You know who I am, then."

Jem hesitated a moment, wondering whether it would not be taking a liberty to mention his name without putting "Mr." before it; then she remembered what Baby had called him.

"Baby called you 'Mr. Claus,' sir," she replied; "and I have seen pictures of you."

"To be sure," said S. C. "S. Claus, Esquire, of Chimneyland. How do you like me?"

"Very much," answered Jem. "Very much, indeed, sir."

"Glad of it! Glad of it! But what was it you were going to say you were not quite sure of?"

Jem blushed a little.

"I was not quite sure that—that you were true, sir. At least I have not been quite sure since I have been older."

S. C. rubbed the bald part of his head and gave a little sigh.

"I hope I have not hurt your feelings, sir," faltered Jem, who was a very kind-hearted little soul.

"Well, no," said S. C. "Not exactly. And it is not your fault either. It is natural, I suppose; at any rate, it is the way of the world. People lose their belief in a great many things as they grow older; but that does not make the things not true, thank goodness; and their faith often comes back after a while. But, bless me!" he added briskly, "I'm moralizing, and who thanks a man for doing that? Suppose —"

"Black eyes or blue, sir?" said a tiny voice close to them.

Jem and Flora turned round, and

saw it was one of the small workers who was asking the question.

"Whom for?" inquired S. C.

"Little girl in the red brick house at the corner," said the workwoman; "name of Birdie."

"Excuse me a moment," said S. C. to the children, and he turned to the big book and began to run his fingers down the pages in a business-like manner. "Ah! here she is!" he exclaimed at last. "Blue eyes, if you please, Thistle, and

golden hair. And let it be a big one. She takes good care of them."

"Yes, sir," said Thistle; "I am personally



"BOYS ARE FOR HORSES AND RACKET."

acquainted with several dolls in her family. I go to parties in her dolls' house sometimes when she is fast asleep at night, and they all speak very highly of her. She is most attentive to them when they are ill. In fact, her pet doll is a cripple, with a stiff leg."

She ran back to her work, and S. C. finished his sentence.

"Suppose I show you my establishment," he said. "Come with me."

It really would be quite impossible to describe the wonderful things he showed them. Jem's head was quite in a whirl before she had seen one-half of them, and even Baby condescended to become excited.

"There must be a great many children in the world, Mr. Claus," ventured Jem.

"Yes, yes, millions of 'em; bless 'em," said S. C., growing rosier with delight at the very thought. "We never run out of them, that's one comfort. There's a large and varied assortment always on hand. Fresh ones every year, too, so that when one grows too old there is a new one ready. I have a place like this in every twelfth chimney. Now it's boys, now it's girls, always one or t'other; and there's no end of playthings for them, too, I'm glad to say. For girls, the great thing seems to be dolls. Blitzen! what comfort they *do* take in dolls! but the boys are for horses and racket."

They were standing near a table where a worker was just putting the finishing touch to the dress of a large wax doll, and just at that moment, to Jem's surprise, she set it on the floor, upon its feet, quite coolly.

"Thank you," said the Doll, politely.

Jem quite jumped.

"You can join the rest now and introduce yourself," said the worker.

The Doll looked over her shoulder at her train.

"It hangs very nicely," she said. "I hope it's the latest fashion."

"Mine never talked like that," said Flora. "My best one could only say 'Mamma,' and it said it very badly, too."

"She was foolish for saying it at all," remarked the Doll, haughtily. "We don't talk and walk before ordinary people; we keep our accomplishments for our own amusement, and for the amusement of our friends. If you should chance to get up in the middle of the night, some time, or should run into the room suddenly some day, after you have left it, you might hear—but what is the use of talking to human beings?"

"You know a great deal, considering you are only just finished," snapped Baby, who really was a Tartar.

"I was FINISHED," retorted the Doll. "I did not begin life as a Baby!" very scornfully.

"Pooh!" said Baby. "We improve as we get older."

"I hope so, indeed," answered the Doll. "There is plenty of room for improvement." And she walked away in great state.

S. C. looked at Baby and then shook his head.



"THERE'S A GREAT COMFORT IN DOLLS."

"I shall not have to take very much care of you," he said, absent-mindedly. "You are able to take pretty good care of yourself."

"I hope I am," said Baby, tossing her head.

S. C. gave his head another shake.

"Don't take too good care of yourself," he said.

"That's a bad thing, too."

He showed them the rest of his wonders, and then went with them to the door to bid them good-bye.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you, Mr. Claus," said Jem, gratefully. "I shall never again think you are not true, sir."

S. C. patted her shoulder quite affectionately.

"That 's right," he said. "Believe in things just as long as you can, my dear. Good-bye, until Christmas Eve. I shall see you then if you don't see me."

He must have taken quite a fancy to Jem, for he stood looking at her, and seemed very reluctant to close the door, and even after he had closed it, and they had turned away, he opened it a little again to call to her.

"Believe in things as long as you can, my dear."

"How kind he is!" exclaimed Jem, full of pleasure.

Baby shrugged her shoulders.

"Well enough in his way," she said, "but rather inclined to prose, and be old-fashioned."

Jem looked at her, feeling rather frightened, but she said nothing.

Baby showed very little interest in the next room she took them to.

"I don't care about this place," she said, as she threw open the door. "It has nothing but old things in it. It is the Nobody-knows-where room."

She had scarcely finished speaking before Jem made a little spring and picked something up.

"Here 's my old strawberry pin-cushion!" she cried out. And then with another jump and another dash at two or three other things: "And here 's my old fairy-book! And here 's my little locket I lost last summer! How did they come here?"

"They went Nobody-knows-where," said Baby.

"And this is it."

"But cannot I have them again?" asked Jem.

"No," answered Baby. "Things that go to Nobody-knows-where stay there."

"Oh!" sighed Jem, "I am so sorry."

"They are only old things," said Baby.

"But I like my old things," said Jem. "I love them. And there is mother's needle-case. I wish I might take that. Her dead little sister gave it to her, and she was so sorry when she lost it."

"People ought to take better care of their things," remarked Baby.

Jem would have liked to stay in this room and wander about among her old favorites for a long time, but Baby was in a hurry.

"You 'd better come away," she said. "Suppose I was to have to fall awake and leave you?"

The next place they went into was the most wonderful of all.

"This is the Wish-room," said Baby. "Your wishes come here,—yours and mother's, and Aunt Hetty's and father's and mine. When did you wish that?"

Each article was placed under a glass shade, and labeled with the words and name of the wisher. Some of them were beautiful, indeed; but the tall shade Baby nodded at when she asked her question was truly alarming, and caused Jem a dreadful pang of remorse. Underneath it sat Aunt Hetty with her mouth stitched up so that she could not speak a word, and beneath the stand was a label bearing these words in large black letters:

"I wish Aunt Hetty's mouth was sewed up. Jem."

"Oh, dear!" cried Jem, in great distress. "How it must have hurt her! How unkind of me to say it! I wish I had n't wished it. I wish it would come undone."

She had no sooner said it than her wish was gratified. The old label disappeared, and a new one showed itself, and there sat Aunt Hetty looking herself again, and even smiling.

Jem was grateful beyond measure, but Baby seemed to consider her weak-minded.

"It served her right," she said.

But when, after looking at the wishes at that end of the room, they went to the other end, her turn came. In one corner stood a shade with a baby under it, and the baby was Miss Baby herself, but looking as she very rarely looked; in fact, it was the brightest, best-tempered baby one could imagine.

"I wish I had a better-tempered baby. Mother," was written on the label.

Baby became quite red in the face with anger and confusion.

"That was n't here the last time I came," she said. "And it is right down mean in mother!"

This was more than Jem could bear.

"It was n't mean," she said. "She could n't help it. You know you are a cross baby—everybody says so."

Baby turned two shades redder.

"Mind your own business!" she retorted. "It was mean; and as to that silly little thing being better than I am," turning up her small nose, which was quite turned up enough by Nature. "I must say I don't see anything so very grand about her. So, there!"

She scarcely condescended to speak to them while they remained in the Wish-room, and when they left it, and went to the last door in the passage, she quite scowled at it.

"I don't know whether I shall open it at all," she said.

"Why not?" asked Flora. "You might as well."

"It is the Lost-pin room," she said. "I hate pins."

She threw the door open with a bang, and then stood and shook her little fist viciously. The room was full of pins stacked solidly together. There were hundreds of them,—thousands,—millions, it seemed.

"I'm glad they *are* lost!" she said. "I wish there were more of them there."

"I did n't know there were so many pins in the world," said Jem.

"Pooh!" said Baby. "Those are only the lost ones that have belonged to our family."

After this they went back to Flora's room and sat down, while Flora told Jem the rest of her story.

"Oh!" sighed Jem, when she came to the end. "How delightful it is to be here! Can I never come again?"

"In one way you can," said Flora. "When you want to come, just sit down, and be as quiet as possible, and shut your eyes and think very hard about it. You can see everything you have seen to-day, if you try."

"Then, I shall be sure to try," Jem answered. She was going to ask some other question but Baby stopped her.

"Oh! I'm falling awake," she whimpered, crossly, rubbing her eyes. "I'm falling awake again."

And then, suddenly, a very strange feeling came over Jem. Flora and the pretty room seemed to fade away, and, without being able to account for it at all, she found herself sitting on her little stool again, with a beautiful scarlet and gold book on her knee, and her mother standing by laughing at her amazed face. As to Miss Baby, she was crying as hard as she could in her crib.

"Mother!" Jem cried out. "Have you really come home so early as this, and—and," rubbing her eyes in great amazement, "how did I come down?"

"Don't I look as if I was real," said her mother, laughing and kissing her. "And does n't your present look real? I don't know how you came down, I'm sure. Where have you been?"

Jem shook her head very mysteriously. She saw that her mother fancied she had been asleep, but she herself knew better.

"I know you would n't believe it was true if I told you," she said; "I have been

BEHIND THE WHITE BRICK."



SONG.

BY THEODORE WINTHROP.

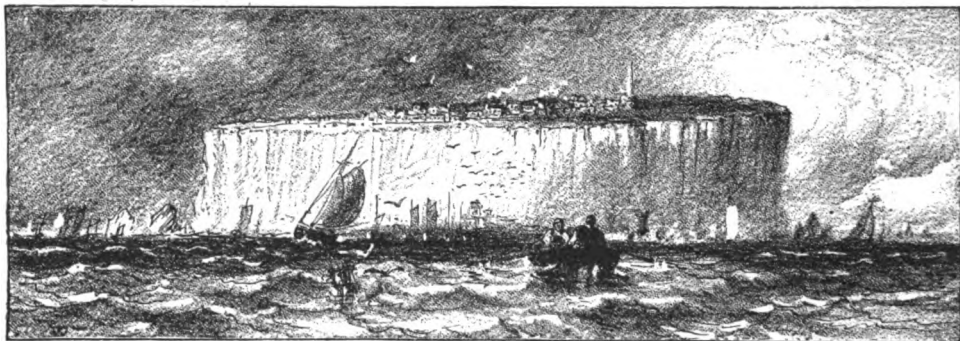
(From his unpublished writings.)

LISTEN, listen, listen while I sing—
There's mirth, mirth in everything!
In laughing eyes' quick glance,
In dashing through a dance,
Mirth does my charmed soul entrance!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's joy, joy in everything!
In bubbling of fresh streams,
In flashing sunlight beams,
Joy sparkles through my pensive dreams!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's hope, hope in everything!
In gloom and chill and night,
When lost the guiding light,
Hope rises ever bright!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's love, love in everything!
If mirth and hope must die,
Still I can upward fly,
Love lifts me to the sky!



WHY WILSTER ELSPEET'S SHIP WENT INTO THE CHURCH.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

THINGS always do come about in some way, and this is the way in which this thing came about.

The day before, Wilster Elspeet, in his stout fishing-boat, had gone from the island Heliogoland, across the North Sea, and sailed up the river Elbe, to Hamburg, carrying with him a load of oysters, which were to go from Hamburg to London. He was not expected back at the island until the second night, and—there was no one to draw his lobster-pots.

There was Briel, to be sure, Wilster Elspeet's only boy. Briel was thirteen, and, in his own eyes, every inch a seaman; for, had he not, often and over, sat at the oar, with his father in the boat and helped pull in?"

Then, there was Rhena; but Rhena was a girl.

It was always lonely at night, and lonely in the day-time, too, in the Elspeet home, when the master was away; for, away from Heliogoland in any direction, meant danger to him who went, and dread to those who stayed; moreover, dread had deepened into death three times for Mrs. Elspeet, and Briel had heard the story of his elder brothers so often, that he verily thought he knew all about that wild effort at rescue, which was made for them when he himself was but a baby.

Heliogoland is a curious place, set more than twenty miles from land for the ocean to buffet; but it tries its utmost—and that is all that is expected by wise folks of any one—to be beautiful, and it succeeds. You must know that somewhere about five hundred years ago, something very queer happened,—at least, the geologists say so. At any rate, the North Sea just boiled over with rage, and beat against Heliogoland so terribly, that it took off two or three pieces, and there they stand at a little distance, and have names of their own; but

the island, what there is left of it,—not much over a mile up and down, stands with its great red cliff higher in the air than ever, and holds back its dainty sands from the touch of the sea as far as it can.

This mite of land has on it two whole towns, one under the cliffs on the sands, where the fishermen live, and one in the air, up the cliff. The air-town is the larger, and the houses are so neat and clean, that their wooden walls and red roofs make them look as though the village, up there, had just been built out of a box of children's toys; only box-villages never hold anything half so fine as the great light-house, whose night-eye watches and warns for many a mile, nor half so curious as the brave old church that, looking out from the cliff, has the whole wide sea for its church-yard.

The Elspeets were pretty prosperous, and so lived in the air-town, in one of the three hundred and fifty of its homes.

While Rhena and Briel were eating their breakfast, the lobster-pot buoys kept bobbing up and down in the North Sea, and dozens of fishing-boats went out from the long pier, that swings from the Under-Land into the summer waves.

Rhena was the first to go forth into the sweet morning. Briel followed presently, with his eyes fixed on the out-going fishing-boats.

"I just would like to know," said Briel, as he joined her, "what there is in them lobster-pots of father's. I don't believe they're empty, a bit."

"BRIEL!" said Rhena, with an emphasis which only a little Heliogoland girl *could* use, "BRIEL," don't you dare to look that way, not till it's time for father's sail to heave up on the sea."

"But, Rhena," cried the boy, "see! Look for your own self; them boats is right clap over

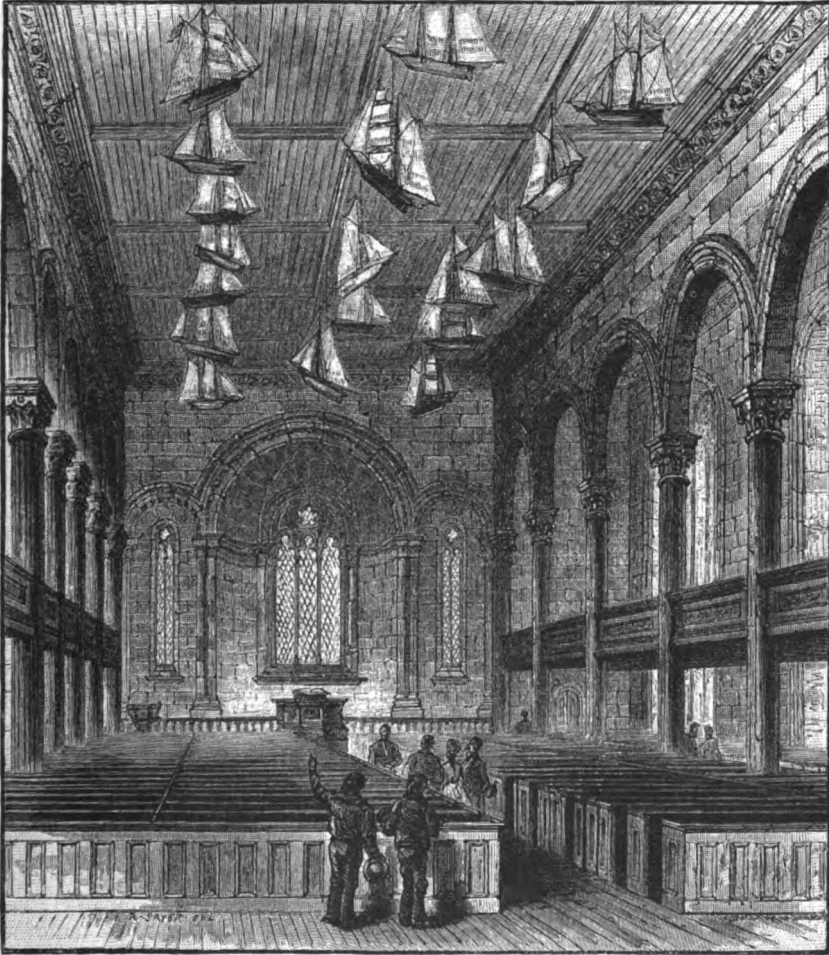
father's lobster-ground. I'm just going to run down and see if I can't get—somebody—to go over——”

His words grew faint and fainter, as, despite Rhena's calls and re-calls, he ran with his utmost speed to the stair-way cut in the stone of the cliff.

“O Briel, Briel, my brother Briel!” sobbed Rhena, to herself; “if mother only knew, she

unusually fine for their quest,—and the only persons on the pier were strangers, who had come to summer a while on the island, and had not the slightest understanding of the evident conflict of the two children, down the pier. Rhena had one oar, and, with it in her stout little grasp, besought Briel not to make the venture.

“No more danger than there is in the light-



THE SHIPS IN THE CHURCH. (PAGE 180.)

would keep him, but he'll be off in a boat, all alone, before I can tell her. I'll go down and hold him back," she cried, with sudden energy.

Her yellow-bordered petticoat flashed along the cliff, and went after him down that long stone stair-way,—two hundred and three steps of it,—and, at last, came, with its owner, in a little fluttering gasp, out upon the pier.

The fishermen had all gone,—the day being

house, up there," he assured her, with a significant toss of his head toward the cliff.

"If you should get into the sweep," said Rhena, "or the wind, or——Briel, what could you do if a fog should settle down?"

"Take my chance with the rest. Don't you see every fisherman is out? They would n't go if they saw anything ugly," he replied, assuringly.

"But mother, Briel! She'll be crazy, if you go."

This was Rhena's last weapon.

"I'll be back, with the boat full of lobsters, before mother knows anything about it. Come, Rhena, give me the oar."

This he said, coaxingly, but poor Rhena held it fast. She stepped down from the pier into the boat. She was about to take her seat, when Briel said: "The lobsters won't be plucked!"

Rhena's cheeks glowed, red as the cliff, above her white lips. If there was one thing that this little girl feared more than all other things, it was a lobster. After a moment's hesitation, she said:

"I am going with you."

"All the better," said Briel. "Then mother will know nothing until we are all back again."

The boat had been drifting from the pier-head. It began to chop a little on the quick seas that beat about it.

"I'm Captain Elspeet now! You shall see what a brave voyage I'll make; and, only just think, Rhe, how tickled father will be when he gets home to-night, to find his lobsters all in. You know how Hamburg always tires him, and, like enough, he'd put off to the reef before he came ashore at all, if I did n't wait down to tell him, for the moon grows round to-night."

Rhena never answered him a word. She sat in the boat-stern, her fingers clinging to the rail, her face turned from the sea, her eyes on her home, up the air.

"I say, Rhe, why don't you speak to a fellow? It is n't the thing to go lobstering with a dummy in the boat."

"Tend to your boat!" answered Rhena, getting her head around just in time to see the sharp, tooth-like projection of a rock ahead, upon which Briel was running. Whisking his boat about in the liveliest manner, he escaped by grazing the rock, saying: "I should like to know, if it is n't the stern's business to look ahead and signal a fellow?"

"I will look out, now," meekly replied Rhena, "only I just feel as if the sea was going to swell and swell until it burst all over this boat. You don't know how I feel, Briel."

"Well!" said Briel, "that's because—Look out, now, Rhe! any danger ahead?"

"No; only the boats have put off from the reefs."

"What for, I wonder? You look sharp now for the buoys. Father's have a black mark on 'em, and one end's painted white."

Briel rowed with all his might, and kept on rowing, until it seemed to his young arms as though his boat ought to be at the mouth of the river Elbe. Rhena had looked, as she believed, at every bit of wrinkled blue the boat passed near, without finding trace of her father's lobster-buoys.

Indeed, the island itself did seem to Briel, as he

thought of it, farther away than when his father rowed over to the reefs; the cliff was not so high, the light-house could scarcely be seen, and the church had grown small, while the government house had disappeared.

"Rhe," said Briel, "I'm sure—I think—I don't believe you've kept watch for the buoys."

"Briel, do you suppose the 'sweep' has set us off, and we've got past?"

Rhena began to tremble with fear.

"Oh, we'll be all right when I get the boat around," said Briel, assuringly to himself, but not so to his sister. The boat seemed to the young captain to be possessed with the desire not to be put about. No sooner had he labored with one oar to get around and put in the second oar, than the first stroke would send him still farther from home.

"I'll beat yet," said the oarsman, and, at the eighth trial, he got the boat around, and to his surprise found quite a little sea on, against which it took all his strength to make the least progress.

A loiterer on the cliff, looking sea-ward, wondered what a little boat could be doing so far out.

Now that the boat was turned, Rhena saw it all; they were far past the lobster-reef, and, while she looked, Heliogoland was suddenly taken from her sight. Briel did not see that,—his back was toward it,—and she, with rare presence of mind, did not tell him. She said softly to him: "Wont you, dear Briel, give up the reef and get home quick?"

He had not rowed far, after telling her to keep a good look-out, when the great burying fog swept around them, enclosing the children in its dreadful circle.

"Rhena!" cried Briel, nearly letting fall his oars in pure astonishment.

"I saw it pick up the island. I knew it was coming," she said.

He said nothing, he drew in his oars, laid them down, and sat silent, their boat drifting—drifting—in a North Sea fog. They listened to the soft pat of the bow on the waters as the waves swept under and away from the boat into the mist.

"What will become of us, Briel?" she asked.

"Oh, folks most always get out of a fog; it will lift by and by, like as not," he answered.

Then she said:

"Father must be in it, too."

He replied:

"Yes, father is in it, too, but he has a compass; if I had a compass, we'd row and row straight home."

They waited—sitting very still. Denser and denser grew the mist,—the air darkened with it,—their little craft drifted into fog, drifted through fog, and went out into fog.

It grew chilly. Briel buttoned his jacket. Rhena huddled herself into her own arms, and kept watch for rock or buoy.

At noon, Briel wished that he had eaten more breakfast, telling the little bunch in the other end of the boat, "that the fog made a fellow very full of hunger, after rowing so."

Rhena's sun-bonnet grew limp, and more limp, until it fell over her eyes, and shut out the sea and the shrouding mist. She threw it off. Her very hair was wet, as she tossed back her curls, and

"But," said Rhena, with a great quaver in her voice, "we could n't help hearing the roar and the swash through the caves."

"Then we must n't talk," suggested Briel, and they kept silence for a long time, until Rhena grew cramped with her long-kept position, and stepped carefully down into the boat, and crept, by gentle movement, close to the oar-seat and laid her head on Briel's knee.

"Are you glad I came?" she whispered.

"The old fog is a bit lonely," confessed Briel.

"Do you think we could hear the Carlsbad band now?" questioned Rhena.

"I wish they'd send off a gun or two from the old battery, just to tell a fellow where we are," said the young captain. "I suppose they would, if they had missed us at home."

"If I only did know which way home is," moaned the little girl, putting her hand between her cheek and Briel's rough trousers.

"Don't be hard on a fellow now, and cry," begged the boy.

"I wont, Briel, not a tear; but oh! what if we never see home again, nor mother; and father is so proud of you, Briel, and to-morrow is the Sunday, you know, and the governor's baby is to be baptized in the church. What if I am not there to go up the aisle with my little mug of water, to help fill the font? There will be as many as a hundred, all dressed



"HE SAILED TO AND FRO FOR HOURS." (NEXT PAGE.)

peered to the right and to the left, in her vain search for something firm to make fast to.

"Could n't we fasten the boat to a buoy and keep from drifting, if we find one?" she asked.

"Yes, if we could see one." But their utmost search found only sea below and fog above.

"I know now how a poor fly feels when it is caught in a web," said Rhena, after a long pause.

"It's ever so much worse, though," remarked Briel, "when the fly sees the spider coming, and our spider, Rhe, is the Cavern Rock."

in white, to go, and mother said I might carry the silver cup to-morrow, for the governor's baby. If I had it now, I'm afraid I should n't pour the water into the font, I'm too thirsty! O, Briel! how long did the longest fog you ever knew, last?"

"Summer fogs are n't much, and we'll get out of this, pretty soon. Why, just as soon as we're missed, they'll look for us everywhere; the coast-guard will be out, and I should n't wonder if they would illuminate Cavern Rock for us to-night. Would n't that be jolly?"

Rhena thought it would, but much preferred getting home before night should come.

The afternoon waned. Somewhere, the sun went



SEARCHING INSIDE CAVERN ROCK.

down, doubtless. All that the children knew was that the fog darkened and drifted by in leaden sheets, drifting them into colder cold.

Wilster Elspeet got out his load of oysters and sailed away for home, early in the morning of Saturday, but it took him five or six hours to get slowly down the Elbe and fairly into the North Sea, so that he was just outside when the fog caught him. It was an easy matter to about sail and anchor in the river. And there he waited, until near midnight, when, with a swift wind, the mist fled away, leaving him the full moon overhead, and a fair breeze for Heliogoland.

He sped in, past the reef, and sailed into harbor before the dawn.

In the pale moonlight, figures were moving up and down on the pier, at which he wondered. The coast-guard boats were gone from their moorings; he was surprised at that, also.

"What's happened here?" he called, from his deck. "A wreck in the fog?"

"Children lost in the fog!" came back the response.

"Their names?" he demanded.

"Wilster Elspeet's boy and girl."

"How, man? quick!"

"Went to haul in for lobsters, it is supposed."

"Tell Wilster Elspeet's wife he's gone to sea for them," he cried, and immediately he put out into the deep.

He sailed to and fro for hours, keeping a sharp outlook across the moon-way, searching, searching on every side the leagues of wave his boat surged through. He stood on deck and listened, until it seemed to him that his ears could hear the very breathing of his children should their little boat pass near.

He thought of his three brave boys, whose lives had been taken by the sea; he thought of his wife on the island, left behind amid the waves; of his home and neighbors; of the church, where he himself was baptized and married. As he thought, his whole heart seemed to go out and cover the whole ocean in one intense longing to gather out of it the little boat that held Briel and Rhena.

Then he seemed to see again the old church up the cliff and the little ships, under full sail, hanging from its high ceiling, and to remember that each one of them had been placed there by some one who, in time of great peril, had vowed to God that he would do it if saved from the sea.

Then Wilster Elspeet made his vow. It was that, if permitted to fold his arms about his living children again, he would offer to the Lord the best gift he knew to give,—even a model of his bravest ship,—“The Hertha.” It would awaken anew his gratitude as often as he should see it suspended in air, if only God would grant to him cause for gratitude.

Of the two thousand inhabitants of the little island, not one had passed a cheerful night, for might not this fate fall next on any one of them?

At day-break, on Sunday morning, the long pier was crowded with anxious souls. The governor was there with the people, for the governor, too, had children. The coast-guard boats, out all night, came in, with no news, to breakfast their crews and sail again. The North Peak held its little crowd of sea-gazers.

Men stepped into row-boats and went to search the caves by the light of day that they had thrust torches into all night, in vain. The sun came up, and the night-eye in the light-house closed.

The boats that were far out on the horizon's edge seemed to move lazily to and fro. It was Sunday and the church-bell rang, because, on Sunday, it always did ring. There were flowers in the church for the coming baptism. The congregation gathered slowly. The sad faces in the governor's pew looked out through the curtained windows across the communion-table at the sad faces in the minister's curtained box opposite. The women and little children filed in slowly, and sat in the pews bearing on their doors their family names. The men entered the galleries, around which, very

long ago, some artist painted scenes suggested in Bible story, their eyes wandering, as they always did, up to the ceiling, where hung the ships, each one of which had its own glad or sad story, well known to the islanders. As the service began, the clergyman reading from beside the communion-table, there was unwonted movement in the church, —men went out, and men came in and went again; they could not rest. The two children in the little open boat, drifting on the great deep, without food, were earnestly prayed for, and when of God their safe return was asked, every lip and heart answered, "Amen."

The minister climbed into the little box above the communion-table and preached his sermon. But no one seemed to hear a word of it, for it contained no news from the boat at sea.

At its close, the doors opened, and in came the throng of little ones, each bearing a small mug of water, which he or she poured into the curious font whose supports are so very old that nobody knows by whom, or in what age of the world, they were made. The governor's baby received on its brow the mystic drops that sealed him a child of the Church of Christ, and as the solemn names of "Father, Son and Holy Ghost" were spoken by the Lutheran pastor, and died away amid the sails of the ships in the ceiling, a low, sweet, flute-like note seemed to come in from door and window and fill all the place.

The men in the gallery half rose from their seats; the women below looked around in wondering surprise; the children in the aisles whispered together, Soon the strange sound was heard again.

The minister listened, and said: "Friends! that was Wilster Elspeet's boat-horn. You will receive the benediction, and go forth to meet him."

The entire congregation, white-robed children

and all, filed down the great cliff stair-way, headed by the governor and the minister, and stood, a solid mass of humanity, on the pier, to watch the oyster-ketch, with its message of woe or weal, come in.

On the pier's outermost edge waited the Elspeet mother, against whose stony grief no one dared to cast a spray of comfort. She had walked the island's shore all night and all day, and now had come to meet the end.

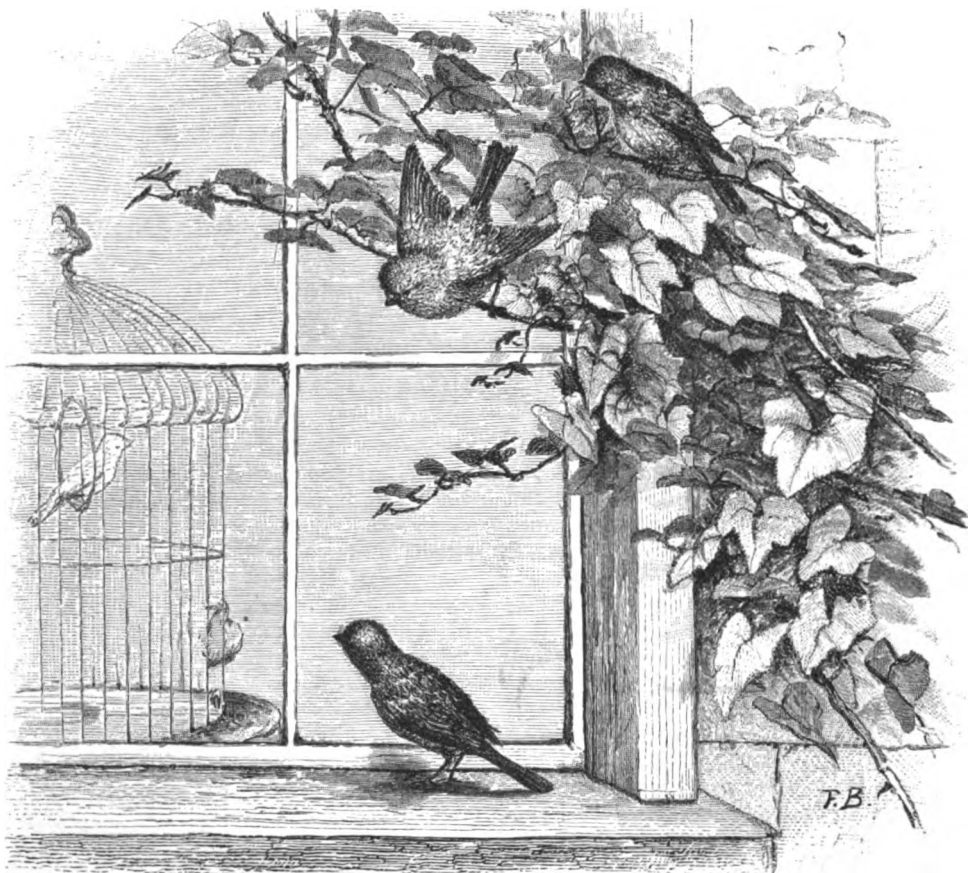
Some one on board could be seen moving to and fro as the sail drew near and nearer. Presently, the captain leaned out to look. He saw the eager crowd awaiting him. Seizing his horn, he blew from it

a succession of blasts, whose language, without words, was understood alike by native and by stranger.

While they looked and listened, he disappeared, and rose again, a boy in one arm, a girl by his side. The boy waved his right arm; the father stirred the arm of the rescued girl; and up from Heliogoland pier a glad shout struck against the cliff, —a shout that echoes even here.



A GLAD SHOUT WENT UP FROM HELIOGOLAND PIER.



WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

IN the frozen ivy, where the ice hung glittering,
 Forty little sparrows were perching, swinging, twittering;
 In his gilded prison, like a palace for a fairy,
 Singing his blithe heart out, was a pretty, tame canary.

But his song grew silent as he watched the sparrows playing.
 "Ah, you little free birds!" I could fancy he was saying,
 "You can use your light wings, you can play together,
 You are not afraid of cats, nor of the winter weather.

"I'd not mind the weather, if they'd but let me out,
 Surely I could warm myself in flying all about;
 All those lovely crumbs, too, that the people throw,—
 Must I eat naught but bird-seed, I should like to know?"

Then a little sparrow hopped upon the sill,
 "What a lucky fellow!" piped he, loud and shrill;

"Oh, my senses! Crinkle-toes, Feather-head, just look,
There's his dinner set for him, as if he kept a cook!

"Bless my heart! a bath-tub, and some sugar, too!
No one thinks of building a house for me or you;
No,—they think they're very kind if they but throw us crumbs,—
Well, some folks's puddings really seem all plums!"

Yellow-feathers' mistress, in her haste, next day,
Left the cage-door open, and he got away;
Through the open window joyfully he flew,
"Now," he sang, "for once I've had a dream that's coming true!"

Ah, the cold was cruel, ah, the wind was fierce!
Through his pretty feathers needles seemed to pierce,
Till, all tired out with flying, he hid his little head
In the frozen ivy-vine, whence soon he fell down,—dead!

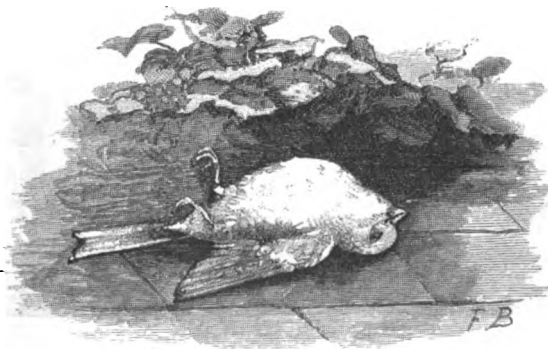
Little Master Tommy set a trap that noon,
When he came from school, and caught three sparrows very soon;
"There!" he said to Polly, "did n't I engage
That if you'd stop a-crying, I would fill the cage?"

Polly danced for pleasure, and forgot her tears;
Then the little sparrows, quaking with new fears,
Ruffling up their feathers in their tiny rage,
All at once discovered they were in the gilded cage.

Crinkle-toes, and Feather-head, and little Mr. Pert,
There they were in safety, not a feather hurt,
But the warm air stifled them, and the cage was small,
And they thought the bird-seed was not good at all.

When the bright spring weather came, each pretty head
Drooped in such a piteous way that gentle Polly said:
"These are little wild birds, and can't belong to me,
As my dear canary did, so I will set them free!"

Open flew the window, open flew the door,
Out the sparrows darted, and were seen no more;
But Polly has a fancy that they whistled as they went,
"Never grumble, darling! Always be content!"





"O, TOM! THE KING WANTS TO SPEAK WITH YOU!" (PAGE 185.)

WONDERING TOM.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

(Re-published, by request, from "Our Young Folks," with new illustrations by Frederick Diekmann.)

LONG, long ago, in a great city whose name is forgotten, situated on a river that ran dry in the days of Cinderella, there lived a certain boy, the only son of a poor widow. He had such a fine form and pleasant face that one day, as he loitered on his mother's door-step, the King stopped on the street to look at him.

"Who is that boy?" asked his Majesty of his Prime Minister.

This question brought the entire royal procession to a stand.

The Prime Minister did not know, so he asked the Lord of the Exchequer. The Lord of the Exchequer asked the High Chamberlain; the High Chamberlain asked the Master of the Horse; the Master of the Horse asked the Court Physician; the Court Physician asked the Royal Rat-catcher; the Royal Rat-catcher asked the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer; and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a little girl named Wisk. Little Wisk told him the boy's name was Wondering Tom.

"So, ho!" said the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, telling the Royal Rat-catcher. "So, ho!" said the Royal Rat-catcher, passing on the news; and it traveled in that way until, finally, the Prime Minister, bowing low to the King, said:

"May it please your most tremendous Majesty, it's Wondering Tom."

"Tell him to come here!" said the King to the Prime Minister. "Tell him to come here!" was repeated to the next in rank; and again his words traveled through the Lord of the Exchequer, the High Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Court Physician, the Royal Rat-catcher, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, until they reached little Wisk, who called out:

"O, Tom! the King wants to speak with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Tom, never budging. "Why?"

"I don't know," returned little Wisk, "but you must go at once."

"Why?" cried Tom.

"O, Tom! Tom! they're going to kill you," she cried, in an agony.

"WHY?" screamed Tom, staring in the wildest astonishment.

Surely enough, the Master of Ceremonies had ordered forth an executioner with a bow-string. In that city, any man, woman, or child who dis-

regarded the King's slightest wish was instantly put to death.

The man approached Tom. Another second, and the bow-string would have done its work; but the King held up his royal hand in token of pardon, and beckoned Tom to draw near.

"Whatever in all this world can his Majesty want with me?" pondered the bewildered boy, moving very slowly toward the monarch.

"Well, sir!" said his Majesty, scowling. "So you are here at last! Why do they call you Wondering Tom?"

"ME, your Majesty?" faltered Tom. "I—I—don't know."

"You don't know? (Most remarkable boy, this!) And what were you doing, sir, when we sent for you?"

"Nothing, your Majesty. I was only wondering whether——"

"Ah, I see. You take your life out in wondering. A fine, strong fellow like you has no right to be idling in his mother's door-way. A pretty kingdom we should have if all our subjects were like this! You may go."

"He has a good face," continued the King, turning to his Prime Minister, "but he'll never amount to anything."

"Ah, exactly so," said the Prime Minister. "Exactly so," echoed the Lord of the Exchequer, and "exactly so," sighed the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer at last, as the royal procession passed on.

Tom heard it all.

"Now, how do they know that?" he muttered, scratching his head as he lounged back to the door-step. "Why in the world do they think I'll never amount to anything?"

In the door-way he fell to thinking of little Wisk.

"What a very nice girl she is! I wonder if she'd play with me if I asked her,—but I can't ask her. I do wonder what makes me so afraid to talk to Wisk!"

Meantime, little Wisk, who lived in the next house, watched him slyly.

"Tom!" she called out at last, swaying herself lithely round and round her wooden door-post, "the blackberries are ripe."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Yes, I do. And, Tom, there are bushels of them in the woods just outside of the city gates!"

"Oh!" answered Tom, "I wonder if there are!"

"I *know* it," said little Wisk, decidedly, "and I'm going to get some."

"Dear me!" thought Tom, "I wonder if she'd like to have me go with her. Wisk!"

"What, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing," said the frightened fellow, suddenly changing his mind, "I was only wondering whether it is going to rain or not."

"Rain? Of course not," laughed little Wisk, running off to join a group of children going toward the north city-gate; "but even if it should rain, what matter?"

"Oh," thought Tom, "she's really gone for blackberries! I wondered what she had that little kettle on her arm for. Pshaw! Why did n't I tell her that I'd like to go too?"

Just then his mother came to the door, clapping a wet ruffle between her hands. She was a clear-starcher.

"Tom, Tom! why *don't* you set about something? There's plenty to do, in doors and out, if you'd only think so."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom, wondering whether or not he was going to have a scolding.

"But you look pale, my pet; go and play, do. One don't often have such a perfect day as this (and such splendid drying, too!). If I were you, I'd make the most of it;" and the mother went back into her bare entry, still clapping the ruffle.

"I do wonder how I can make the most of it," asked Tom of himself, over and over again, as he sauntered off.

He did n't dare to go toward the north gate of the city, because he could n't decide what he should say if he should meet little Wisk; so he turned toward the south.

"Shall I go back, I wonder, or keep on?" thought Tom, as he found himself going farther from the door-step and nearer to the great city-wall, until at last the southern gate was reached. Following the dusty highway leading from the city, he came to pleasant fields. Then, after wading a while through the sunlit grain, he followed a shady brook and entered the wood.

"It's pleasant here," he thought. "I wonder why mother did n't get a cottage out here in the country instead of living in the noisy city."

"Could n't," croaked a voice near by.

Tom started. There was nobody near but frogs and crickets. Besides, as he had not spoken aloud, of course it could not be in answer to him. Still, he wondered what in the world the voice could be, and why it sounded like "could n't."

"It certainly did sound so. May be she could n't,

after all," thought Tom; "but *why* could n't she, I wonder?"

"No-one-to-help," said something, as it jumped with a splash into the water.

"I do wonder what that was!" exclaimed Tom, aloud; "there's nobody here, that's certain. Oh, it must have been a toad! Queer, though, how very much it sounded like 'no-one-to-help!' Poor mother! I don't help her much, I know. Pshaw! what if I *do* love her, I'm not the least bit of use, for I never know what to start about doing. What in all botheration makes me so lazy! Heigh-ho!" and Tom threw himself upon the grass, an image of despair. "I sha' n't ever amount to anything, the King said. Now, what *did* he mean by that?"

"Dilly, dally!" said another mysterious voice, speaking far up among the branches overhead.

Tom was getting used to it. He just lifted his eyebrows a little and wondered what bird that was. In a moment he found himself puzzling over the strange words.

"'Dilly, dally,' it said, I declare. Oh dear! It's too bad to have to hear such things all the time. And then, there's the King's ugly speech; a fellow aint agoing to stand everything!"

He was crying at last. Yes, his tears were dropping one by one upon the green turf. He rested upon his elbows, holding his face between his hands; and, although he felt very wretched, he could n't help wondering whether the grass in his shadow would n't think it was night and that his tears were dew-drops.

Suddenly his hat, which had tumbled from his head and now lay near him, began to twitch strangely.

"Pshaw!" sobbed Tom, "what's coming now, I wonder?"

"I am," said a piping voice.

"Where are you?" he asked, trembling.

"Here. Under your hat. Lift it off."

While Tom was wondering whether to obey or not, the hat fell over, and out came a fairy, all shining with green and gold,—a funny little creature with a wide mouth, but her eyes were like diamonds.

"What are you crying for, Master Tom?" asked the fairy.

"So she knows my name!" thought the puzzled youth; "well, that's queerer than anything! I've always heard that these woods were full of fairies; but I never saw one before. I wonder *why* I'm not more frightened."

"Did you hear me?" piped the little visitor.

"Did you speak? O—yes—ma'am—certainly, I heard plain enough."

"Well, what troubles you?"

He looked sharply at the little lady. Yes, she had a kind face. He would tell her all.

"I wonder what your name is?" he said, by way of a beginning.

"It's Kumtoothepoynt," said the fairy. "Be quick! I can't stay long."

"Why?" asked Tom, quite astonished.

"Because I cannot. That's enough. If you wish me to help you, you must be quick and tell me your trouble."

"Oh!" said Tom, wondering where to begin.

"Are you lame? Are you sick? Are you blind, deaf, or dumb?" she asked, briskly.

"Oh no," he replied, "nothing like that. Only I don't know what to make of things. Everything in this world puzzles me so, and I can't ever make up my mind what to do."

"Well," said Kumtoothepoynt, kindly, "perhaps I can help you a little."

"Can you?" he exclaimed. "Now I wonder how in the world such a little mite as you ever——"

"Don't wonder so much," squeaked the fairy, impatiently, "but ask me promptly what I can do."

"I'm going to," said Tom.

"Going to!" she echoed. "What miserable creatures these mortals are! How could we ever get our gossamers spun if we always were going to do a thing, and never doing it! Now listen. I'm a very wise fairy, if I *am* small; I can tell you how to accomplish anything you please. Don't you want to be good, famous, and rich?"

"Certainly I do," answered Tom, with a start.

"Very well," she responded, quite pleased. "If you always knew your own mind as decidedly as that, they would n't call you 'Wondering Tom.' It's an ugly name, Master Mortal. If I were you (may Titania pardon the dreadful supposition!)—if I were you I'd wonder less and work more."

"I wonder if I could n't!" said Tom, half convinced.

"There you go again!" screeched the fairy, stamping her tiny foot. "You're not worth talking to. I shall leave you."

"She's fading away," cried Tom. "O fairy, good fairy, please come back! You promised to tell me how to become good and famous and rich!"

Once more she stood before him, looking brighter and fresher than ever.

"You're a noisy mortal," she said, nodding pleasantly to Tom. "I thought for an instant that it was thundering, but it was only you, calling. I've a very little while to stay, but you shall have one more chance of obtaining everything you wish. Now, sir, be careful! I'll answer you any three questions you may choose to put to me;" and Kumtoothepoynt sat down on a toadstool, and looked very profound.

"Only three?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Only three."

"Why can't you give me a dozen? There's so much that one wishes to know in this world."

"Because I cannot," said the fairy, firmly.

"But it's so hard to put everything into such a few questions! I don't know what in the world to decide upon. What do *you* think I ought to ask?"

"Consult the dearest wishes of your heart," said Kumtoothepoynt, "for there is the truest wisdom."

"Ah, well. Let me think," pursued Tom, with great deliberation. "I want to be wise, of course, and good, and very rich,—and I want mother to be the same,—and, good fairy, if you would n't mind it, little Wisk to be the same too. And dear me!—it's so hard to put everything in such a few questions—let me see. First, I suppose I ought to learn how to become immensely rich, right off, and then I can give mother and Wisk everything they want; so, good Kumtoothepoynt, here's my first question, How can I grow rich, *very* rich, in—in one week?"

The fairy shook her head.

"I would answer you, Master Tom, with great pleasure," she said, "but this is number FOUR. You have already asked your three questions;" and she turned into a green frog and jumped away, chuckling.

Tom rubbed his eyes and sat up straight. Had he been dreaming?

"I'm a fool!" he cried.

All the trees nodded, and their branches seemed to be having great fun among themselves.

"A *big* fool!" he insisted.

The leaves fairly tittered.

"Did n't old Katy, the apple-woman, call me a goose only this morning?" he continued, growing very angry with himself.

"Katy did," assented a voice from among the bushes.

"Katy did n't!" contradicted another.

"Katy did!"

"Katy did n't!"

Tom laughed bitterly.

"Ha! ha! Fight it out among yourselves, old fellows. I may have been asleep; but, anyhow, I'm a fool!"

"Ooo—!" echoed a solemn voice above him.

Tom looked up, and in the hollow of an old tree he saw a great blinking owl.

"Hallo! old Goggle-eyes! You're having something to say, too, are you?"

The owl shifted her position, and stared at him an instant. Then, as if the sight of such a ridiculous fellow was too much for her, she shut her eyes with a loud "T'whit!" that made Tom jump.

All these things set the poor boy to thinking in earnest. The words of Kumtoothepoynt were ringing in his ears, "*If I were you, I'd wonder less and work more.*" Going back through the wood across the brook, and over the lots, he pondered over the day's events, and the result of all his pondering was that, as he entered the city gate, he snapped his fingers, saying, "The King's words shall never come true! Wondering Tom is going to work at last!"

Three years passed away.

"Little Wisk" grew to be quite a tall girl; but nobody thought of calling her by any other name. She was so little and quick, so rosy, fresh, and sparkling, and so tender and true withal, that she was Little Wisk as a matter of course.

One chilly November afternoon she missed old Katy, the apple-woman, from her accustomed place at the street corner.

"She must be sick," thought little Wisk. "Perhaps she has no one to help her."

With some persons, to think is to act. Wisk stepped into a neighboring cobbler's shop.

"Mr. Wacksend, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"No," said the cobbler, gruffly. "Shut the door when you go out."

Little Wisk looked at him as he sat upon his bench, pegging away at his work.

"Poor man!" she said to herself, "pushing the awl through that thick leather makes him press his lips tight together, and I suppose pressing his lips so tight, day after day, makes him cross. I'll try the butcher."

She ran into the next shop.

"Mr. Butcher, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"Well," returned the butcher, pausing to wipe his cleaver on his sleeve, "she don't exactly *live* anywhere. But, as the poor thing has neither kith nor kin to help her, why, for the past year or so I've just let her tumble herself in under a shed in my back-yard. She's got an old chopping-bench for a table, and a pile of straw for a bed, and that's all her housekeeping."

"And don't she have anything to eat but apples?" asked Wisk, much distressed.

"Bless your simple heart!" said the butcher, laughing, "she can't afford to eat her apples. No, no. She keeps the breath in her body mostly with black bread and scraps."

"Scraps?"

"Yes, meat-scraps. I save 'em for her out of the trimmin's. But what's wantin' of her so particular? Did you come to invite her to court?"

"I'd like to see her for a moment," said Wisk, shrinking from his coarse laugh.

"Well," answered the butcher, beginning to



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GOODY?"

chop again, "the surest way of seeing her is to go to the corner and buy an apple."

"But she is n't there."

"Not there? That's uncommon. Well" (pointing back over his shoulder with his cleaver), "go down the alley here, alongside the shop; steer clear of old Beppo in his kennel, he's ugly sometimes; then go past the pig-sties and the skin-heaps, and cross over by the cattle-stalls; and right back of them, a little beyond, is the shed. May be she's lying there sick; like enough, poor thing!"

Little Wisk followed the directions, as she picked her way carefully through the great, bleak cattle-yard, thinking, as she went, that killing lambs did n't always make a man so very wicked, after all.

She found the old woman, moaning and bent nearly double with rheumatism.

"What can I do for you, Goody?"

"Bless your bright eyes! Did you come to see poor old Katy? *Ough ah-h!* the pain's killing me, child! Oh, the Lord save us, *ough ah!*"

"It's too cold and damp for you in here, I'm sure."

"Ah, yes, dearie dear,—*ough, ough!*—cold and wet enough!"

"This old rusty stove would be nice if you had a fire in it, Goody."

"Oh, the stove, dearie! The good gentleman in the shop put it in here for me last winter. He's kept me in meat-scrap, too. O—o—o! (it catches me that way often, child). But, alack! I have n't a chip nor a shaving to make a bit of a fire. *Oh! oh!* (the worst's in this shoulder, dearie, and 'cross the back and into this 'ere knee). Yes, cold and wet enough, so it is. *Ough!* No use s'arching out there, you wout find nothing. Not a waste splinter of wood left after *my* raking and scraping till I was too sick to stand up, I'll be bound."

"I do wish I had money to buy you some, Goody," said Wisk. "I sha' n't have another silver-piece till my next birthday, but you shall have that, I promise you."

"Blessings on you for saying it, dearie; but old Katy wout never last till then. What with cold and hunger (the meat on the nail there's no use, you see, if I can't cook it), and this 'ere *ough—ah!*—this 'ere dreadful rheumatiz, I can't hold out much longer."

Suddenly, a thought came to Wisk.

"Oh, Katy!" she exclaimed, and off she ran, past the cattle-sheds, the skin-heaps, the pig-sties, the dog-kennel, down the alley, up the street, and round the corner till she came to a carpenter's shop—

"Tom," she said, hurrying in, quite out of breath, and addressing a great strong boy who was working there, "wont you give me some shavings and chips?"

"Certainly," said Tom, straightway beginning to scrape together a big pile. "What shall we put them in?"

"Into my apron. They're for poor Katy, the apple-woman. She lives in an old shed in Slorter's cake-yard. She's sick, Tom, and she has n't a thing to make a fire with."

"Oh, if that's it," said Tom, "we must get her up a cart-load of waste stuff, if the boss is willing."

The boss spoke up.

"Help yourself, Tom. You're the steadiest lad in the shop, and you've never asked me a favor before. Help yourself. Take along all those odds and ends in the corner yonder. Chips and shavings soon burn up."

"Much obliged to you, sir," said Tom; and he added in a lower tone to Wisk, "I'll load up and take 'em 'round to her as soon as I've done my work. You can carry your apronful now."

Wisk held up the corners of her apron while

Tom filled it, laughing to see how she lifted her pretty chin so that he might put in a "whole lot" as she called it.

"There!" he exclaimed at last, "that's as much as you can manage."

"Thank you, Tom! Oh, how kind you are!" and she started at once.

"Wisk!"

He had followed her to the door. When she turned back, in answer to his call, he tried to speak to her, but coughed instead.

"Did you want me, Tom?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes, Wisk. I—I—wanted to say that—that I —"

"Why, what a cough you have, Tom! It's from working so much in this windy shop. Oh, Tom, I've just thought! If Katy had a door to her shed and a bench with a back to it, she'd be so comfortable."

"She shall have both," said Tom. "I'll do it this very evening. It's full moon."

"Oh, you dear, blessed Tom! Good-bye!"

"Wisk!"

But she was already running down the street. Tom turned back slowly. I think he was wondering, though he had nearly conquered that old habit. But it is so difficult, sometimes, to say just what we feel to those we like very much!

"First the shavings, then the chips," sang Wisk's happy heart, as she hurried along; "first the shavings, and then the chips, and then a spark from old Katy's tinder-box, and sha' n't we have a beautiful blaze?"

That night, the one-eyed dog in the butcher's yard had a hard time of it. There was the moon to be barked at; the pigs to be barked at; the sheep, the oxen, and the lambs to be barked at every time they moved in their stalls. The skin-heap, too, required a constant barking to keep it from stirring while the rats were burrowing beneath. And then there was the strange lad to be barked at, coming in twice, as he did, with a hand-cart heaped high with chips, shavings and blocks, and again coming back with planks, hammer and saw. And the sudden smoke from the sick woman's fire; ah, how it bothered old Beppo!

He had lived long in the yard, and remembered well how the high chimney had stood there for years and years,—all that was left of a burned-down factory,—and how the shed had been built up around it as if to keep it from tumbling. For months past it had been a quiet, well-behaved chimney; but now to see smoke rushing out of it at such a rate, bound straight for that aggravating moon, was really too much to stand. So Beppo barked and barked; and Tom hammered and hammered; and old Katy, warm at last, curled

herself up in the straw, saying over and over again, "How nice it will be! How nice it will be!"

Time passed on. One day, the King and his court came riding down that same street again. Suddenly his Majesty, grown older now, halted before a carpenter's shop and asked:

"Who is that busy fellow, yonder?"

"Where, your most prodigious Majesty?" asked the Prime Minister in return.

"In the shop. He works with a will, that fellow. I must let him build the royal ships."

"The royal ships!" echoed the Prime Minister, "your most preposterous Majesty; why, that is a fortune for any man!"

"I know it. Why not?" said the King. "What is his name?"

The Prime Minister could not say. And again, as on that day long ago, the question traveled through the grandees of the court, until it reached the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a pretty young woman named Wisk, who chanced to be coming out of the shop.

"He's a master-builder," replied Wisk, blushing.

"But what's his name?" repeated the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer.

"He used to be called Wondering Tom," she answered; "but now he's Thomas Reddy."

"Thomas Reddy!" shouted the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer. "Thomas Reddy!" cried the Royal Rat-catcher.

And, in fact, "Thomas Reddy" was called so often and so loudly along the line before it reached the only officer who could venture to speak to the King, that the master-builder threw down his tools and came out of the shop.

"O, Tom! the King wants to speak with you again!" said Wisk.

They took each other by the hand, and together walked toward his Majesty.

"Behold!" said the King, "we have found the finest young workman in our realms! Let preparations be made at once for proclaiming him Royal Ship-builder! What do they call you, young man? I've lost the name."

"Thomas Reddy, your Majesty," he answered, his eyes sparkling with grateful joy.

"And who are *you*, my pretty one?"

"Oh, I'm his wife," said the smiling Wisk.



THE FUNNIEST GENERAL IN ALL THE WORLD.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



VER so long ago, there lived and fought in Germany a mighty general, and he was awfully funny. I think he was about the funniest general in all the world.

He was very fat and very clever, and, like all fat, clever people, he loved little children. The fatter he grew, the more clever he grew, and when he had a dozen or so of children about his knees, he was n't much of a general, as generals go,—not much of a fighting general, I mean.

But we must give the name and date of this general, and so crack the historical nut-shell, before we can set before our readers the sweetmeat of our story. This we will do in a single paragraph, and we shall have all the rest of the space to tell you about the agreeable general, and the funny things that he did.

Procopius, or Procope, the famous fat general, was a Bohemian, and became commander of the Hussites, who were almost an army of giants, in 1424. He won many victories with his terrible army, and caused the princes of Moravia, Austria and Saxony, to sue for terms at his feet. The fame of his great deeds and wonderful victories filled all Europe for eleven years, when he was killed in battle in 1434. Now, the historical nut-shell is cracked, and we will have some account of the funny fat man who loved the children.

In the summer of 1432, good-natured Procopius and his tall army came marching through the hot mountain-passes into Saxony, and encamped in a very lovely valley on the banks of the Saale, and invested the old walled town of Naumburg. It was cherry-time,—a lovely time of year to lay siege to the tough old town,—and the valley was full of cherry-trees, which was calculated to make fat Procope and the tall besiegers, who were very fond of the good things in the world, contented and happy. So, while a part of the army besieged the town, the rest went cherrying, and a very comfortable time they had.

But the Saxons who were shut up in Naumburg were resolute and stubborn, and refused to yield. The golden moon that hung over the Saale on the still nights when June perfumed the vale with roses,

waned, and halved, quartered and rounded again; but the Saxons gave no signs of coming to terms with the fat general. And Procopius, although generally so clever and good-natured, began, we are very, very sorry to say, to lose his patience and his temper.

It was far past midsummer. The roses were falling, and the cherries were rotting, and Procope himself was getting sour. So one morning he put on his high-heeled boots, and seemed to be unusually out of sorts, and he sent a terrible message to the good people of Naumburg that, if they did not surrender the town before the end of the week, all of the people in it should at last be put to the sword.

Oh, then there was distress in Naumburg. Yet the sturdy old Saxon lords refused to surrender the town.

But at last the store of food in the town was nearly gone, and strong walls grow weak when the people have no bread. The women began to be hungry, and the children to cry for food.

What was to be done? They called a council, but the council could do nothing. The besiegers were strong without, and the corn was gone within, and their lives were forfeited if they opened the gates to the enemy.

There came to the council an old German school-master, and when the lords and chief men could offer nothing, he begged leave to say a few words to them.

"Procope," said he, bowing very low, so that his queue stuck out like a horn behind, "is very fat."

"That will not help our leanness," said the lords.

"Fat men are very clever," said the spare old pedagogue.

"All the more inglorious to die at the hands of a clever man," said the lords.

"And clever, fat men love children," said the pedagogue, looking very wise.

"That does not help our case," said the lords.

"A man who loves a child will not harm the parent," said the old pedagogue.

"But the Hussites do not love our children."

"Every man has a tender place in his heart," said the wise pedagogue. "Get at that, and one is safe."

"But how does that apply to us?" asked the lords.

"Listen," said the pedagogue, looking still more wise, and bringing the tip of one finger over into the palm of his other hand, in a very knowing way. "Procope loves children, and when they are around him, he grows jolly and mellow, and his heart gets warm, and his sternness all melts away like a glacier in the spring sunshine. Send the children of the town out of the gates to him. Tell them to cling about his knees, and climb up into his lap, and when he begins to pity them, and grow fond of them, tell them to beg mercy for us, and the foodless town of Naumburg."

That quiet summer afternoon, the gates of Naumburg swung open, and a long procession of little boys and girls issued forth, and wended their way through the astonished Hussites to the gay pavilion of Procopius. We fancy we can see them now, and an old German picture we have seen helps our fancy. This odd picture represents the old pedagogue following behind with a bundle of books under one arm, and a brisk switch in the other hand, with which latter implement he was refreshing the memories of some of the little boys in the rear, by a wise application in the usual way.

When Procope saw them coming he seemed mighty pleased, and with large eyes and puffing lips he waddled out to meet them. The little girls seized him around his funny legs, and hugged him tight, and the little boys all began to say:

"O, good Procope, we've come to you to protect us."

What could Procopius do? He tried to be hard, but it was impossible. So he sat down under a big cherry-tree near by, and the boys and girls in a few minutes were running all over him like goats over a mountain. His heart was besieged, and a breach was soon made in its weakest place.

He put his hand on one little boy's hair and kissed another little girl, who looked so pretty and innocent that he could not help it. And his great arms clasped a half-a-dozen children at once, and his heart grew warm and mellow, and he found that he could resist no longer. So the clever fat general suddenly cried out:

"It's no use. I can't see the children suffer, you know. I guess I shall have to surrender."

Then he ordered the Hussites to bring him baskets of cherries, and he and the children had a cherry feast, and great was the happiness on the banks of the Saale, near the foodless town of Naumburg.

The children returned to the city at night, and each one hugged and kissed Procopius as they parted, and said in a low, sweet voice:

"Spare, for our sakes, the town of Naumburg."

The moon hung over the Saale in the golden air, and in the late hours dipped behind the far mountains. The sun rose fair, and the watchmen looked down from the grim walls of Naumburg on the long valley; but Procopius and the Hussites were gone, and a happier day never was seen in the town.

For four hundred years the Saxons have loved to recall this delightful event of history, and have celebrated it by the "Kinderfest," or "Children's Fête," or, as it is often called, "The Cherry Feast of Naumburg." This festival corresponds to our Fourth of July, and occurs on the 28th of July, and a right glad day it is to the children of Saxony. And, would you see how long the happy influence of a single good deed may last? why then, when you go to Germany, drop down to the Saale in summer time, and eat some cherries with the children at the Children's Fête, in honor of the funniest general in all the world.

GOLD LOCKS AND SILVER LOCKS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

PUPIL and master together,
The wise man and the child,
Merrily talking and laughing
Under the lamp-light mild.

Pupil and master together,
A fair sight to behold,
With his thronging locks of silver,
And her tresses of ruddy gold.

"Well, little girl, did you practice
On the violin to-day?
What is the air I gave you?
Have you forgotten, pray?"

And he sings a few notes and pauses,
Half frowning to see her stand
Perplexed, with her white brows knitted,
And her chin upon her hand.

Far off in the street of a sudden
Comes the sound of a wandering band,
And the blare of brass rings faintly,
Too distant to understand.

"Hark!" says the master, smiling,
Bending his head to hear,
"In what key are they playing?
Can you tell me that, my dear?"

I thought, if one had the power,
What a beautiful thing 't would be,
Hearing Life's manifold music,
To strike in one's self the key;

Whether joyful or sorry, to answer,
As wind-harps answer the air,
And solve by simple submission
Its riddles of trouble and care.



"Is it D minor? Try it!
To the piano and try!"
She strikes it, the sweet sound answers,
Her touch so light and shy.

And swift as steel to magnet,
The far tones and the near
Unite and are blended together
Smoothly upon the ear.

But the little maid knew nothing
Of thoughts so grave and wise,
As she stole again to her teacher,
And lifted her merry eyes.

And neither dreamed what a picture
They made, the young and the old,—
With his thronging locks of silver,
And her tresses of ruddy gold.



ONE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

TEN DOLLARS

BY OLIVE THORNE.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Mr. Cameron.—A clergyman.

Mrs. Cameron.—His wife.

Grandmother.—His mother.

Children of Mr. { Janet.—A School-teacher. Girard.—A Clerk.
and Mrs. Cameron. { Mabel.—A Music-teacher. Nellie.—A School-girl.

SCENE.

A comfortable, though homely, sitting-room, with a stove, a rag-carpet, a center-table, with two candles and snuffers on it.

Janet in gray dress, hair plain, sitting in a straight chair, sewing.
Mabel, the musician, in bright dress, with ribbons and curls, lounging in an easy chair, reading.

Girard, studying book-keeping.

Nellie, with hair in braids, studying her arithmetic with slate, etc.
All these around the table, with place left for Mother, whose work-basket, full of stockings, stands on the table. Her low sewing-chair awaits her beside the table.

Grandmother, in big rocking-chair by stove, knitting.

Grandmother. Nellie, I don't think you were polite to your friend when she came home with you. I was surprised you did n't invite her to tea.

Nellie. Well, Grandma, I did want to—awfully, but you see [*hesitating*] I was ashamed.

Grandmother. Ashamed! Of what, pray? [*dropping her knitting in amazement*]. I hope I haven't lived to see a Cameron stoop to the low standard of the present day, which estimates a man by the number of dollars he has heaped together, honestly or dishonestly!

Janet [*smiling*]. No, Grandma. I think we are all true Camerons in pride of family, and it keeps us contented under some trials, too, but I suppose Nellie refers to the state of our "family china,"—if the relics that adorn our table can be called so.

Grandmother [*with spirit*]. As if that made any difference with the spirit of hospitality!

Janet. Of course it makes no difference really; but you must admit, Grandma, it is a little mortifying to offer your friend a cracked plate to eat from, and a handleless tea-cup in a chipped saucer of another set, while the bread comes on in a blue-edged pie-plate.

Nellie [*ruefully*]. And not a whole pitcher in the house!

Janet. The truth is, we must manage some way to buy a few decent dishes. Our table is a disgrace.

Mabel [*looking up for the first time*]. So it is, Janey; I do wish we could have something really artistic! I saw such a choice set of Wedgwood to-day, as I passed Orton's!

Janet [*laughing*]. Wedgwood and dinner-sets are not for us, Sis. We shall have to content ourselves with a few cups and saucers, and plates; and I don't see exactly where those are to come from, either.

Mabel. But it's just as easy to buy even a few things that show some taste for art and the beautiful; and a bit of pure color here and there gives a plain table such an air.

Girard [*looking up for the first time*]. Airs at a Cameron table! I'm amazed! As for "bits of

color," Bel, a good steak is as nice a bit of color as I want to see.

Mabel. How gross, Girard!

Nellie [eagerly]. But about the dishes; let's all help to get them.

Girard [mockingly]. Pass around the hat! How much do you start with, Nell? Mabel can contribute her "cultchah"; you, your enthusiasm; I, my good wishes; and Janey must do the rest.

Nellie [meekly, and returning to her slate]. I have n't any money, I know, but I could do without something, I suppose, and take that money.

Janet [laying down her work in her interest]. That's what I thought of. We all shall have to pinch somewhere to do it. I thought for one thing, we might give up butter at the table—we children, I mean; that would save something from the house bills.

Girard [tragically]. Oh, Janet! "the most unkindest cut of all!"—that was aimed at me, I know. What are buckwheats without butter?

Janet [with pretended severity]. Very good and wholesome eating, Mr. Girard. You are far too tender of that exacting stomach of yours! It's time it was denied.

Girard [jumping up, and striking an attitude]. Denied! Don't I cheat it with codfish and corned beef! and mock it with dandelion coffee! and have n't I punished it with oatmeal, and crushed wheat, and other horse-feed? "Oh, that way madness lies!" What would you have a fellow do—live on bran?

Janet [severely virtuous]. Yes, if he could not pay for better. Benjamin Frank——

Girard [interrupting]. There, don't fling Ben Franklin at me again! He did n't care what he did; he paraded the streets of Philadelphia, eating one loaf of bread, and holding another under his arm. I saw him do it—in a picture, I mean.

Grandmother. That was nothing to be ashamed of.

Girard [sitting down]. Nor to brag of, neither.

Janet. Well, never mind Ben Franklin; the question now before the house, is: How can each of us save a little money?

Girard. Let's appoint a committee of ways and means—that's such a nice easy way! I nominate Miss Janet Cameron for the committee. Let her make something out of nothing, and in the words of the immortal—(ahem)—somebody, "show us how divine a thing a woman may become."

Janet. Now, Girard, stop your nonsense, and devote yourself to this "account of stock," while we girls talk things over.

Girard. By the way, that reminds me that I took a letter from the post-office for father to-day. Where is he?

Janet. In the study, I believe.

[Girard goes out.]

Grandmother. I'll help, Janet. I can do without the cap you were going to make me.

Janet. No, indeed, Grandma! You shall have a new cap if we have to eat off of leaves. We young folks are the ones to do without things.

[Girard returns, snuffs the candles, and resumes his seat.]

Janet [continues]. I have a little of my quarter's salary left, which I will give.

Mabel. But——

Janet [hastily]. No "buts," Mabel. Of course, it is only by some self-denial that we can do it. We have no superfluous luxuries.

Mabel [sighing]. I think not, indeed! Well, of course, I'll give up butter, too, and—and [*hesitating*] I won't buy that new piece of music.

Nellie. That you've been wanting for six months!

Mabel. I don't need it more than Janet needs shoes.

Nellie [pushing her books back on the table]. Dear me! what can I do without, I wonder? [*reflecting*]—I suppose I might wear my old hat as it is, without the flower mother said I might get. I can't think of anything else.

Janet. But, Nellie, that will be too bad. It really needs it.

Nellie. No more than you and Mabel need things. I can tie my veil over it. I wonder how it will look, anyway?

[Goes to a cupboard or drawer; and brings out an old hat, pulls the trimming this way and that to give it a fresher look, while the talk goes on, no one observing her.]

Girard. "Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy!"

Janet [turning to Girard, now apparently absorbed in his books]. Now, Girard, it's your turn. Show us some of the philosophy you mentioned.

Girard [apparently surprised]. Eh? What?

Janet. Have n't you some pet thing to sacrifice?

Girard. I can't sacrifice my pet; you've done that yourself at one fell stroke—that's butter. But [*seriously*] I suppose I must crucify my pride, like the rest—though it is Cameron pride, Grandma. I'll have my shoes patched, and wait till next quarter for new ones [*holding out a somewhat dilapidated shoe, and looking at it on every side with comical look of dismay*]. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

Janet [warmly]. And you so hate a patch! Girard, your pride is of the right sort; you're ahead of us all.

Girard [theatrically]. "Who is here so base that would be a bondman?"—to a pair of shoes——"If any, speak!" How much will all these sacrifices net?

Janet [in business-like way]. The sum total

of these several sacrifices of the Cameron family, net,—ahem! exactly — [*slowly*] if we do without butter for a month — nine dollars and seventy-five cents!

Nellie [*eagerly throwing down the hat*]. Is that enough?

Janet. Yes, I think so, used with discretion.

Girard. Well, then, shell out [*opening a thin pocket-book. Soliloquizing*]. "I do remember a lonely" — two-dollar note — "and hereabouts he lives. Has he not a lean and hungry look?" Who'll be treasurer of this great financial scheme? Janet, of course. "'T was ever thus" — she's always everything in this house — "wisest, virtuosiest, discreetest, best" — Here, Miss Factotum! [*tendering the bill with mock ceremony*].

[Mabel slowly draws out a shabby portemonnaie, and carefully takes out several pieces of change, spreading them on the table, and counting them.]

Mabel. Twenty-five—fifty—seventy-five—one dollar twenty-five—thirty—forty—forty-five—forty-nine—one dollar and forty-nine-cents.

[The door opens, Mother enters and seats herself by table, holding up a ten-dollar bill.]

Mother. Children, we've had a windfall.

Chorus. Have we! Oh! Oh not that?

Mother. Yes, this ten-dollar bill. Your father's letter was from Mr. James, inclosing the ten dollars he owed him, which we had given up long ago.

Girard [*aside*]. "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by this son of"—greenbacks!

Janet. What will he do with it, Mother?

Mother. He has given it to me to put where it is most needed. He has no bills out; coal is in and paid for, and we have a barrel of flour. In fact—thanks to your all doing so well, we are comfortable for the winter. Now, where is it most needed about the house? I thought, myself, that father ought to have a new study-chair. His is really unsafe.

[A pause of several minutes. Each one in a brown study. Mother draws up her basket, and takes out her work.]

Nellie [*suddenly, very earnestly*]. O Mother! I do wish you'd get me some new ribbons and a pair of gloves! they wont cost much, and mine are really too shabby to be decent!

Mother [*surprised, and dropping her work*]. Why, I thought your blue ribbons looked very nice yet, Nellie; and your gloves, I'm sure, can't be worn out.

Nellie. They're not really in holes, but worn white and shabby; and my blue ribbons [*scornfully*] have been washed, you know, and they do seem so slimy and mean. I wish you could see Belle Nelson's —

Janet [*interrupting*]. Belle Nelson, indeed! The idea of your dreaming of rivaling her! If you talk about *needs*, I think I need a new dress about as much as you need ribbons and gloves. I'm hardly respectable in my old brown serge, cleaned and turned upside down, inside out, hind-side before, flounced to hide piecing, and bowed to hide darns!

Mother [*perfectly aghast at this savage speech, and nervously twisting the bill as she talks*]. Why, Janet, I thought your dress looked so nice! and you were so contented!

Janet. Well, I expected, of course, to wear it, and I had to be contented; but it makes me furious, after all the trouble I've had with Nellie's clothes, to have her talk about Belle Nelson.

Girard [*starting up and walking across the room, returning and snuffing the candles again*]. Now, Mother, see here! It's all stuff to talk about ribbons and frocks! Girls always want a cart-load of such truck! I say, Here, let's have a high old Christmas-dinner! One of the real old sort, that all can enjoy and remember through subsequent scrimped dinners.

Janet [*ironically*]. That's just like a boy! I've always heard that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach; but I did n't think it cropped out so young in life.

Girard [*offended by the taunting reflection on his age*]. Young! I'd like to know —

Mother [*earnestly, interrupting, and forgetfully letting the bill, now twisted into a wisp, fall into her lap*]. Children! Children! I am extremely pained to see such a spirit! If you cannot talk it over pleasantly, I shall be sorry we ever saw the ten dollars.

[Janet and Girard look ashamed, and are silent. Girard sits down.]

Mabel [*mildly*]. Mother, don't you think it would be well to put this unexpected money to the use of a little culture? Our lives are so bare and devoid of beauty! We surely shall grow gross and earthly-minded if we never lift ourselves above our material needs, nor cultivate our æsthetic tastes.

Girard [*wickedly, sotto voce*]. Ahem! "And still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all she knew."

Mabel [*not hearing him*]. How would it do to spend it for a season-ticket to the Philharmonic concerts this winter, and take turns in going? or to buy a choice photograph of some grand picture, which would be constant culture to the whole family, refining and —

Girard [*pitching his book across the room, making Grandmother start, and drop her ball*]. Yes, to you! But nobody else cares a fig for your old

concerts, and your choice photographs! [*Sees Grandma's ball, picks it up and returns it to her.*]

[*Mabel starts up, indignant at Girard's words, then sits and buries her face in a book.*]

Girard [*continuing*]. I think, the best way, after all, is to put the money into silver dollars and divide it around, so that each one may get exactly what suits him.

Mother [*leaning forward, pained and distressed, the bill drops to the floor*]. But, children, I am amazed to see this dreadful discontent! I never suspected that you felt like this.

Nellie [*interrupting hotly*]. I suppose I am horrid! But when one has been to school all her life, dressed meaner than the washerwoman's daughter, I don't think it's wonderful that she should want a new thing once in a while. It's no worse than to stuff it down the throat, as Girard would like!

Mabel [*laying down the book she took up when Girard interrupted*]. Neither eating nor dressing is more than a vulgar necessity. Our spiritual nature craves higher pleasures, and I do think we ought to try to rise above that low plane.

Girard [*energetically*]. "Stuff!"

Janet [*tossing her head with dignity*]. Well, all of you may say what you like about it, but I can tell you this —

[*At this moment, Girard jumps up to snuff the candles again, and in his haste, snuffs one of them out.*]

Nellie [*crossly*]. Now you've done it!

[*Girard snatches up the other candle to relight the first.*]

Mother [*seizing his hand*]. No, no! You'll spill the grease! Take a paper! [*turning to look for one in her basket*].

[*Girard looks around, sees the bill in a wisp on the floor, picks it up.*]

Girard. Here's one, Mother!

[*Lights it at one candle, re-lights the other, and turns to the stove with the burning bill; opens the stove-door, throws it in, carelessly looking at it when in; suddenly looks aghast.*]

Girard [*anxiously*]. My goodness! Mother, where's that bill?

[*Door opens; Mr. Cameron puts in his head to see what's the matter.*]

Mother. Why, I have it; it's right here [*looking in her lap and on the table*]. I had it in my hands a minute ago—I was twisting it in my fingers, I believe.

[*Looks on the floor. The rest join in the search under the table; Janet looks in work-basket; Mother stands up and shakes her dress.*]

Girard [*standing still, panic-stricken*]. Girls, you need n't look any more. Mother, I—I—lighted the candle with it. I thought it was a wisp of paper.

Mother [*distressed*]. I twisted it up, as I do everything, I suppose, and laid it down carelessly.

Mabel [*interrupting*]. No; Girard took that paper from the floor; I saw him.

Girard. Then it dropped, for I saw it as it burned in the stove.

Chorus [*of dismay*]. Burned!

Grandmother [*serenely, laying down her knitting and pushing her spectacles up to her forehead*]. Bless the Lord! let us return to contented poverty!

[*All see the point, look ashamed, and subside into seats in silence.*]

Father [*after looking sharply at each discontented face*]. Mother, do you regret the money?

Mother [*serenely, taking up her darning-basket*]. No, William! It has bought us a useful lesson! It is well bestowed.

Grandmother. And no one even once thought of the china we need so badly!

[*All bend over books and work, as at beginning.*]

CURTAIN.



RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



LOOKING THROUGH THE ROUND WINDOW.

LONG ago, before the sun caught fire, before the moon froze up, and before you were born, a Queen had three children, whose names were Princess Hilda, Prince Frank, and Prince Henry. Princess Hilda, who was the eldest, had blue eyes and golden hair; Prince Henry, who was the youngest, had black eyes and black hair; and Prince Frank, who was neither the youngest nor the eldest, had hazel eyes and brown hair. They were the best children in the world, and the prettiest, and the cleverest of their age: they lived in the most beautiful palace ever built, and the garden they played in was the loveliest that ever was seen.

This castle stood on the borders of a great forest, on the other side of which was Fairy Land. But there was only one window in the palace that looked out upon the forest, and that was the round window of the room in which Princess Hilda, Prince Frank, and Prince Henry slept. And since this window was never open except at night, after the three children had been put to bed, they knew very little about how the forest looked, or what kind of flowers grew there, or what kind of birds sang in the branches of the trees. Sometimes, however,

as they lay with their heads on their little pillows, and their eyes open, waiting for sleep to come and fasten down the eyelids, they saw stars, white, blue, and red, twinkling in the sky overhead; and below amongst the tree-trunks, other yellow stars, which danced about, and flitted to and fro. These flitting stars were called, by grown-up people, will-o'-the-wisps, jack-o'-lanterns, fire-flies, and such like names; but the children knew them to be the torches carried by the elves, as they ran hither and thither about their affairs. They often wished that one of these elves would come through the round window of their chamber, and make them a visit; but if this ever happened, it was not until after the children had fallen asleep, and could know nothing of it.

The garden was on the opposite side of the palace to the forest, and was full of flowers, and birds, and fountains, in the basins of which gold-fishes swam. In the center of the garden, was a broad green lawn for the children to play on; and on the further edge of this lawn was a high hedge, with only one round opening in the middle of it. But through this opening no one was allowed to

pass; for the land on the other side belonged to a dwarf, whose name was Rumpty-Dudget, and whose only pleasure was in doing mischief. He was an ugly little dwarf, about as high as your knee, and all gray from head to foot. He wore a broad-brimmed gray hat, and a gray beard, and a gray cloak, that was so much too long for him that it dragged on the ground as he walked; and on his back was a small gray hump, that made him look even shorter than he was. He lived in a gray tower, whose battlements could be seen from the palace windows. In this tower was a room with a thousand and one corners in it. In each of these corners stood a little child, with its face to the wall, and its hands behind its back. They were children that Rumpty-Dudget had caught trespassing on his grounds, and had carried off with him to his tower. In this way he had filled up one corner after another, until only one corner was left unfilled; and if he could catch a child to put in that corner, then Rumpty-Dudget would become master of the whole country, and the beautiful palace would disappear, and the lovely garden would be changed into a desert, covered over with gray stones and brambles. You may be sure, therefore, that Rumpty-Dudget tried very hard to get hold of a child to put in the thousand and first corner; but all the mothers were so careful, and all the children so obedient, that for a long time that thousand and first corner had remained empty.

II.—TOM, THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

WHEN Princess Hilda and her two little brothers, Prince Frank and Prince Henry, were still very little, indeed, the Queen, their mother, was obliged to make a long journey to a distant country, and to leave the children behind her. They were not entirely alone, however; for there was their fairy aunt to keep guard over them at night, and a large cat, with yellow eyes and a thick tail, to see that no harm came to them during the day. The cat was named Tom, and was with them from the time they got up in the morning until they went to bed again; but from the time they went to bed until they got up, the cat disappeared and the fairy aunt took his place. The children had never seen their fairy aunt except in dreams, because she only came after sleep had fastened down their eyelids for the night. Then she would fly in through the round window, and sit on the edge of their bed, and whisper in their ears all manner of charming stories about Fairy Land, and the wonderful things that were seen and done there. Then, just before they awoke, she would kiss their eyelids and fly out of the round window again; and the cat, with his yellow eyes and his thick tail, would come purring in at the door.

One day, the unluckiest day in the whole year, Princess Hilda, Prince Frank and Prince Henry were playing together on the broad lawn in the center of the garden. It was Rumpty-Dudget's birthday, and the only day in which he had power to creep through the round hole in the hedge and prowl about the Queen's grounds. As ill-fortune would have it, moreover, the cat was forced to be away on this day from sunrise to sunset; so that during all that time the three children had no one to take care of them. But they did not know there was any danger, for they had never yet heard of Rumpty-Dudget; and they went on playing together very affectionately, for up to this time they had never quarreled. The only thing that troubled them was that Tom, the cat, was not there to play with them; he had been away ever since sunrise, and they all longed to see his yellow eyes and his thick tail, and to stroke his smooth back, and to hear his comfortable purr. However, it was now very near sunset, so he must soon be back. The sun, like a great red ball, hung a little way above the edge of the world, and was taking a parting look at the children before bidding them good-night.

All at once, Princess Hilda looked up and saw a strange little dwarf standing close beside her, all gray from head to foot. He wore a gray hat and beard, and a long gray cloak that dragged on the ground, and on his back was a little gray hump that made him seem even shorter than he was, though, after all, he was no taller than your knee. Princess Hilda was not frightened, for nobody had ever done her any harm; and besides, this strange little gray man, though he was very ugly, smiled at her from ear to ear, and seemed to be the most good-natured dwarf in the world. So she called to Prince Frank and Prince Henry, and they looked up too, and were no more frightened than Hilda; and as the dwarf kept on smiling from ear to ear, the three children smiled back at him. Meanwhile, the great red ball of the sun was slowly going down, and now his lower edge was just resting on the edge of the world.

Now, you have heard of Rumpty-Dudget before, and therefore you know that this strange little gray dwarf was none other than he, and that, although he smiled so good-naturedly from ear to ear, he was really wishing to do the children harm, and even to carry one of them off to his tower, to stand in the thousand and first corner. But he had no power to do this so long as the children staid on their side of the hedge; he must first tempt them to creep through the round opening, and then he could carry them whither he pleased. So he held out his hand and said:

"Come with me, Princess Hilda, Prince Frank

and Prince Henry. I am very fond of little children; and if you will creep through that round opening in the hedge, I will show you something you never saw before."

The three children thought

But from the other side of the hedge he threw a handful of black mud at the three children; a drop of it fell upon the forehead of Princess Hilda, and another upon Prince Frank's nose, and a third upon little Prince Henry's chin; and each drop made a little black spot, which all the washing and scrubbing in the world would not take away.



it would be very pleasant to see something they never saw before; for if that part of the world which they had already seen was so beautiful, it was likely that the part they had not seen would be more beautiful still. So they stood up, and Rumpty-Dudget took Prince Frank by one hand, and Prince Henry by the other, and Princess Hilda followed behind, and thus they all set off across the lawn toward the round opening in the hedge. But they could not go very fast, because the children were hardly old enough to walk yet; and, meanwhile, the great red ball of the sun kept going down slowly, and now his lower half was out of sight beneath the edge of the world. However, at last they came to the round opening, and Rumpty-Dudget took hold of Prince Henry to lift him through it.

But just at that moment the last bit of the sun disappeared beneath the edge of the world, and instantly there was a great sound of miauling and spitting, and Tom, the cat, came springing across the lawn, his great yellow eyes flashing, and his back bristling, and every hair upon his tail standing straight out, until it was as big round as your leg. And he flew at Rumpty-Dudget, and jumped upon his hump, and bit and scratched him soundly. At that Rumpty-Dudget screamed with pain, and dropped little Prince Henry, and vanished through the opening of the hedge in the twinkling of an eye.

THE CAT DRIVES RUMPTY-DUDGET AWAY.

And immediately Princess Hilda, who had till then been the best little girl in the world, began to wish to order everybody about, and make them do what she pleased, whether they liked it or not; and Prince Frank, who till then had been one of the two best little boys in the world, began to want all the good and pretty things that belonged to other people, in addition to what already belonged to him; and Prince Henry, who till then had been the other of the two best little boys in the world, began to wish to do what he was told not to do, and not to do what he was told to do. Such was the effect of the three black drops of mud.

III.—THE WAYS OF THE WIND.

ALTHOUGH the Princess Hilda and her two little brothers were no longer the best children in the world, they were pretty good children as the world goes, and got along tolerably well together on the whole. But whenever the wind blew from the north, where Rumpty-Dudget's tower stood, Princess Hilda ordered her brothers about, and tried to make them do what she pleased, whether they liked it or not; and Prince Frank wanted some of the good and pretty things that belonged to his brother and sister, in addition to what were already his; and Prince Henry would not do what he was told to do, and would do what he was told not to do. And then, too, the spot on Princess Hilda's forehead, and on Prince Frank's nose, and on Prince Henry's chin, became blacker and blacker, and hotter and hotter, until at last the children were ready to cry from pain and vexation. But as soon as the wind blew from the south, where Fairy Land was, the spots began to grow dim, and the heat to lessen, until at last the children hardly felt or noticed them any more. Yet they never disappeared altogether; and neither the cat nor the fairy aunt could do anything to drive them away. But the cat used to warn Princess Hilda and her two brothers that unless they could make the wind blow always from the south, the thousand and first corner in Rumpty-Dudget's tower would be filled at last. And when, at night, their fairy aunt flew in through the round window and sat on their bedside, and whispered stories about Fairy Land into their ears, and they would ask her in their sleep to take them all three in her arms and carry them over the tops of the forest-trees to her beautiful home far away on the other side, she would shake her head and say:

"As long as those spots are on your faces, I cannot carry you to my home, for a part of each of you belongs to Rumpty-Dudget, and he will hold on to it in spite of all I can do. But when Hilda becomes a horse, and Frank a stick of fire-wood, and Henry a violin, then Rumpty-Dudget will lose

his power over you, and the spots will vanish, and I will take you all three in my arms, and fly with



"NEARER AND NEARER TO THE HEDGE." [PAGE 202.]

you over the tops of the trees to Fairy Land, where we will live happily forever after."

When the three children heard this, they were puzzled to know what to do; for how could a little princess become a horse, or two little princes a stick of fire-wood and a violin? But that their fairy aunt would not tell them.

"It can only happen when the wind blows always from the south, as the cat told you," said she.

"But how can we make the wind blow always from the south?" asked they.

At that, the fairy aunt touched each of them on the heart, and smiled, and shook her head; and no other answer would she give; so they were no wiser than before.

Thus time went steadily on, to-morrow going before to-day, and yesterday following behind, until a year was past, and Rumpty-Dudget's birthday came round once more.

"I must leave you alone to-morrow," said the cat the day before, "from sunrise to sunset; but if you are careful to do as I tell you, all will be well. Do not go into the garden; do not touch the black ball that lies on the table in the nursery; and do not jump against the north wind."

Just as he finished saying these things, he sprang out of the room and disappeared.

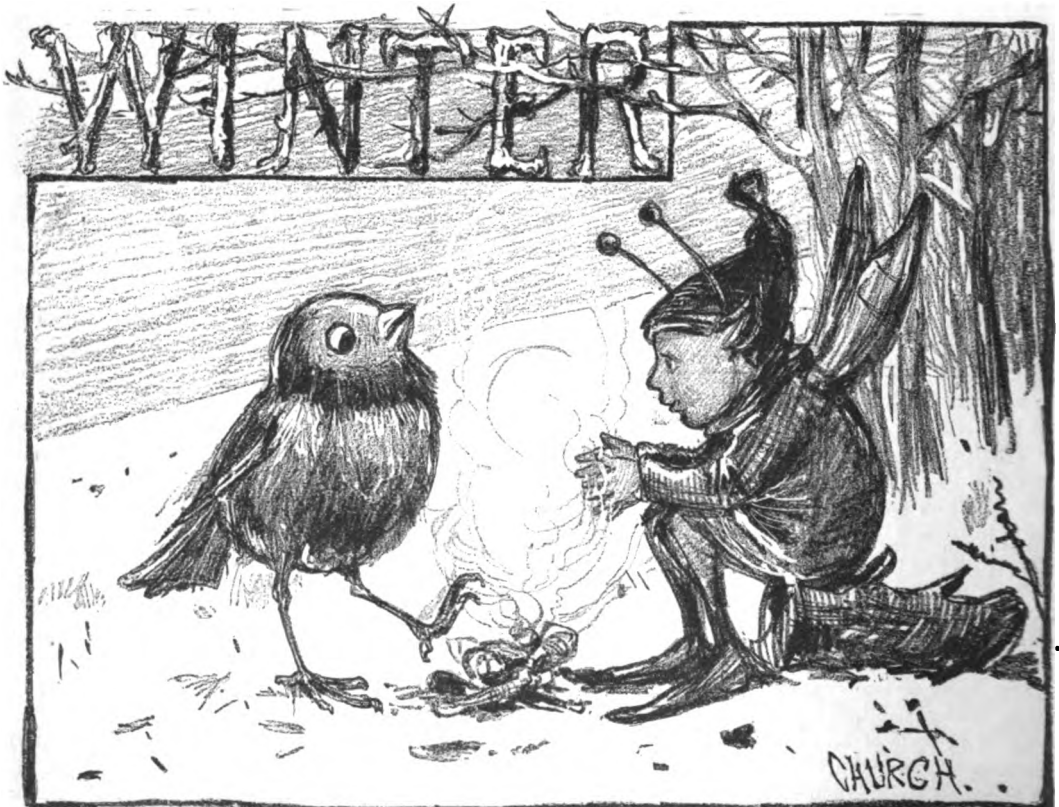
All the next morning the children remembered what Tom, the cat, had told them; they played quietly in the palace, and did not touch the black

ball that lay on the nursery table. But when the afternoon came, Princess Hilda began to be tired of staying shut up so long, when out in the garden it was warm and pleasant, and the wind blew from the south. And Prince Frank began to be tired of his own playthings, and to wish that he might have the pretty, black ball, to toss up in the air and catch again. And Prince Henry began to be tired of doing what he was told, and wished the wind would blow from the north, so that he might jump against it. At last they could bear it no longer; so Princess Hilda stood up and said:

"Frank and Henry, I order you to come out with me into the garden!" And out they went; and as they passed through the nursery, Prince Henry knocked the black ball off the table, and Prince Frank picked it up and put it in his pocket. But by the time they got to the broad lawn in the center of the garden, the three spots on their faces were blacker than ink and hotter than pepper; and, strange to say, the wind, which hitherto had blown from the south, now changed about and

came from the north, where Rumpy-Dudget's tower stood. Nevertheless, the children ran about the grass, tossing the black ball from one to another, and did not notice that every time it fell to the ground, it struck a little nearer the hedge which divided Rumpy-Dudget's land from the Queen's garden. At last Prince Frank got the ball, and kept tossing it up in the air, and catching it again all by himself, without letting the others take their turns. But they ran after him to get it away, and all three raced to and fro, without noticing that at every turn they were nearer and nearer to the high hedge, and to the round opening that led into Rumpy-Dudget's ground. After a long chase, Princess Hilda and Prince Henry caught up with Prince Frank, and would have taken the black ball away from him; but he gave it a great toss upward, and it flew clear over the high hedge and came down bounce upon the other side. Just then the great red ball of the sun dropped out of a gray cloud, and rested on the edge of the world. It wanted three minutes to sunset.

(To be continued.)



PETE'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY J. H. ANDREWS.

THERE was a boy whose name was Pete,—
 (I hope he isn't here, because
 I would n't dare to tell this if he was.)
 I think you'd better guess the street
 He lived in, and the village too as well,—
 For I sha'n't tell.
 And this boy Pete felt very sad one day;
 He could n't play;
 He left the house and wandered far away;
 He left his kite and ball;
 He did n't feed his rocking-horse at all;
 He did n't even whistle for the dog,
 But went out through the gate.
 And toward the wood with melancholy jog
 He did perambulate.
 (What that word means 't would take too long
 to state.)
 So—not to keep you in suspense—
 He reached a spot where trees grew tall and
 dense,
 And clambering upon an old rail-fence,
 He sat him down to meditate.

'T was in September,—apples every one
 Were ripening in the sun;
 And bobolinks had hardly yet begun
 To think of leaving home;
 The fields were still in bloom;
 The butterflies and bees and all such things
 Were practicing their wings;
 And every breeze
 Startled the squirrels, who, with merry pranks,
 Were playing hide-and-seek among the trees.
 Nature was gay!
 (As grown-up people say.)
 But Peter seemed to feel the other way:
 Poor lad!
 He didn't mind the beauty of the day;
 And nothing made him glad.
 With fingers in his hair he sat alone,—
 And if you'd been
 Among the bushes, where he could n't see,
 You would have heard him say in mournful tone:
 "Oh, dear!
 Why is it Christmas comes but once a year?
 Now, look at Sundays,—there's no end to them,—
 I don't know who's to blame,—
 They keep a-coming every little while;—
 I got my rocking-horse the other day
 To take a drive;
 And,—sure as I'm alive!—
 I'd hardly traveled half a mile,

When mother called out: 'Say,
 Peter, just put that hobby-horse away;
 It's Sunday now, you know you mustn't play.'



"HE SAT HIM DOWN TO MEDITATE."

Yes! Sunday every day or two.
 But Christmases,—My! aint they few!
 Here I've been waiting,
 And calculating
 What I would do
 Next Christmas-time; and now I've found
 It's three months 'fore it comes around!
 Three months!—oh, dear!—
 Why *don't* they have it more than once a year!"

Thus Peter did soliloquize,—
 His hands upon his eyes,—
 Meanwhile, he tries
 (With such a frown!)
 To kick the old fence down:—
 But fails,—
 Kicking his boot-heel off against the rails.
 There is no doubt
 But Peter felt uncommonly put out.
 He sat down on a stone—
 When something brought
 A smile upon his face,—the frown was gone,—
 And up he started. "Well, I've got it now,"

He said. "I thought, somehow,
I might arrange
To have a change
About these Christmas days."

"And now," he says,
"I'll *do* this thing: Because
I do not wonder that old Santa Claus
Comes only once a year. It's plain to me;
For,—can't I see
He does n't come at all, except they fix a tree?
'T is very queer

They fix it only once a year;
(How little these old people know!
I'll teach them something when I grow.)

But I won't wait till then;

These grown-up men

May have their Christmas once a year; but I,—
I'll have a dozen if I wish. I'll try
A Christmas-tree to-morrow; if they won't
Help me, I'll have it on my own account!

To-morrow's just the day!

The old folks will be gone away
To visit Uncle Ephraim on the hill;
I'll have a tree to-morrow,—that I will.

Think of the boys

Next morning when I carry out the toys:—

Won't their eyes open wide!

And then, beside,

To fool old Santa Claus,—oh, what a joke!"

Thus Peter spoke,

Full half the night awake he lay,
And waited for the day;
Then fell asleep to dream
About his wondrous scheme.
When the bell sounded

For breakfast, out of bed he bounded.

He laughed, of course,
To see his brother harnessing the horse;
And to himself he said:

"I'll hide the toys well underneath the bed."

When he was dressed,
He found his parents in their Sunday best,
Beside the table.

Pete, who was hardly able

To eat at all that day,

Soon slipped away,—

Went out-of-doors,—

Drove up the gig,—offered to hold the horse;
And when he saw the old folks safely in,

How Pete did grin!

How he rolled over on the ground

Till his head whirled around

With dizz'ness.

"And now," said Pete, "to business!"

'Tis sad, but I must tell it.

Pete soon secured the ax,

And making sundry tacks

About the yard, he came upon a tree

(As fine a spruce as people ever see),



THE OLD GIG STARTS.

And, turning on his one heel, homeward sped,
Wishing 'twere night, and he were safe in bed.

Well, night did come at last; he ran upstairs.
(I fear he rather hurried through his prayers.)

And with most vigorous hacks

He tried to fell it.

Pete never worked so hard before;

And I'll not dare to say

How soon that Christmas-tree was on its way

Toward the front hall door.
More time was spent
In getting the long branches bent

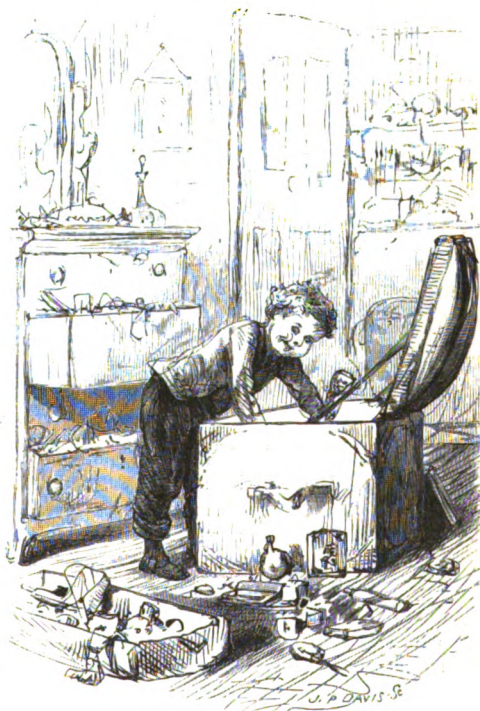


"AND TUGGED TILL IN IT WENT."

Between the casing;
The tree, in passing,
Tore off long strips of paint,
But Peter was intent
Upon his work, and tugged, till in it went.
He dragged it through the hall,
Then up the stairs,
And stood it in his bedroom, 'gainst the wall,
Till he could cut, for twine,
Some rope from the clothes-line,
With which he tied it upright, 'twixt two chairs
And (must I tell
What then befell?)
Throughout and 'round the house
He darted like a mouse.
Half laughing, half afraid,
Softly,—yet swiftly as a well-played jig;
Making a careful and all-searching raid
That Christmas-tree to rig!
"For," said he, as he ran,
"I'll fix it as I can;
I'll do my best,
And leave old Santa Claus to do the rest."
He ravaged all the house,
And tumbled drawers about,
Turned closets inside out,
For pretty ornaments to deck the boughs.

He took the vases,
And all the jewelry from out the cases.
Bottles of sweet perfume,
Took pictures from their places,
And hurried to his room.
I can't name all the things
Which up the stairs he brings,
Laughing so merrily;
Nor how he hangs them up upon the tree,
And fastens them with strings;
Nor how he handles
The tallow candles,
And decks the tree in genuine Christmas state—
All ready to illuminate!

At last the old folks came home tired;
Pete's mother anxiously inquired:
"Well, Peter, been at work? You're tired,
too?"
"Oh, some," he said: "I'm very glad I'm
through."
"That's right, my boy," the father made reply,
"You'll be the man to make your parents proud;
The good time's coming, Peter, by and by."



"HE RAVAGED ALL THE HOUSE."

"Yes, so is Christmas," murmured Pete,—not
loud.

It was n't long before he said:

"I guess I'll go to bed."
 And with a heart which beat
 With glorious anticipations, Pete
 Leaped up the stairs, thinking what lay ahead.
 He finds his room, and listens long, until
 The house is still;
 Then creeps along the floor,
 And feels the door;
 He strikes a match,
 And fastens down the catch;

So Pete kept guard, in silence crouching,
 The dark hole in the fire-place watching.
 While ever and again his heart beat faster.
 At some slight cracking of the plaster,
 Or scratching of a rat,—
 And all was stillness after that.
 'T was very hard to keep from choking,
 The candles, somehow, took to smoking,
 When suddenly Pete heard
 A sort of fluttering.



"A HOST OF THINGS WITH WINGS!"

Then, carefully the bolt he draws,—
 The fire-board's down in silence most amazing,
 He sets the candles blazing.
 "There, now," he says, "we'll lay for Santa
 Claus!"
 I don't propose to say
 How long he lay;
 Nor can I tell precisely what occurred.
 For something like an hour or more
 Stretched out upon the bedroom floor,
 Pete kept awake but never stirred.
 Anxious for what should come.
 Like a starved cat, that long has waited
 With eager ears and eyes dilated
 Before some mouse's home.

"Hist!" said he, muttering;
 "That's he,
 And now I'll see
 The load of toys he brings."
 Then down the chimney the soot came dropping,
 And into the room without any stopping
 There burst a host of things
 With wings!
 Pete's eye with terror the vision follows,—
 A great black brood of chimney swallows!
 And the rapid rate
 At which they whirled about Pete's pate
 I could n't begin to calculate.

Whew!—!—!—!

How they flew !
While every candle-flame burned blue.
How Pete did stare,
And how his hair
Began to rise,—
And how his eyes
Stood out from his head in mute surprise ;
And how, 'mid the terrible candle flare,
And the swallows whizzing through the air,
He jumped, when his father cried,
As he battered the door outside,
"Why, Pete ! what are you doin'?"

What a crash !
When the luckless youngster made a dash
For the door, and stumbling over a chair,
That Christmas-tree right then and there,
Came down in a fearful ruin !
I think I'll drop the story here ;
But, if you'd like to drop a tear,
It would n't be difficult, could you see
How Peter's father tenderly
Lifted his son upon his knee,
And used a twig from that green tree.
He used it in such a generous way
That Peter remembered his Christmas day,
And sometime after was heard to say
That he'd be a dunce
If he wanted that Christmas more than once.
Since that famous night,
He never has taken a patent right

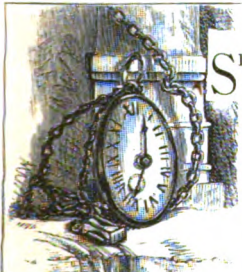


"A TWIG FROM THAT GREEN TREE."

For the Christmas he then invented.
And even now that he's grown a man
He keeps his Christmas, and seems contented
To follow the good old plan.

"SIXTY MINUTES MAKE AN HOUR."

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



SIXTY seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour," sang brown-haired Nellie, on the afternoon of the very last day of the year, as she rocked to and fro in her small rocking-chair,—a gift from Santa Claus,—beating her breast with her little fist as though to beat the lesson so firmly in that it never could get out again by any chance (I think it would have been far more sensible to have pounded on her head for that purpose),—"sixty seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour," over and over again, until the childish voice grew fainter and fainter, and the last "hour" never got farther than "ou."

Then Nellie ceased rocking, and her head fell back against the pretty scarlet and green "tidy" which she had found on her Christmas Tree, and the dark-brown curls fell over the dark-brown eyes, and she began to think of nothing at all. And while she was quietly thinking of nothing at all, she suddenly heard, to her great amazement, a tiny voice—as clear and sweet as the tinkling of the silver bell that hung from the necklace of "Snow-and-cream," her favorite cat—repeat the words, "Sixty minutes make an hour," and peeping through the cloud of hair that veiled her eyes, she saw a wee figure standing before her, dressed in white, with a daisy in its bosom, and a snowdrop clinging to its pale, golden curls.

It had a round, cheery, baby-face, with a dimple in one rosy cheek, and another in the rosy chin,

and its eyes were as blue as the eyes of a kitten when it is only a few weeks old.

Dancing in at a hole in one of the window-panes, and thence to the floor on a long, slanting sun-beam, came other wee figures, followed by still smaller ones, and the smaller ones followed again by comical mites no higher than Nellie's new silver thimble.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands; "how glad I am to see you! Are you fairies?"

"No, dear," replied the baby-faced one, with a bright smile. "We are Hours, Minutes, and Seconds, and we belong to the year that is almost gone. I don't suppose you can remember the Minutes and Seconds, your acquaintance with them was so very slight; they stay such a short time, no one can become well acquainted with them, sixty minutes and three thousand and six hundred seconds coming and going during the visit of one hour; but I am sure you can remember me and my sisters and cousins,—that is, some of us. It would be impossible for you to remember us all, of course."

"Why, how many sisters and cousins have you, you cunning tot?" asked Nellie.

"Twenty-three sisters, and eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-six cousins," answered the tot.

"Good gracious! and my stars!" exclaimed Nellie. "What a awful,—a very awful large family! I never heard of such a thing. It stands to reason"—Nellie borrowed this expression from her papa—"that I could n't remember—such a young memory as I have—only six, going on seven—the half or quarter of so many hundreds and thousands, even if I'd met them all, which I don't believe I have."

"That's just what I was about to say," said the Hour, shaking its light curls softly, "we don't expect you to remember very many of us, and you're right in thinking you have not known us all. In fact, but half of our number have been introduced to you. The other half glided silently by, while you were sleeping, and some of us were so much alike that you could n't tell us apart, and a few of our relations have yet to visit you,—that is, if you stay up long enough to receive them. The last will fly away as the clock strikes twelve, and the midnight bells ring merrily to welcome the birth of the New Year."

"Oh dear, no," said Nellie; "I sha' n't see that one. I go to bed zackly eight, 'less on par-tic-ular 'casions, and then nine; but I don't think this is a par-tic-u-lar 'casion for me. But you have n't told me who you are, yet?"

"I am the Hour that was with you the morning,

nearly a year ago, when your baby-brother broke the beautiful wax doll Santa Claus had brought you, and you forced back the tears when you saw his rosebud mouth begin to tremble, and taking him in your arms told him 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' until he fell asleep."

"I remember," said Nellie, her face all aglow, "and mamma kissed me as she took baby Willie from me, and called me her 'own brave little daughter.'"

"And I am the Hour," said a small, grave body in a plain, dull, gray dress that had n't even a bow of ribbon on it,—with marks of tears on its cheeks, and a funny red tip to its dot of a nose, "that stayed with you when you were being punished for telling —"

"Don't mention it, please," interrupted a bright-faced, pleasant-looking Hour, in a sky-blue robe with a wreath of the tiniest chrysanthemums around its head. "What's the use of talking about it? It is n't a cheerful subject, and I've no doubt Nellie always told the truth after that. I heard her sobs of repentance, and her vows 'never—never—never' to do so again, and saw the smiles come back and chase away the clouds, when all was joy and peace once more."

"I danced with her in the meadow," sang a graceful elf standing on the tips of its toes, and holding its arms above its head as though it were about to fly, "one summer day,—the day she gathered daisies and dandelions,—and sang a sweet and joyous song in answer to the bird that had a nest in the apple-tree. In that nest were four baby-birds, and they peeped out and twittered when they heard Nellie sing."

"Yes, yes, indeed!" cried Nellie, "and what big mouths they had!"

"And I, Nellie dear," said a queer sprite with a pointed cap, and on the point a jolly little bell, "fell into the brook with you one August afternoon when you were trying to catch a frog. Kerchunk! how scared the frog-folks were when you tumbled in among them!" and the sprite laughed, and the jolly little bell laughed, and Nellie laughed loudest of all.

"And I," cried another, tossing its head and trying to pout, "sat by your side when you were sent from the supper-table because you were naughty and would n't say 'please.'"

"And I," lisped a roly-poly, cunning wee thing, "when you said 'Please—please—please,' and grandma gave you a slice of bread-and-butter, but you could n't see the butter for the apple-jelly."

"I remember, I remember," said Nellie; "I wish I had some now."

"I was with you, dear one," murmured an Hour, with kind, gentle eyes, and low, pitying voice,

"when your poor head ached with a terrible pain, and between your moans, you made a prayer to the good God for help."

brothers just before you hung up your stocking on Christmas Eve."

"And I saw you take it down the next morning



THE HOURS SPEAK TO NELLIE.

"I am the Hour," said a merry, twinkling, bird-like spirit with hollyberries hanging all over it, "that looked on when you played games with your

filled almost to bursting with good things to eat," said another, with a face like a doll's plum-pudding, and little black currants for eyes.

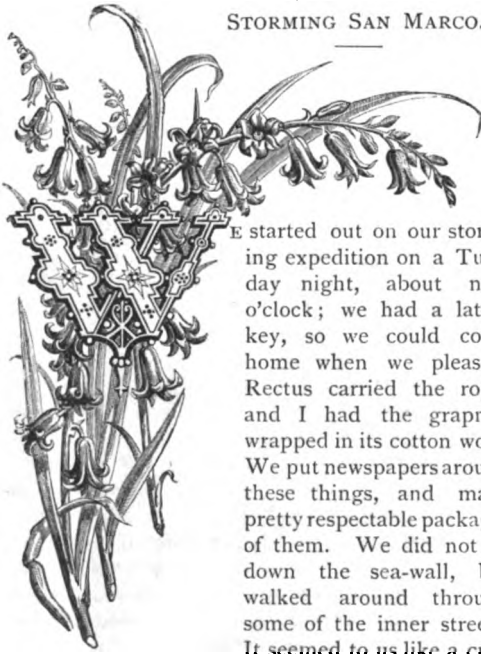
"And I —;" but at that moment Nellie's arithmetic fell from her lap with a bang! and away fled the Seconds, and Minutes, and Hours, up the long, slanting sunbeam, and out of the window.

And when Nellie in a great hurry leaned out to look after them, she saw nothing but the snow, and two street-sparrows picking up crumbs, and chattering noisily to each other.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER V. STORMING SAN MARCO.



E started out on our storming expedition on a Tuesday night, about nine o'clock; we had a latch-key, so we could come home when we pleased. Rectus carried the rope, and I had the grapnel, wrapped in its cotton wool. We put newspapers around these things, and made pretty respectable packages of them. We did not go down the sea-wall, but walked around through some of the inner streets.

It seemed to us like a curi-

ous expedition. We were not going to do anything wrong, but we had no idea what the United States Government would think about it. We came down to the fort on its landward side, but our attack was to be made upon the water-front, and so we went round that way, on the side farthest from the town. There were several people about yet, and we had to wait. We dropped our packages into the moat, and walked about on the water-battery, which is between the harbor and the moat, and is used as a sort of pleasure-ground by the people of the town. It was a pretty dark night, although the stars were out, and the last of the promenaders soon went home; and then, after giving them about ten minutes to get entirely out of sight and hearing, we jumped down into the moat, which is only five or six feet below the water-battery, and,

taking our packages, went over to that part of the wall which we had fixed upon for our assault.

We fastened the rope to the grapnel, and then Rectus stood back while I made ready for the throw. It was a pretty big throw, almost straight up in the air, but I was strong, and was used to pitching, and all that sort of thing. I coiled the rope on the ground, took the loose end of it firmly in my left hand, and then, letting the grapnel hang from my right hand until it nearly touched the ground, I swung it round and round, perpendicularly, and when it had gone round three or four times, I gave it a tremendous hurl upward.

It rose beautifully, like a rocket, and fell inside of the ramparts, making only a little thud of a sound.

"First-rate!" said Rectus, softly; and I felt pretty proud myself.

I pulled on the rope, and found the grapnel had caught. I hung with my whole weight on it, but it held splendidly.

"Now, then," said I to Rectus, "you can climb up. Go slowly and be very careful. There's no hurry. And mind you take a good hold when you get to the top."

We had arranged that Rectus was to go first. This did not look very brave on my part, but I felt that I wanted to be under him, while he was climbing, so that I could break his fall if he should slip down. It would not be exactly a perpendicular fall, for the wall slanted a little, but it would be bad enough. However, I had climbed up worse places than that, and Rectus was very nimble; so, I felt there was no great danger.

Up he went, hand over hand, and putting his toes into nicks every now and then, thereby helping himself very much. He took it slowly and easily, and I felt sure he would be all right. As I looked at him, climbing up there in the darkness, while I was standing below holding the rope so that it should not swing, I could not help thinking that I was a pretty curious kind of a tutor for a boy. However, I was taking all the care of him that I

could, and if he came down, he'd probably hurt me worse than he would hurt himself. Besides, I had no reason to suppose that old Mr. Colbert objected to a little fun. Then I began to think of Mrs. Colbert, and while I was thinking of her, and looking up at Rectus, I was amazed to see him going up quite rapidly, while the end of the rope slipped through my fingers. Up he went, and when I ran back, I could see a dark figure on the wall, above him. Somebody was pulling him up!

In a very few moments he disappeared over the top, rope and all!

Now, I was truly frightened. What might happen to the boy?

I was about to shout, but on second thoughts, decided to keep quiet; yet I instantly made up my mind, that if I did n't see nor hear from him pretty soon, I would run around to the gate and bang up the people inside. However, it was not necessary for me to trouble myself, for, in a minute, the rope came down again, and I took hold of it. I pulled on it, and found it all firm, and then I went up. I climbed up pretty fast, and two or three times I felt a tug, as if somebody above was trying to pull me up. But it was of no use, for I was a great deal stouter and heavier than Rectus, who was a light, slim boy. But as I neared the top, a hand came down, and clutched me by the collar, and some one, with a powerful arm and grip, helped me over the top of the wall. There stood Rectus, all right, and the fellow who had helped us up was the big Indian, "Maiden's Heart."

I looked at Rectus, and he whispered:

"He says there 's a sentinel down there in the square."

At this, Maiden's Heart bobbed his head two or three times, and, motioning to us to crouch down, he crept quietly over to the inner wall of the ramparts, and looked down.

"What shall we say we came for?" I whispered, quickly.

"I don't know," said Rectus.

"Well, we must think of something," I said, "or we shall look like fools."

But before we had time to think, Maiden's Heart crept back. He put his finger on his lips, and, beckoning us to follow him, he led the way to a corner of the fort near one of the lookout towers. We followed as quietly as we could, and then we all three slipped into the narrow entrance to the tower, the Indian motioning us to go first. When we two stood inside of the little round tower, old Maiden's Heart planted himself before us in the passage, and waited to hear what we had to say.

But we could n't think of anything to say. Directly, however, I thought I must do something, so I whispered to the Indian.

"Does the sentry ever come up here?"

He seemed to catch my meaning.

"I go watch," he said. "Come back. Tell you." And off he stole, making no more noise than a cat.

"Bother on him!" said Rectus. "If I'd known he was up here, I would never have come."

"I reckon not," said I. "But now that we have come, what are we going to do or say. That fellow evidently thinks we have some big project on hand, and he's ready to help us; we must be careful, or he'll rush down and murder the sentinel."

"I'm sure I don't know what to say to him," said Rectus. "We ought to have thought of this before. I suppose it would be of no use to mention my poster to him."

"No, indeed," said I, "he'd never understand that. And, besides, there's a man down there. Let's peep out and see what he's doing."

So we crept to the entrance of the passage, and saw Maiden's Heart, crouched near the top of the inclined plane which serves as a stair-way from the square to the ramparts, and looking over the low wall, evidently watching the sentry.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Rectus. "Let's make a rush for our rope, and get out of this."

"No, sir!" said I. "We'd break our necks, if we tried to hurry down that rope. Don't think of anything of that kind. And besides, we could n't both get down before he'd see us."

In a few minutes, Maiden's Heart crept quickly back to us, and seemed surprised that we had left our hiding-place. He motioned us farther back into the passage, and slipped in himself.

We did not have time to ask any questions before we heard the sentry coming up the stair-way, which was near our corner. When he reached the top, he walked away from us over toward the Indian barracks, which were on the ramparts, at the other end of the fort. As soon as he reached the barracks, Maiden's Heart took me by the arm and Rectus by the collar, and hurried us to the stair-way, and then down as fast as we could go. He made no noise himself, but Rectus and I clumped a good deal. We had to wear our shoes, for the place was paved with rough concrete and oyster-shells.

The sentry evidently heard the clumping, for he came running down after us, and caught up to us almost as soon as we reached the square.

"Eugh!" said he, for he was an Indian; and he ran in front of us, and held his musket horizontally before us. Of course we stopped. And then, as there was nothing else that seemed proper to do, we held out our hands and said, "How?"

The sentinel took his gun in his left hand, and shook hands with us. Then Maiden's Heart, who probably remembered that he had omitted this ceremony, also shook hands with us and said: "How?"

The two Indians now began to jabber to each other, in a low voice; but we could not, of course, make out what they said, and I don't think they were able to imagine what we intended to do. We were standing near the inner door of the great entrance-way, and into this they now marched us. There was a lamp burning on a table.

Said Rectus: "I guess they're going to put us out of the front door;" but he was mistaken. They walked us into a dark room, on one side of the hall, and Maiden's Heart said to us: "Stay here, Him mad. I come back. Keep still," and then he went out, probably to discuss with the sentinel the nature of our conspiracy. It was very dark in this room, and, at first, we could n't see anything at all; but we soon found, from the smell of the bread, that we were in the kitchen or bakery. We had been here before, and had seen the head-cook, a ferocious Indian squaw, who had been taken in the act of butchering a poor emigrant woman on the plains. She always seemed sullen and savage, and never said a word to anybody. We hoped she was n't in here now.

"I did n't know they had Indian sentinels," said Rectus. "That seems a little curious to me. I suppose they set the innocent ones to watch the guilty."

"I don't believe that would work," said I; "for the innocent chaps would want to get away, just as much as the others. I guess they make 'em take turns to stand guard. There has to be a sentinel in a fort, you know, and I suppose these fellows are learning the business."

We did n't settle this question, nor the more important one of our reason for this visit; for, at this moment, Maiden's Heart came back, carrying the lamp. He looked at us in a curious way, and then he said:

"What you want?"

I could n't think of any good answer to this question, but Rectus whispered to me:

"Got any money with you?"

"Yes," said I.

"Let's buy some sea-beans," said Rectus.

"All right," I answered.

"Sea-beans?" said Maiden's Heart, who had caught the word; "you want sea-beans?"

"Yes," said Rectus, "if you have any good ones."

At this, the Indian conducted us into the hall, put the lamp on the table, and took three or four sea-beans from his pocket. They were very nice ones, and beautifully polished.

"Good," said I; "we'll take these. How much, Maiden's Heart?"

"Fifty cents," said the Indian.

"For all?" I asked.

"No. No. For one. Four beans two dollar."

We both exclaimed at this, for it was double the regular price of the beans.

"All right," said Maiden's Heart. "Twenty-five cents, day-time. Fifty cents, night."

We looked at each other, and concluded to pay the price and depart. I gave him two dollars, and asked him to open the gate and let us out.



"ANOTHER BEAN?"

He grinned.

"No. No. We got no key. Captain got key. Come up wall. Go down wall."

At this, we walked out into the square, and were about to ascend the inclined plane when the sentinel came up and stopped us. Thereupon a low conversation ensued between him and Maiden's Heart, at the end of which the sentry put his hand into his pocket and pulled out three beans, which he

held out to us. I did not hesitate, but gave him a dollar and a half for them. He took the money and let us pass on,—Maiden's Heart at my side.

"You want more bean?" said he.

"Oh no!" I answered. "No, indeed," said Rectus.

When we reached the place where we had left our apparatus, I swung the rope over the wall, and hooking the grapnel firmly on the inside, prepared to go down, for, as before, I wished to be under Rectus, if he should slip. But Maiden's Heart put his hand on my shoulder.

"Hold up!" he said. "I got 'nother bean. Buy this."

"Don't want it," said I.

"Yes. Yes," said Maiden's Heart, and he coolly unhooked the grapnel from the wall.

I saw that it was of no use to contend with a big fellow like that, as strong as two common men, and I bought the bean.

I took the grapnel from Maiden's Heart, who seemed to give it up reluctantly, and as I hooked it on the wall, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I looked around, and saw the sentinel. He held out to me another bean. It was too dark to see the quality of it, but I thought it was very small. However, I bought it. One of these fellows must be treated as well as the other.

Maiden's Heart and the sentry were now feeling nervously in their pockets.

I shook my head vigorously, and saying, "No more! no more!" threw myself over the wall, and seized the rope, Rectus holding the grapnel in its place as I did so. As I let myself down from knot to knot, a thought crossed my mind: "How are we going to get that grapnel after we both are down?"

It was a frightening thought. If the two Indians should choose, they could keep the rope and grapnel, and, before morning, the whole posse of redskins might be off and away! I did not think about their being so far from home and all that. I only thought that they'd be glad to get out, and that they would all come down our rope.

These reflections, which ran through my mind in no time at all, were interrupted by Rectus, who called down from the top of the wall, in a voice that was a little too loud to be prudent:

"Hurry! I think he's found another bean!"

I was on the ground in a few moments, and then Rectus came down. I called to him to come slowly and be very careful, but I can't tell how relieved I was when I saw him fairly over the wall and on his way down.

When we both stood on the ground, I took hold of the rope and shook it. I am not generally nervous, but I was a little nervous then. I did not

shake the grapnel loose. Then I let the rope go slack, for a foot or two, and gave it a big sweep to one side. To my great delight, over came the grapnel, nearly falling on our heads. I think I saw Maiden's Heart make a grab at it as it came over, but I am not sure. However, he poked his head over the wall and said:

"Good-bye! Come again."

We answered, "Good-bye," but did n't say anything about coming again.

As we hurried along homeward, Rectus said:

"If one of those Indians had kept us up there, while the other one ran into the barracks and got a fresh stock of sea-beans, they would have just bankrupted us."

"No, they would n't," I said. "For I had n't much more change with me. And if I had had it, I would n't have given them any more. I'd have called up the captain first. The thing was getting too expensive."

"Well, I'm glad I'm out of it," said Rectus. "And I don't believe much in any of those Indians being very innocent. I thought Maiden's Heart was one of the best of them, but he's a regular rascal. He knew we wanted to back out of that affair, and he just fleeced us."

"I believe he would rather have had our scalps than our money, if he had had us out in his country," I said.

"That's so," said Rectus. "A funny kind of a maiden's heart he's got."

We were both out of conceit with the noble red man. Rectus took his proclamation out of his pocket as we walked along the sea-wall, and tearing it into little pieces, threw it into the water. When we reached the steam-ship wharf, we walked out to the end of it, to get rid of the rope and grapnel. I whirled the grapnel round and round, and let the whole thing fly far out into the harbor. It was a sheer waste of a good strong rope, but we should have had a dreary time getting the knots out of it.

After we got home I settled up our accounts, and charged half the sea-beans to Rectus and half to myself.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL ON THE BEACH.

I WAS not very well satisfied with our trip over the walls of San Marco. In the first place, when the sea-beans, the rope and the grapnel were all considered, it was a little too costly. In the second place, I was not sure that I had been carrying out my contract with Mr. Colbert in exactly the right spirit; for although he had said nothing about my duties, I knew that he expected me to take care of his son, and paid me for that. And I felt pretty sure that helping a fellow climb up a knotted rope

into an old fort by night was not the best way of taking care of him. The third thing that troubled me in regard to this matter was the feeling I had that Rectus had led me into it; that he had been the leader and not I. Now, I did not intend that anything of that kind should happen again. I did not come out on this expedition to follow Rectus around; indeed, it was to be quite the other way. But, to tell the truth, I had not imagined that he would ever try to make people follow him. He never showed at school that such a thing was in him. So, for these three reasons, I determined that there were to be no more scrapes of that sort, which generally came to nothing, after all.

For the next two or three days we roved around the old town, and into two or three orange-groves, and went out sailing with Mr. Cholott, who owned a nice little yacht, or sail-boat, as we should call it, up north.

The sailing here is just splendid, and, one morning, we thought we'd hire a boat for ourselves and go out fishing somewhere. So we went down to the yacht-club wharf to see about the boat that belonged to old Menendez,—Rectus's Minorcan. There were lots of sail-boats there as well as row-boats, but we hunted up the craft we were after, and, by good luck, found Menendez in her, bailing her out.

So we engaged her, and he said he'd take us over to the North Beach to fish for bass. That suited us,—any beach and any kind of fish,—provided he'd hurry up and get his boat ready. While he was scooping away, and we were standing on the wharf watching him, along came Crowded Owl, the young Indian we had always liked,—that is, ever since we had known any of them. He came up, said "How?" and shook hands, and then pulled out some sea-beans. The sight of these things seemed to make me sick, and as for Rectus, he sung out:

"Do' wan' 'em!" so suddenly, that it seemed like one word, and a pretty savage one at that.

Crowded Owl looked at me, but I shook my head, and said, "No, no, no!" Then he drew himself up and just stood there. He seemed struck dumb; but that did n't matter, as he could n't talk to us, anyway. But he did n't go away. When we walked farther up the wharf, he followed us, and again offered us some beans. I began to get angry, and said "No!" pretty violently. At this, he left us, but as we turned at the end of the wharf, we saw him near the club-house, standing and talking with Maiden's Heart.

"I think it's a shame to let those Indians wander about here in that way," said Rectus. "They ought to be kept within bounds."

I could n't help laughing at this change of tune,

but said that I supposed only a few of them got leave of absence at a time.

"Well," said Rectus, "there are some of them that ought never to come out."

"Hello!" said old Menendez, sticking his head up above the edge of the wharf, "we're ready now. Git aboard."

And so we scrambled down into the sail-boat, and Menendez pushed off, while the two Indians stood and watched us as we slowly moved away.

When we got fairly out, our sail filled, and we went scudding away on a good wind. Then said old Menendez, as he sat at the tiller:

"What were you hollerin' at them Injuns about?"

"I did n't know that we were hollerin'," said I, "but they were bothering us to buy their sea-beans."

"That's curious," he said. "They aint much given to that sort of thing. But there's no tellin' nuthin about an Injun. If I had my way, I'd hang every one of 'em."

"Rather a blood-thirsty sentiment," said I. "Perhaps some of them don't deserve hanging."

"Well, I've never seen one o' that kind," said he, "and I've seen lots of Injuns. I was in the Seminole war, in this State, and was fightin' Injuns from the beginnin' to the end of it. And I know all about how to treat the rascals. You must hang 'em, or shoot 'em, as soon as you get hold of 'em."

This aroused all the old sympathy for the oppressed red man, that dwelt in the heart of young Rectus, and he exclaimed:

"That would be murder! There are always two kinds of every sort of people—all are not bad. It is wrong to condemn a whole division of the human race that way."

"You're right about there bein' two kinds of Injuns," said the old fellow. "There's bad ones and there's wuss ones. I know what I've seen for myself. I'd hang 'em all."

We debated this matter some time longer, but we could make no impression on the old Minorcan. For some reason or other, probably on account of his sufferings or hardship in the war, he was extremely bitter against all Indians. "You can't tell me," he replied to all of our arguments, and I think he completely destroyed all the sympathy which Rectus had had for the once down-trodden and deceived Minorcans, by this animosity toward members of another race who were yet in captivity and bondage. To be sure, there was a good deal of difference in the two cases, but Rectus was n't in the habit of turning up every question to look at the bottom of it.

The North Beach is the seaward side of one of

the islands that inclose the harbor, or the Matanzas River, as it is called. We landed on the inland side, and then walked over to the beach, which is very wide and smooth. Here we set to work to fish. Old Menendez baited our lines, and told us what to do. It was new sport to us.

First, we took off our shoes and stockings, and rolled up our trousers, so as to wade out in the shallow water. We each had a long line, one end of which we tied around our waists. Menendez had his tied to a button-hole of his coat, but he thought he had better make our lines very safe, as they belonged to him. There was a big hook and a heavy lead to the other end of the line, with a piece of fish for bait, and we swung the lead around our heads, and threw it out into the surf, as far as we could. I thought I was pretty good on the throw, but I could n't begin to send my line out as far as Menendez threw his. As for Rectus, he did n't pretend to do much in the throwing business. He whirled his line around in such a curious way, that I was very much afraid he would hook himself in the ear. But Menendez put his line out for him. He did n't want me to do it.

Then we stood there in the sand, with the water nearly up to our knees every time the waves came in, and waited for a bite. There was n't much biting. Menendez said that the tide was too low, but I've noticed that something is always too something, every time any one takes me out fishing, so I did n't mind that.

Menendez did hook one fellow, I think, for he gave a tremendous jerk at his line, and began to skip in-shore as if he were but ten years old; but it was of no use. The fish changed his mind.

Then we stood and waited a while longer, until, all of a sudden, Rectus made a skip. But he went the wrong way. Instead of skipping out of the water, he skipped in. He went in so far that he got his trousers dripping wet.

"Hello!" I shouted, "what's up?"

He did n't say anything, but began to pull back, and dig his heels into the sand. Old Menendez and I saw, at the same moment, what was the matter, and we made a rush for him. I was nearest, and got there first. I seized Rectus by the shoulder, and pulled him back a little.

"Whew-w!" said he; "how this twine cuts!"

Then I took hold of the line in front of him, and there was no mistaking the fact,—he had a big fish on the other end of it.

"Run out," cried Menendez, who thought there was no good of three fellows hauling on the line; and out we ran.

When we had gone up the beach a good way, I looked back and saw a rousing big fish flopping about furiously in the shallow water.

"Go on!" shouted Menendez; and we ran on until we had pulled it high and dry up on the sand.

Then Menendez fell afoul of it to take out the hook, and we hurried back to see it. It was a whopping big bass, and by the powerful way it threw itself around on the sand, I did n't wonder that Rectus ran into the water when he got the first jerk.

Now, this was something like sport, and we all felt encouraged, and went to work again with a will, only Menendez untied the line from Rectus's waist and fastened it to his button-hole.

"It may pull out," he said; "but, on the whole, it's better to lose a fishin'-line than a boy."

We fished quietly and steadily for some time, but got no more bites, when suddenly I heard some one say behind me:

"They don't ever pull in!"

I turned around, and it was a girl. She was standing there with a gentleman,—her father, I soon found out,—and I don't know how long they had been watching us. She was about thirteen years old, and came over with her father in a sail-boat. I remembered seeing them cruising around as we were sailing over.

"They have n't got bites," said her father; "that's the reason they don't pull in."

It was very disagreeable to me, and I know it was even more so to Rectus, to stand here and have those strangers watch us fishing. If we had not been barefooted and barelegged, we should not have minded it so much. As for the old Minorcan, I don't suppose he cared at all. I began to think it was time to stop.

"As the tide's getting lower and lower," I said to Menendez, "I suppose our chances are getting less and less."

"Yes," said he, "I reckon we'd better shut up shop before long."

"Oh!" cried out the girl, "just look at that fish! Father! Father! just look at it. Did any of you catch it? I did n't see it till this minute. I thought you had n't caught any. If I only had a fishing-line, now, I would like to catch just one fish. Oh, father! why did n't you bring a fishing-line?"

"I did n't think of it, my dear," said he. "Indeed, I did n't know that there were any fish here."

Old Menendez turned around and grinned, at this, and I thought that here was a good chance to stop fishing; so I offered to let the girl try my line for a while if she wanted to.

It was certain enough that she wanted to, for she was going to run right into the water to get it. But I came out, and as her father said she might fish

if she did n't have to walk into the water, old Menendez took a spare piece of line from his pocket and tied it on to the end of mine, and he put on some fresh bait and gave it a tremendous send out into the surf. Then he put the other end around the girl and tied it. I suppose he thought that it did n't matter if a girl should be lost, but he may have considered that her father was there to seize her if she got jerked in.

She took hold of the line and stood on the edge of the dry sand, ready to pull in the biggest kind of a fish that might come along. I put on my shoes and stockings, and Rectus his; he'd had enough glory for one day. Old Menendez wound up his line too, but that girl saw nothing of all this. She just kept her eyes and her whole mind centered on her line. At first, she talked right straight ahead, asking what she should do when it bit; how big we thought it would be; why we did n't have a cork, and fifty other things, but all without turning her head to the right or the left. Then said her father:

"My dear, you must n't talk; you will frighten the fish. When persons fish, they always keep perfectly quiet. You never heard me talking while I was fishing. I fish a good deal when I am at home," said he, turning to us, "and I always remain perfectly quiet."

Menendez laughed a little at this, and said that he did n't believe the fish out there in the surf would mind a little quiet chat; but the gentleman said that he had always found it best to be just as still as possible. The girl now shut her mouth tight, and held herself more ready, if possible, than ever, and I believe that if she had got a bite, she would have jerked the fish's head off. We all stood round her, and her father watched her as earnestly as if she was about to graduate at a normal school.

We stood and waited and waited, and she did n't move, and neither did the line. Menendez now said he thought she might as well give it up. The tide was too low, and it was pretty near dinner-time, and, besides this, there was a shower coming on.

"Oh no!" said she, "not just yet. I feel sure I'll get a bite in a minute or two now. Just wait a little longer."

And so it went on, every few minutes, until we had waited about half an hour, and then Menendez said he must go, but if the gentleman wanted to buy the line, and stay there until the tide came in again, he'd sell it to him. At this, the girl's father told her that she must stop, and so she very dolefully let Menendez untie the line.

"It's too bad!" she said, almost with tears in her eyes. "If they had only waited a few minutes

longer!" And then she ran up to Rectus and me, and said:

"When are you coming out here again? Do you think you will come to-morrow, or next day?"

"I don't know," said I. "We have n't settled our plans for to-morrow."

"Oh, father! father!" she cried, "perhaps they will come out here to-morrow, and you must get me a fishing-line, and we will come and fish all day."

We did n't stay to hear what her father said, but posted off to our boat, for we were all beginning to feel pretty hungry. We took Rectus's fish along, to give to our landlady. The gentleman and the girl came close after us, as if they were afraid to be left alone on the island. Their boat was hauled up near ours, and we set off at pretty much the same time.

We went ahead a little, and Menendez turned around and called out to the gentleman that he'd better follow us, for there were some bad shoals in this part of the harbor, and the tide was pretty low.

"All right, my hearty!" called out the gentleman. "This is n't the first time I've sailed in this harbor. I guess I know where the shoals are," and just at that minute he ran his boat hard and fast on one of them.

He jumped up, and took an oar and pushed and pushed; but it was of no good,—he was stuck fast. By this time we had left him pretty far behind; but we all had been watching, and Rectus asked if we could n't go back and help him.

"Well, I s'pose so," said Menendez; "but it's a shame to keep three decent people out of their dinner for the sake of a man like that, who has n't got sense enough to take good advice when it's give to him."

"We'd better go," said I, and Menendez, in no good humor, put his boat about. We found the other boat aground, in the very worst way. The old Minorcan said that he could see that sand-bar through the water, and that they might as well have run up on dry land. Better, for that matter, because then we could have pushed her off.

"There aint nuthin to be done," he said, after we had worked at the thing for a while, "but to jist wait here till the tide turns. It's pretty near dead low now, an' you'll float off in an hour or two."

This was cold comfort for the gentleman, especially as it was beginning to rain; but he did n't seem a bit cast down. He laughed, and said:

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped; but I am used to being out in all weathers. I can wait, just as well as not. But I don't want my daughter here to get wet, and she has no umbrella. Would you mind taking her on your boat? When you get to the town, she can run up to our hotel by herself. She knows the way."

Of course we had no objection to this, and the girl was helped aboard. Then we sailed off, and the gentleman waved his hat to us. If I had been in his place, I don't think I should have felt much like waving my hat.

Menendez now said that he had an oil-skin coat stowed away forward, and I got it and put it around

she did n't want me to go; but I went, and he stuck fast coming back, because he never will listen to anything anybody tells him, as mother and I found out long ago. And here we are, almost at the wharf! I did n't think we were anywhere near it."

"Well, you see, sis, sich a steady gale o' talkin', right behind the sail, is bound to hurry the boat



"READY TO PULL IN THE BIGGEST FISH THAT MIGHT COME ALONG."

the girl. She snuggled herself up in it as comfortably as she could, and began to talk.

"The way of it was this," she said. "Father, he said we'd go out sailing, and mother and I went with him, and when we got down to the wharf, there were a lot of boats, but they all had men to them, and so father, he said he wanted to sail the boat himself, and mother, she said that if he did she would n't go; but he said pooh! he could do it as well as anybody, and was n't going to have any man. So he got a boat without a man, and mother,

along. And now, s'pose you tell us your name," said Menendez.

"My name's Cornelia; but father, he calls me Corny, which mother hates to hear the very sound of," said she; "and the rest of it is Mary Chipper-ton. Father, he came down here because he had a weak lung, and I'm sure I don't see what good it's going to do him to sit out there in the rain. We'll take a man next time. And father and I'll be sure to be here early to-morrow to go out fishing with you. Good-bye!"

And with this, having mounted the steps to the pier, off ran Miss Corny.

"I would n't like to be the ole man o' that family," said Mr. Menendez.

That night, after we had gone to bed, Rectus began to talk. We generally went to sleep in pretty short order; but the moon did not shine in our windows now until quite late, and so we noticed for the first time the curious way in which the lighthouse—which stood almost opposite, on Anastasia Island—brightened up the room, every minute or two. It is a revolving light, and when the light got on the landward side it gave us a flash, which produced a very queer effect on the furniture, and on Rectus's broad hat, which hung on the wall right opposite the window. It seemed exactly as if this hat was a sort of portable sun of a very mild power, which warmed up, every now and then, and lighted the room.

But Rectus did not talk long about this.

"I think," said he, "that we have had about enough of St. Augustine. There are too many Indians and girls here."

"And sea-beans, too, perhaps," said I. "But I don't think there's any reason for going so soon. I'm going to settle those Indians, and you've only seen one girl, and perhaps we'll never see her again."

"Don't you believe that," said Rectus very solemnly, and he turned over, either to ponder on the matter, or to go to sleep. His remarks made me imagine that perhaps he was one of those fellows whosoon get tired of a place and want to be moving on. But that was n't my way, and I did n't intend to let him hurry me. I think the Indians worried him a good deal. He was afraid they would keep on troubling us. But, as I had said, I had made up my mind to settle the Indians. As for Corny, I know he hated her. I don't believe he spoke a word to her all the time we were with her.

The next morning, we talked over the Indian question, and then went down to the fort. We had n't been there for three or four days, but now we had decided not to stand nagging by a couple of red-skinned savages, but to go and see the captain and tell him all about it. All except the proclamation—Rectus would n't agree to have that brought in at all. Mr. Cholott had introduced us to the captain, and he was a first-rate fellow, and when we told him how we had stormed his old fort, he laughed and said he wondered we did n't break our necks, and that the next time we did it he'd put us in the guard-house, sure.

"That would be cheaper for you than buying so many beans," he said.

As to the two Indians, he told us he would see to it that they let us alone. He did n't think that

Maiden's Heart would ever harm us, for he was more of a blower than anything else; but he said that Crowded Owl was really one of the worst-tem-



"THE GENTLEMAN WAVED HIS HAT TO US." [PAGE 217.]

pered Indians in the fort, and he advised us to have nothing more to do with him, in any way.

All of this was very good of the captain, and we were very glad we had gone to see him.

"I tell you what it is," said Rectus, as we were coming away, "I don't believe that any of these Indians are as innocent as they try to make out. Did you ever see such a rascally set of faces?"

Somehow or other, I seldom felt sorry when Rectus changed his mind. I thought, indeed, that he ought to change it as much as he could. And yet, as I have said, he was a thoroughly good fellow. The trouble with him was that he was n't used to making up his mind about things, and did n't make a very good beginning at it.

The next day, we set out to explore Anastasia Island, right opposite the town. It is a big island, but we took our lunch and determined to do what we could. We hired a boat and rowed over to the mouth of a creek in the island. We went up this creek, quite a long way, and landed at a little pier where we made the boat fast. The man who owned the boat told us just how to go. We first made a flying call at the coquina quarries, where they dig the curious stuff of which the town is built. This is formed of small shells, all conglomerated into one solid mass that becomes as hard as

stone after it is exposed to the air. It must have taken thousands of years for so many little shell fish to pile themselves up into a quarrying-ground. We now went over to the light-house and climbed to the top of it, where we had a view that made Rectus feel even better than he felt in the cemetery at Savannah.

When we came down, we started for the beach and stopped a little while at the old Spanish light-house, which looked more like a cracker-bakery than anything else, but I suppose it was good enough for all the ships the Spaniards had to light up. We would have cared more for the old light-house if it had not had an inscription on it that said it had been destroyed, and rebuilt by some American. After that, we considered it merely in the light of a chromo.

We had a good time on the island, and stayed nearly all day. Toward the end of the afternoon, we started back for the creek and our boat. We had a long walk, for we had been exploring the island pretty well, and when, at last, we reached the creek, we saw that our boat was gone!

This was astounding. We could not make out how the thing could have happened. The boatman, from whom we had hired it, had said that it would be perfectly safe for us to leave the boat at the landing if we tied her up well and hid the oars. I had tied her up very well and we had hidden the oars so carefully, under some bushes, that we found them there when we went to look for them.

"Could the old thing have floated off of itself?" said Rectus.

"That could n't have happened," I said. "I tied her hard and fast."

"But how could any one have taken her away without oars?" asked Rectus.

"Rectus," said I, "don't let us have any more riddles. Some one may have cut a pole and poled her away, up or down the creek, or——"

"I'll tell you," interrupted Rectus. "Crowded Owl!"

I did n't feel much like laughing, but I did laugh a little.

"Yes," I said. "He probably swam over with a pair of oars on purpose to steal our boat. But, whether he did it or not, it's very certain that somebody has taken the boat, and there is n't any way, that I see, of getting off this place to-night. There'll be nobody going over so late in the afternoon; except, to be sure, those men we saw at the other end of the island with a flat-boat."

"But that's away over at the upper end of the island," said Rectus.

"That's not so very far," said I. "I wonder if they have gone back yet? If one of us could run over there and ask them to send a boatman from the town after us, we might get back by supper-time."

"Why not both of us?" asked Rectus.

"One of us should stay here to see if our boat does come back. It must have been some one from the island who took it, because any one from the main-land would have brought his own boat."

"Very well," said Rectus. "Let's toss up to see who goes. The winner stays."

I pitched up a cent.

"Heads," said Rectus.

"Tails," said I.

Tails it was, and Rectus started off like a good fellow.

I sat down and waited. I waited a long, long time, and then I got up and walked up and down. In about an hour I began to get anxious. It was more than time for Rectus to return. The walk to the end of the island and back was not much over a mile—at least I supposed it was not. Could anything have happened to the boy? It was not yet sunset and I could n't imagine what there was to happen.

After waiting about half an hour longer, I heard a distant sound of oars. I ran to the landing and looked down the creek. A boat with a man in it was approaching. When it came nearer, I saw plainly that it was our boat. When it had almost reached the landing, the man turned around, and I was very much surprised, indeed, to see that he was Mr. Chipperton.

(To be continued.)

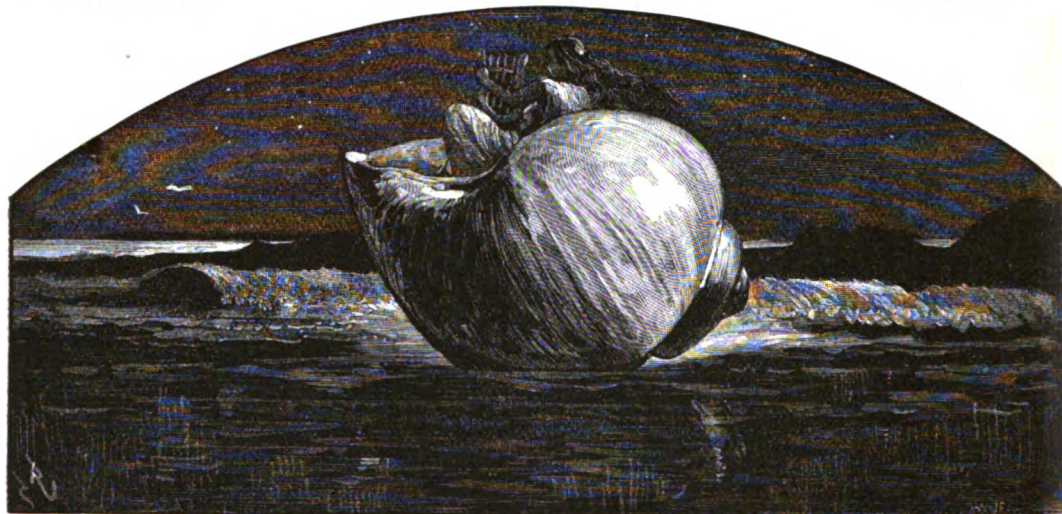


NOCTURNE.*

FOR LITTLE HANDS.

WM. K. BASSFORD.

OP. 78, No. 1.

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THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO GO TO THE MOON.

ONCE there was a little girl, named May, who wanted to go to the moon.

"It is bright and pretty up there," she said, as she stood on a chair by the window and looked up into the sky, where the moon floated about like a ball of pale fire; "and down here it is bed-time and dark, and you jerk me so when you untie my apron and take off my shoes."

"Pooh!" said the nurse, "what a foolish little girl—why, it's cold as ice in the sky, and, besides, who would ever undress you up there?"

"That's just it," said the child; "I never should have to be undressed. I should be a dear little moon-fairy."

"A dear little moon-goose, you mean," said nurse, crossly. "Now,



"MOON! PRETTY MOON! HOW CAN I GO TO YOU?"

Miss May, stop your nonsense; sit right down on that chair and let me take off your shoes."

"Oh, I don't want to, please," said May, holding fast to the window-bench and trying not to cry.

"You must," said nurse,—her name was Ann,— "come, now, you naughty little thing!"

"I'm not a naughty little thing," sobbed May; "it is n't naughty one bit to want to go to

the moon, where there aint any nurses nor nothing."

"Fiddle for the moon!" snapped nurse, as she jerked little May from the window. "Come, I must put you to bed."

Just then, Mamma walked in.

"What! not undressed yet, and crying, my pet; what does this mean?"

"It means, ma'am, she's got me near kilt with her foolishness, so she has," said Ann.

Mamma took May in her arms and soon learned the whole story. Then, saying gently: "You may go down-stairs, nurse, I'll stay here," she undressed May, put a soft wrapper over the little one's night-dress, and sat down with her close by the open window.

May felt better.

"Now, May," said the mother, "let us play going to the moon."

"Oh, oh, how nice!" cried May, clapping her little hands.

"Play you were standing down there by the brook," said Mamma.

"Yes! yes!" cried May, delighted.

"And you raised your hands and called out: 'Moon! pretty moon! how can I go to you?'"

"Then the moon would call back: 'Come by the bird-path, my dear;' and you'd say: 'But I can't. I'm not a bird.'"

"Then the moon would call: 'Come by the butterfly path!'"

"'But I can't, dear moon,' you would say. 'I'm not a butterfly.'"

"Then the moon would call out: 'Down in the meadow is a funny little fellow called Will-o'-the-Wisp. He carries a light. He will bring you up to my sky, little May.'"

At this, May clung very tightly to her mother.

"Oh, no, no," said she; "I'd be almost afraid."

Then Mamma, raising her voice, called out: "She would n't like that, good moon. Is there any other way, please?"

"Oh, oh," laughed little May, "how funny! Now, tell me what the moon says!"

Mamma leaned a little out of the bright window, and she and May played they were listening.

"The moon says," said Mamma at last, "that you must ask Will-o'-the-Wisp to catch you some butterflies, and they will bring you up to her; —or perhaps Puck, the fun-fairy, will catch some for you."



"WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

"Oh, oh!" laughed May, "I'm afraid, again. The butterflies could n't carry me, Mamma. Ask her, please, to tell me more about the fun-fairy."

Then they listened again, and soon Mamma said the moon wished May to know that Puck, the fun-fairy, was a charming little fellow, up to all sorts of mischief, but that he did n't know any better. He liked to tease, sometimes. In the middle of the night he would whisper into the old rooster's ear: "What's the matter with you? Why don't you crow? Don't you know it's morning?" Then the cock would jump to his feet and set up a great "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!" and all the sleepy people would turn in their beds and wonder what could be the matter.

Sometimes, the fun-fairy would go into dairies and turn the milk sour,

and sometimes he would coax Jack Frost to crack dishes and pitchers, and sometimes he would trip up the fairies who came out to dance in the moonlight, and sometimes he would hide things away where no one could find them. But most of the time he was just flitting about among the flowers, teasing the roses because they were not lilies, and laughing at the lilies because they were not roses.



WILL-O'-THE-WISP CHASING BUTTERFLIES.

"How queer!" said May. "Tell the moon, please Mamma, that I like the fun-fairy very much, but I'm really 'most afraid to let him take me up to her. He might play some trick on me, may be."

So Mamma told the moon what May said, word for word, and they both made-believe to listen again.

It seemed quite real to little May by this time.

Soon Mamma said the moon was truly sorry that May was so very timid, but there was no other way left, excepting the dream-path.

"The dream-path!" cried May; "Oh, wont that be nice! Put me in bed quick, Mamma, as soon as I've said my prayer, and I'll dream that I am going right up to the moon!"

Then May said her little prayer, and Mamma kissed her and put her into her pretty white crib.

The little girl shut her blue eyes just as tight as she could, and made up her mind she would dream ever so much.—First, that Puck, the fun-fairy, caught butterflies for her, and then that he brought her a beautiful pair, and then that they carried her right straight up to the moon, and then —

But no, the dream did n't go in that way at all. She dreamed something about Ann, the nurse, and something about her little India rubber doll, and something about her little dog, Florrie,—all mixed up together as queerly as could be. And there was not a single (so she told her mother)—not a single smitch of anything about the moon.

VOL. VI.—16.



"SHE WOULD DREAM THAT PUCK BROUGHT HER A BEAUTIFUL PAIR."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

DID it ever occur to you, my youngsters, that, under Providence, each one of you is a sort of editor? Yes, you're each about to begin a new volume in the book of your life,—a book issued in twelve monthly parts, too, like ST. NICHOLAS. A book full of pictures, full of incidents, with riddle-box,—ah, how many riddles!—and letter-box, complete; a book named "1879."

Be careful, my hearties! Keep your pages straight and even; fill them carefully; don't let your numbers be too heavy, too dull, too learned! No, nor even too awfully, awfully good! Don't let them be too jolly, neither, too entertaining, nor too sensational. Remember, the angels will see them, and that all on earth who love you are your subscribers; so are other human beings, in truth, for it's a strange, mysterious fact that in one way or another we, earthly children, all read one another's books sooner or later.

Make sure now of a good January number.

JAPANESE "O-HI-O!"

DEAR JACK: Here are three odd things about the Japanese: I found them in a book I have been reading lately. Your paragraphs about the "Japs" have told such curious facts that I was glad to get hold of the book and read it, on the chance of finding more.

The first thing is that, when you pass a traveler on the great Tokai-do highway, he sings out to you "O-hi-o!" which means "Good morning"; and then you must of course do the same. So, "O-hi-o" means something beside one of the United States.

Next,—it was from Japan the Europeans learned to paper the walls of rooms. In this, the Japs were ahead.

Third,—if you wish to take a warm bath in Japan, you must get into a wooden tub, in the side of which a copper oven is set; a fire is kindled in the oven, and this warms the water. It warms the bather, too, if he does n't take care.—Your "hearer,"

HIRAM L. G.

"ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT."

WHAT do you think of that, my young folks? Some English children took this journey recently with their father and mother, Captain and Mrs. Brassey. They sailed away across the broad

Atlantic to South America, and then up on the other side to Valparaiso, and then over the vast Pacific to the Society and Sandwich Islands, then to Japan, China, and India, through the wonderful Suez Canal and the Mediterranean Sea, past the great rock of Gibraltar, and so home to England.

What a voyage for those little people! And what curious sights they saw in the countries they visited! A nice way of learning one's geography, I think. They will not have to be told that "the earth is round like a ball or orange," because they have found it out for themselves. A good many lessons in natural history came, too, in the curious birds and butterflies and beasts which they saw. Think of having among one's pets a green monkey, parrots of every hue and size, a cardinal-bird, a pair of armadilloes, a gazelle, a puma, and a little pig who followed them all about the ship like a dog! And think of looking down ever so far into the clear waters of a lagoon, and seeing shells more beautiful than any which you have seen in collections, actually moving about on the backs of their fishy owners!

And then think of having for dinner a great gold fish, and for supper a flying fish, which flew on board the yacht and entangled itself in Mrs. Brassey's lace scarf! You see, the Little Schoolma'am has described to me the book Mrs. Brassey has written about the journey.

The editors of ST. NICHOLAS, I'm told, have been promised a lively and true account of just such a voyage around the world, but the Captain and his boys who made the promise are away in their light little craft, far out of sight and sound, and so you must wait for advices.

But the seas are wide and generous, and so are boys' and girls' hearts. There is plenty of room for these two brave little yachts, and Jack always is glad to hear of a good account of travel written especially for boys and girls.

AN AMUSING GAME.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Please let me tell your other boys and girls about a lively game that some of us play at our homes on long evenings. It is very simple, but there is good fun in it.

A makes B, C, D, and E sit down in a row with their backs toward him. Then, standing behind B's chair, he wags his head, or scowls and threatens an unseen foe with his fist, or makes some comical gesture, at the same time asking B this question: "What am I doing?" If B's answer is right, A leaves him and tries C, and so on, all along the line. But whoever guesses wrong must imitate just what A was doing when putting the question,—only in perfect silence. Of course, very few give the right answers, and it is funny to see a whole row of boys and girls busily making all kinds of queer motions and odd grimaces, or posed like statues in sublime and ridiculous positions. Five minutes is long enough for the penalty to last.—Truly your friend,

JULIA V. B.

TREMBLING LANDS.

I KNOW of some in Northern Illinois. They are immense flats of turf, miles in extent, six or twelve inches in thickness, resting upon water or beds of quicksand. The passing of but one horseman over them causes an undulating or quivering motion, and so people call them "The Trembling Lands." The surface is quite dry, but by cutting a hole in the turf, one can have plenty of water. On the thinner portions, a horse's foot will sometimes cut through, and down the animal will go to the

shoulder or ham; yet the upper surface is tough, so that he can be rescued easily.

In some spots, the surface weight forces a stream of water upward through a hole in the turf; and this stream brings up sand, and, piling it on the surface, forms a mound. Then, as the size and weight of the mound increase, the pressure on the water is increased, and so there will be a fountain formed on the prairie, pouring its stream down the side of the mound, sinking into the sand, and so returning to the waters beneath.

BUTTERFLIES ON A SEA VOYAGE.

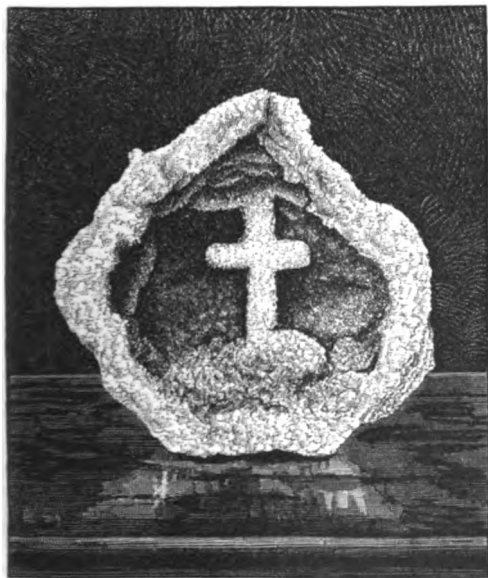
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My father is what I call a "buggist," for he seems to know all about bugs, and handles them so delicately that they don't seem to mind it. When he wants to put one in his cabinet, he first sets it under a glass with a tuft of chloroformed cotton; and so it dies without pain. And now, I want to tell you some things that he told me about butterflies.

A naturalist, when ten miles from land, found the ship surrounded by butterflies, as far as could be seen with a telescope. There were myriads of them, so that the sailors said it was "snowing butterflies." For two days the weather had been fine and calm, so that they could not have been blown out there from the shore.

Another naturalist states that a large dragon-fly flew on board his ship when five hundred miles from land.

Another saw a large butterfly flying around the ship when, in one direction, land was distant six hundred miles, and in another, a thousand.

Father says that the speed of these insects must have been very great, as it is known that one of the species found will live only a few days if unable to obtain its living food; and that these instances seem to prove that the amount of muscular power required in flight is much less than has been usually supposed. S. W. K.



A CROSS IN A GEODE.

HERE is a Christmas curiosity for you, my youngsters. It is copied from a photograph which was taken direct from the geode itself, just as it appeared when broken in two by the man who found it.

"What is a geode?"

Ah! I forgot to mention that. A geode is—is—in short, a geode is simply a geode,—a very remarkable fact, I assure you; and any geologist

who knows his business will say the same. But if this does not satisfy you, and I hope it will not, you may look under G E O in your unabridged dictionary, or in any general encyclopædia. Then, after learning all you can there, come back to your Jack.

Now, I'll tell you that this particular geode was picked up near Keokuk, in Iowa, on the bank of the Mississippi River. It was a round, plain-looking stone enough; but the finder, knowing something of geodes, and how apt they are to be hollow and beautifully lined with crystals, broke this one right in two. Think of his amazement and delight when he found inside a beautiful sparkling cross of pure white crystals. Ah, how proud he was! Many admired it, and one learned bishop wished to buy the wonderful stone. But no, he would not sell it. And then, one day, the ST. NICHOLAS artist persuaded this sensible person, the geodist, not the bishop, to let him have a photograph of it for your own Jack. And that is how you can now have a look at its picture.

What do you think Deacon Green said about it? That it was quartz? That it was curious? Not he. He just looked quietly into the dear Little Schoolma'am's eyes, and says he:

"I like to think, my child," says he, "that this rough little ball, with its beautiful image of the cross at its heart, is, in the main, a miniature copy of our own earth,—a brown, bumpy ball on the outside, hard to travel over, and often rough enough, God knows, to the touch,—yet holding deep in its heart, straight and strong, ready to sparkle forth on the last day, when all shall be riven, the beautiful symbol of the cross. And I love to think, also, that human life, rough as we often see it, may at last, under God's mighty working, disclose perfect goodness, purity and peace."

I like the Deacon. He's plain-spoken and blunt sometimes, but he's an earnest, good deacon as ever was.

A STRANGE PASSENGER.

"TOWED by rail," indeed! Jack can fancy the surprise of car horses when that news about San Francisco street-cars, in the November ST. NICHOLAS, comes to their ears. In fact, judging from this newspaper paragram sent by a Washington correspondent, to a Baltimore paper, it seems as if the noble brutes, finding that their services in the street-car line are likely to be dispensed with, have decided to try their hand at being passengers. Hear this:

Washington, District of Columbia.

A very peculiar accident occurred on Louisiana avenue, near Four-and-a-half street, this evening. It appears that one of the hill horses of the Metropolitan street railway was sent on his way to the stables at Georgetown without any driver. The hill horses are accustomed to return to the stables alone, and usually follow or precede a car. This horse, one evening, followed a car, most of the time being some distance behind. As the car neared the City Hall he got nearer and nearer, trotting at a very lively gait, while the horse attached to the car was going along quite slowly. The hill horse, as he reached the car, ran right into it through the rear door, and it was not long before he was one of the passengers. He got his entire body into the car, greatly frightening the other passengers. After going about forty-five feet the car was stopped and the horse was backed out. Although all the seats were occupied, not one of the passengers was injured. The horse also escaped injury.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

PICTORIAL CALENDAR.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

JANUARY.



FEBRUARY.



MARCH.



APRIL.



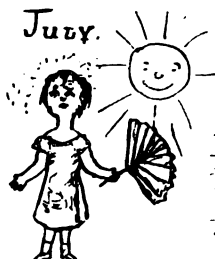
MAY.



JUNE



JULY.



AUGUST.



SEPTEMBER.



OCTOBER.



NOVEMBER.



DECEMBER.



THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month is taken from a picture painted long ago by William Page, late president of the N. Y. National Academy of Design. In one sense Mr. Page has not stood still in his art. Since painting the three little sisters, he has adopted new theories and changed his style of treatment more than once. So we now may see in the same collection a very gray-looking picture by William Page; then a rich, superbly colored one by the same artist; and, again, others which appear almost as if they were seen through olive-green gauze. But many persons who years ago became acquainted with this artist's works like the early ones by far the best,—those that glow with beautiful color and yet are so harmonious that they are never gray or glaring. In those days, people said that Page's pictures were Titianesque in color, because they resembled in that quality the works of the great master, Titian. Indeed, his copies of Titian were so remarkably like the originals that, once when he was in Italy, one of them was stopped by the authorities of Florence under the belief that it was the original painting, and not a copy, that was being carried out of the city. The picture from which our frontispiece is taken derives a great charm from its beautiful coloring; this cannot, of course, be shown in the engraving, which, however, may

have an added interest to our young readers because it represents a group of real children who sat for their pictures in just that way years ago, and who did not happen to know at the time that one of the three should some day have the joy of editing *ST. NICHOLAS*.

Mr. Page, who was born in Albany in 1811, is still living, and the little girl in the picture who holds the dolly so tightly,—the one whom you know the best,—saw him last year, a tall, white-haired, handsome gentleman, who remembered well the three little girls on the sofa who sat as "still as mice" for him—poor little things!—ever so long ago.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: At this special time, when plum-puddings and mince-pies seem to grow naturally out of the good cheer of the holiday season, your young folk may like to hear something about raisins, which, as the juvenile world knows sooner or later, are simply dried grapes.

The best grapes of the world are found near Malaga, a city in the south of Spain, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. They are unlike those found in America or any other country, having a thin, transparent skin; and the pulp is of a most delicious flavor. They are called Muscatel grapes, and are changed in a curious way into the raisins of commerce. The vineyards of Malaga are very large, and, in some instances, their extreme age is proved by the fact that

the trunks of some of their vines are as thick as a man's wrist. The vines are cultivated with great care, and are trained out sideways on wire frames. During the later stages of the ripening of the fruit, nearly all the leaves are plucked off, so that the sun's rays may more readily reach and perfect the grapes. Near the vineyards are erected large sheds a few feet from the ground, with nearly flat roofs; and on these roofs are spread layers of small pebble stones, clean and round, taken from the sea-shore near by. These stones are used because they retain the heat of the sun while the grapes are placed on them to dry. Sometimes one finds a few of these pebbles amongst the raisins. In gathering the fruit, a large wooden tray is used, and each cluster is cut from its branch with shears. When the tray is filled, it is carried to the shed, and the clusters are spread upon the pebbly roof in single layers. After several days they are turned over, so that both sides may be perfectly dried, the grapes thus changing into raisins. Then wooden packing-boxes are carried to the sheds, and the clusters are packed one by one. The boxes are then weighed, and shipped to every quarter of the world.—Yours truly, M. A. S.

SANTA CLAUS GAME.

HERE is a game which the youngsters will like very much. It is suited to the Christmas season of gift-giving.

Blindfold a grown-up gentleman, dress him to represent Santa Claus,—a long duster-coat, and white hair and beard of wool or cotton-batting will be all the disguise needed,—and set him among the company, in the middle of the room, holding in his hands a tray full of bon-bons and little presents. These gifts may be very simple and inexpensive, some of them for fun's sake may be cheap toys, penny trumpets, etc., and every article should be carefully wrapped in paper to add to the interest. Now let him invite the youngsters to come up one by one, and choose and take one of the gifts from the tray, returning thanks by saying "Thank you, Santa Claus."

If the blindfolded "Santa Claus" cannot detect and name the owner of the voice, the gift will belong to the taker; but, if he names the right person, the present must be put back in the tray. Many become so interested in choosing the gift and in wondering at the easy terms on which it may be had, that they take no care to alter their voices when returning thanks. They must speak plainly, and Santa Claus ought to be pretty familiar with the voices. It is well to change places occasionally. Santa Claus, led by an assistant, may hand the tray around to each in turn, if preferred.

CONCERNING CHILDREN'S DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

We think there is peculiar attraction in the story we print this month concerning "Children's Day at St. Paul's"; not only because it is a tale about English boys and girls, but also on account of the bright and lovely pictures Miss Kate Greenaway, of London, has drawn to accompany it.

In England, near the end of the seventeenth century, a few private persons started "Societies for the Reformation of Manners." These societies, among other good works, began and kept up schools in which the children of the poorer classes were taught the catechism and how to read, write and cipher,—all without direct cost to parents or parish. As time went on, trades, sewing, and other bread-winning arts were taught in a few of these schools; and, by some of them, departing scholars were furnished with tools and situations. Kind-hearted people all over England, and particularly in London, gave money to help the work; and it grew and prospered.

"The first celebration of the establishment of these charity-schools, as they were called, took place on Holy Thursday, June 8, 1704, in St. Andrew's church, Holborn, London, when about two thousand children met. The numbers kept growing annually, until, in 1782, the vast space under the dome of St. Paul's cathedral was given up to the assembly on the first "Children's day at St. Paul's." There the children have met every Holy Thursday since; and now they number five thousand, while the spectators are at least seven thousand persons more.

Before the children march to St. Paul's on the great day, they promenade about their own parishes, hand in hand, two by two, the girls in one column, the boys in another; bright and beaming and bubbling over with laughter, they flow through the dun streets of the smoky old city. But they appear best when in their places in the great cathedral, where they are ranged on seats supported by scaffolding, and running, tier above tier, high up, all around under the dome, and away into the broad arch-ways of the nave, transepts and chancel.

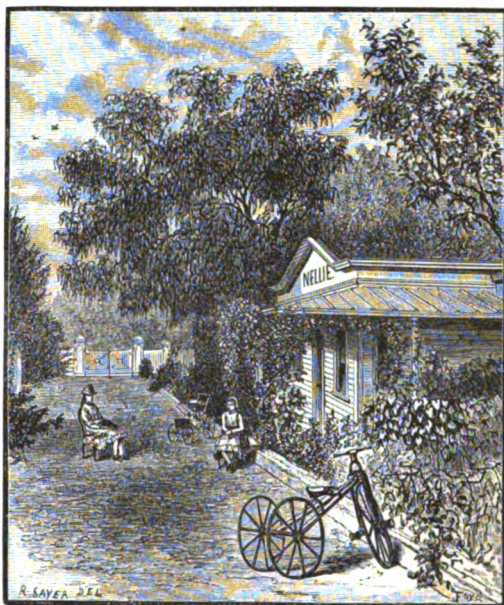
The services in the building consist of prayer, chanting by the choir, singing,—in the greater part of which the children join,—a sermon suited to young folks, and then the glorious "Hallelujah

Chorus" of Handel, which never sounds grander than when sung forth in perfect time by five thousand sweet young voices, filled out with the deep tones of the great organ,—a rosy sea of fresh faces, an ocean of swelling music, an overwhelming tide of feeling, sweep the onlooker into a new world. When the services in the cathedral are over, the children file out to their own parishes, where, generally, a hearty meal is provided for them;—and they eat it.

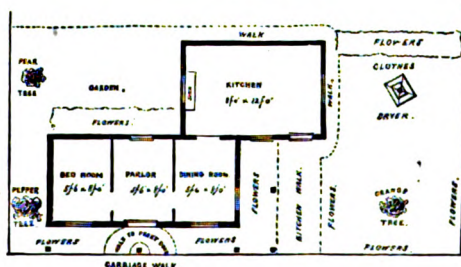
ANOTHER LITTLE HOUSEHOLDER.

Stockton, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some months ago you printed the picture of a little girl's play-house, and I wish you to print the picture of mine, if you please. I send the pictures for you to copy. Papa built the



NELLIE'S PLAY-HOUSE.



THE GROUND PLAN.

house for me last year, and tells me to say that it is finished, both inside and out, in as good style as that of ordinary dwelling-houses in California. I have four rooms: bedroom, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. My bedroom is 5½ feet by 8 feet, and is papered with pretty, striped paper. I have a little bedroom set: it is light gray, lined with red and blue, and ornamented with little pictures of flowers. The paper in my parlor is printed with bright red flowers. I have little brackets on the wall. There are a table, chairs, and a little play piano. In the dining-room I have a table covered with a striped cloth, chairs, and a darling little cupboard where I keep my dishes. I have a clock in the dining-room, and a little set of Chinese dishes. My kitchen is 8 feet by 12 feet, and I like it best of all the rooms. It has a dear little stove with an oven, and it cooks nicely. When I have company, we get supper on it and have a good time. I have a sink where water comes in and goes out. I have a little let-down table beside my sink, where I can make pies. I have a little roller towel by my back door. There is an arbor, over my kitchen window,

covered with Madeira vine and honeysuckle. I have a little clothes-reel to hang my dolls' clothes on. There is a little garden that I myself take care of. I have an orange-tree that had some blossoms on it, and then green oranges; but they all dropped off. I am eleven years old, and I was born in Stockton.—Your little friend,
NELLIE LITTLEHALE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter never tires of hearing this poem, and often begs to have it read to her, gathering in the neighbor-children that they may hear it, and all of them listen with intense interest and satisfaction. Thinking that other children may like to read it in the merry holiday season, I venture to ask you to copy it:
Very respectfully, T. F. A.

"SANTA CLAUS."

"He comes in the night! He comes in the night!

He softly, silently comes;

While the little brown heads on the pillows so white

Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,

While the white flakes around him whirl;

Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home

Of each good little boy and girl.

"His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;

It will carry a host of things,

While dozens of drums hang round on the sides.

With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,

Not a bugle blast is blown,

As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird,

And drops to the hearth like a stone.

"The little red stockings he silently fills,

Till the stockings will hold no more;

The bright little sleds for the great snow hills

Are quickly set down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts the roof like a bird,

And glides to his seat in the sleigh;

Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard

As he noiselessly gallops away.

"He rides to the east, he rides to the west,

Of his goodies he touches not one;

He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast

When the dear little folks are done.

Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;

This beautiful mission is his;

Then, children, be good to the little old man

When you find who the little man is."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This little book contains thirty-nine letters from Otto von Bismarck to his sister, his wife, and others, written during the whole of his public life until the Franco-German war, and includes one—to his wife—which was captured by the French during that war, and describes Bismarck's interview with the fallen Emperor Napoleon III. The letters are interesting and pleasant reading, for the most part such as older boys and girls will understand; but while they tell a good deal about Bismarck's private life and thoughts, where he traveled, what he saw on the way, and so on, they say comparatively little about his public doings, and in this way pique one's curiosity to know more of their writer. They reveal great kindness of heart, and a large and gentle nature, careful, even in the busiest days of perhaps the busiest and—by some politicians—the most cordially hated man in Europe, to write cheerful letters home, and provide Christmas presents for those he loved.

PARROTS AND MONKEYS. R. Worthington, New York. Twenty-six illustrations. This book not only describes and pictures the animals named in its title, but also tells many new and curious tales about these queer creatures. This is one of those large-print sensible books that tell the young folks things they wish to know and in a way they like.

BOOKS FOR BRIGHT EYES. American Tract Society, New York. These are four little cloth-bound books, illustrated with colored pictures, packed in a card box, and designed for very young readers.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANAGRAM PROVERB ENIGMA.

WITH the letters of the sentence "SHALL WE MAKE TOYS?" spell a common proverb composed of three words.

THREE ASSOCIATED SQUARE-WORDS.

THE base-words of the three squares, reading in the order given, form a timely expression of good-will.

First square: 1. Delighted. 2. To be of one mind. 3. The plural form of the name of a long narrow sail-canoe used about the Ladrone Islands. 4. Lively, brisk; an old English word in common use among Americans of the West. 5. Frothy. Second square: 1. Fresh. 2. A Scripture name of a woman. 3. A texture. Third square: 1. A period of time. 2. A Scripture name of a man. 3. Handicrafts. 4. To rub harshly.

EASY MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a useful plant, and leave a frame or rack. 2. Curtail the plant, and give to vex or plague. 3. Behead and transpose the plant, and find to let for hire. 4. Syncopate and transpose the plant, and get the most insignificant. 5. Transpose the most insignificant, and leave a kind of stone. 6. Behead and curtail the plant, and give facility. 7. Behead and transpose the frame or rack, and find a marine animal. 8. Again, behead and transpose the frame or rack, and get a transfer. 9. Syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and leave a water-fowl. 10. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and give a straight flat piece of wood. 11. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and find tardy. 12. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and get a name for a sailor. 13. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and leave a Chinese measure of weight. 14. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and give an enumeration. 15. Curtail and transpose a kind of stone, and find after all the rest. 16. Curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and get a site or abode. 17. Again, curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and leave the Orient. 18. Again, curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and give to surfite. 19. Syncopate and transpose the frame or rack, and find sediment. 20. Again, syncopate and transpose the

frame or rack, and get to render a hawk blind by closing its eyes. 21. Behead and transpose the water-fowl, and leave a field. 22. Again, behead and transpose the water-fowl, and give a beverage. 23. Curtail and transpose the Chinese measure of weight, and find a useful plant. 24. Again, curtail and transpose the Chinese measure of weight, and get to corrode. 25. Curtail and transpose the Orient, and leave a vast expanse of water. 26. Behead and reverse sediment, and give a diocese. 27. Curtail and reverse sediment, and find a fish. 28. Behead and reverse to render a hawk blind by closing its eyes, and get the sheltered side. 29. Syncopate and transpose an enumeration, and leave to permit. C. O.

CHARADE.

THOUGH quite devoid of heart,
My first does not withhold
From him who seeks, a draught
Of water, pure and cold.

Although my second may
To you be very near,
It does not follow that
It is both near and dear.

When purpled is the grape,
And leaves grow sere and old,
In browning fields my whole
Displays its sphere of gold.

L. W. H.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a cascade, and leave everything. 2. Behead witty, and leave a market-place. 3. Behead to break with noise and violence, and leave an eruption. 4. Behead a part of the body, and leave tall. 5. Behead a head-covering, and leave a bird. 6. Behead a vessel, and leave part of the body. 7. Behead a security, and leave a shelf. 8. Behead a duty, and leave to inquire. N. B. S.

EASY PREFIX PUZZLE.

PREFIX the same syllable to:—1. Part of a poem, and make lying across. 2. Not early, and make to interpret. 3. A harbor, and make to carry from one place to another. 4. A pronoun, and make a passing through. 5. Part of a play, and make to do. 6. A person who cannot speak, and make to change one substance into another. 7. A father or mother, and make easily seen through. 8. A position of the person, and make to change the order of things.

C. S. R.

DIAGONAL, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

EACH word has twelve letters. Diagonal, from left to right downward, a greeting of the season. 1. An ancient written character. 2. Stingy. 3. A sleepy character. 4. Conditions. 5. The scientific name for thick-skinned animals. 6. Pertaining to names derived from ancestors. 7. A disbeliever in spiritual beings. 8. Wares made of clay. 9. The scientific name for slender-toed animals. 10. Very talkative. 11. Figurative. 12. A maker.

J. F. B.

PICTORIAL QUINTUPLE ACROSTIC.



EACH of the nine small pictures, taken in the order indicated by the numerals beneath them, represents a horizontal line of the Acrostic. To form the Horizontals, sometimes one word, sometimes two words, and, in other cases, letters or abbreviations are used; but the required elements of each cross-line are indicated in its particular picture. In viewing the large picture, five things are to be seen, and these five things are described by the five words, each of nine letters, which form the Perpendiculars of the Acrostic. One of the Perpendiculars is made from the initials of the horizontal lines, and a second by their finals; the three other upright words are formed from the intervening letters of the cross-lines; and these letters, while occurring in proper succession reading downward, will be found scattered anywhere, each in its particular cross-line. Thus, supposing the fourth word to be "Landscape": then "L" will be somewhere between the initial and final of the top cross-line, but not necessarily next to the initial; "a" will be in the second horizontal line, but it may be any one of the letters between the two ends of the line; and so on,—no one letter of the horizontal lines being used twice in forming the Perpendicular words.

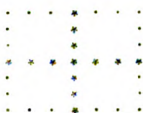
HOLIDAY ANAGRAM.

FIND suitable words to fill the blanks in the following verse, and transpose the letters of these words into a familiar greeting:

As — and incense once were brought,
— each year with treasures fraught,
Glad memories of the — and —,
Good words for each, and gifts for all.

B.

SEVEN-LETTER FRAMED GREEK CROSS.



THE meanings of the words forming this puzzle are:
Horizontal of cross: Base. Perpendicular of cross: Accounts of things, persons or events deemed noteworthy. Top of frame: Settlement. Foot of frame: A young person engaged in selling some of the necessities of modern life. Left post of frame: A bird with pouched bill. Right post of frame: The channel in which the tide sets.

A. C. C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters, and am a motto about which much has been said of late in the United States.

1. My 3, 10, 11, 12 is a sudden flaw or flurry. 2. My 6, 1, 2, 5 is to reel, as on a bobbin. 3. My 9, 4, 8, 7 is a way in which lessons ought not to be learned.

A.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

THE words and letters forming a half-square, which has for base a word of seven letters, will be found concealed in the following sentences:

"You know it was you who had my whip last, Ernest, so don't pretend it was n't. You refused to lend it to Will,—as Teddy told me,—and afterward you falsely accused Will of taking the whip and hiding it in a cask Edward had thrown into the quarry. No wonder Will's temper rose when he heard of your accusation; and it was lucky for you he started for home and cooled off before seeing you. Shame on you! Give up the whip at once, or I'll dust your jacket for you!"

The meanings of the lines of the half-square are as follows: 1. Coating of a wall. 2. Endured. 3. Solicited. 4. Forepart of a ship's frame. 5. A nickname of a boy. 6. An affix. 7. Phonetically, a French measure of surface.

Y. E.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE centrals, reading downward, name a very useful member of the community. The words are of one length.

1. A grade of society. 2. A volatile fluid. 3. A part of a wheel. 4. Plain. 5. A word that implies fun. 6. A piece of money. 7. A person who, accompanied by his wife, explored a part of Africa. 8. A manufactured metal. 9. A victorious Yankee commodore. G. H.

DOUBLE AMPUTATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail snappish, and leave to corrode; behead and curtail to corrode and leave a pronoun. 2. Behead and curtail rasped, and leave to value; behead and curtail to value and leave a preposition. 3. Behead and curtail a portion of time, and leave a sign; behead and curtail a sign and leave a pronoun. 4. Behead and curtail to bow with servility, and leave an ornament; behead and curtail an ornament and leave within.

CYRILE DEAN.



ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

(A Puzzle for the Holidays.)

Concealed in the following quotations find an ancient Christmas greeting of seven words:

1. Lo, now is come our joyful feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly. OLD SONG.
2. Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells,
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.
ROSE TERRY COOKE.
3. But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign * * upon the earth began.
MILTON.
4. Come and gather as they fall,
Shining gifts for great and small;
Santa Claus remembers all
When he comes with goodies piled. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
5. As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat. ANON.
6. Oh, joy shall reign when nations cease
The spear and sword to wield!
Then, 'neath the brooding wings of
Peace,
The earth her fruits shall yield,
And gold and purple harvests come
To war-dyed hill and field. ANON.
7. So, "Winter, come nigh!"
Say we, say I,
"And good luck to the Christmas-tree;
May the evergreen holly
Find us grateful and jolly,
And bring presents for you and for me!" IDA FAY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

EASY ENIGMA.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss."
 HOUR-GLASS.—1. BrAid; 2. ARa; 3. R; 4. TOc; 5. SaWed.
 EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Beaconsheld; Gladstone.
 CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. EarH; 2. NaomI; 3. GaS;
 4. LinT; 5. IagO; 6. SailoR; 7. HaV.
 CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—

I	N	N	A	W	E
I	N	T	E	R	
N	E	W	E	N	D
R	E				

SQUARE.—1. Chime; 2. Honor; 3. Incur; 4. Mouse; 5. Erred.
 PERSPECTIVE CROSS.—1. Nomad; 2. Level; 3. Demur; 4. Raven;
 5. Brown; 6. Bat; 7. Night; 8. Trend; 9. Daunt; 10. Novel; 11.
 David; 12. Gem; 13. Liver; 14. Reign; 15. Trout; 16. Naturalist;
 17. Bloodhound; 18. Nethermost; 19. Dog; 20. Rat; 21. Nut; 22.
 Ban; 23. Dot; 24. Ted; 25. Rib.
 CENTRAL DELETIONS.—1. PopUlar, poplar; 2. ReVel, reel; 3.
 HUe, he; 4. CoLon, coon; 5. SpAin, spin. Centrals: Uvula.

PICTORIAL CONCEALED-WORD PUZZLE.—1. FIOWeR. 2. CHoiR.
 3. fIST. 4. MAn. 5. StoKings. 6. DOMES. 7. BUSt. 8.
 bONe. 9. ConE. 10. dAisY. 11. rEApeR.
 RHOMBOID DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—1. Fatal. 2. Sarah. 3. Cabal.
 4. Basal. 5. Natal.
 NEW-DOLLAR PUZZLE.—Infant, Churn, Chain, Leap, Flower,
 Bath, Cob, Soldier, Food, Jewel, AAA CCC DD, Leaves, Monkey,
 Hand, Kirk, Condors, Insects, Reptile, Straws. The letters in these
 words may be transformed into the following twenty-six words, of
 four letters each, representing twenty-six things seen when viewing
 the face of the new dollar: Cash, Coin, Year, Date, Head, Face,
 Nose, Chin, Lips, Brow, Jowl, Neck, Hair, Lock, Curl, Band, Word,
 Star, Stop, Leaf, Vein, Stem, Ears, Fold, Nick, Dent.
 CHARADE.—Patch-work.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Ptarmigan.
 EASY METAGRAM.—1. Switch; 2. Witch; 3. Whit; 4. With; 5.
 Wit; 6. It; 7. I.
 A PROVERB IN CIPHER.—"Two heads are better than one."
 EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Post-Office.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 2 from Evelyn Glancy Jones, "D. N. B.," Southwick C. Briggs, Annie Southwick, Mary H. Bradley, "Fritters," Nellie Emerson, A. C. Lesley, Lillian Baker, "Two Will's," Anna Emma Mathewson, Fred A. Conklin, Susanna Bell, B. P. Emery, M. L. Brinkerhoff, Adda Voute, "C. H. T.," Picolo Pedadly, E. B. Clark, Adele F. Freeman, Miffin Brady, John L. Hanna, L. B. Wallace, Thomas Hunt, Grace Rosevelt, C. D. Clinton, Reed L. McDonald, Bessie Hard, Bertha Potts, Flavel S. Miner, "Higgle," Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, and Eddie F. Worcester.



HELPING MOTHER.

FROM A PAINTING BY JAN VERHAS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A STORY OF A STONE.

BY PROF. D. S. JORDAN.

ONCE on a time, a great many years ago, so many, many years that if your father should give you a dollar for every year you could buy up the whole town you live in and have enough left to pay the National Debt; in those old days when the great North-west consisted only of a few hills, ragged and barren, and full of copper and quartz; in the days when the Northern Ocean washed the crest of Mount Washington and wrote its name upon the Pictured Rocks, and the tide of the Pacific swept over Plymouth Rock and surged up against Bunker Hill; when the Gulf of Mexico rolled its warm and shallow waters as far north as Escanaba and Eau Claire; in fact, an immensely long time ago,—there lived somewhere in Oconto County, Wisconsin, a little jelly-fish. It was a curious creature, about the shape of half an apple, and the size of a cat's-thimble, and it floated around in the water and ate little things and opened and shut its umbrella, pretty much as jelly-fishes do in the ocean now.

It had a great many little feelers that hung down all around like so many mites of snakes, and so it was named Medusa, after that lady in the old times who wore snakes instead of hair, and who felt so badly because she could n't do them up. Well, our little Medusa floated around and opened and shut her umbrella for a long time,—a month, or a year, perhaps,—we don't know how long. Then, one morning, down among the sea-weeds, she laid a whole lot of tiny eggs, transparent as crab-apple jelly and much smaller than a dew-drop on the end of a pine-leaf. Now she leaves the scene, and our story henceforth concerns only one of these eggs.

Well, one day, the sun shone down into the

water,—the same sun that shines through your windows now,—and a little fellow whom we will call Favosites, because that was his name, woke up inside of the egg and came out into the great world. He was only a wee bit of floating jelly, shaped like a cartridge pointed at both ends. He had at his sides an immense number of little paddles that went flapping, flapping all the time, keeping him constantly in motion, whether the little fellow wanted to go or not. So he kept scudding along in the water, dodging from right to left, to avoid the ungainly creatures that wanted to eat him. There were crabs and clams, of a fashion that neither you nor I will ever see alive. There were huge animals with great eyes, savage jaws and long feelers, that sat in the end of a long, round shell and glowered at him, and smaller ones of the same kind that looked like lobsters in a dinner-horn.

But none of these got the little fellow, else I should not have any story to tell.

At last, having paddled about long enough, he thought of settling in life. So he looked around until he found a flat bit of shell that just suited him, when he sat down upon it, and grew fast, like old Holger Danske in the Danish myth. Only, unlike Holger, he did n't go to sleep, but proceeded to make himself at home. So he made an opening in his upper side, and rigged for himself a mouth and a stomach, and put a whole row of feelers out, and began catching little worms and floating eggs and bits of jelly and bits of lime,—everything he could get,—and cramming them into his little stomach.

He had a great many curious ways, but the funniest of all was what he did with the bits of lime.

He kept taking them in and tried to wall himself up inside with them, as a person would stone a well, or as though a man should swallow pebbles and stow them away in his feet and all around under the skin, till he had filled himself full.

But little Favosites became lonesome all alone on the bottom of that old ocean, among so many outlandish neighbors; and so, one night, when he was fast asleep, and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out of his side, where his sixth rib would have been if he had had so many, another little Favosites, who very soon began to eat worms and to wall himself up as if for dear life. Then, from these two another and another little bud came out, and another and another little Favosites was formed, and they all kept growing up higher and higher, and cramming themselves fuller and fuller of limestone, till at last there were so many of them, and they were so crowded together, that there was n't room for them to grow round; so they had to grow six-sided, like the cells in a honeycomb.

Once in a while, some one in the company would get mad because the others got all of the lime, or would feel uneasy at sitting still so long and swallowing stones, and would secede from the little union, without as much as saying "Good-bye," and would sail around like the old Medusa, and would lay more eggs, which would hatch out into more Favosites.

Well, the old ones died or swam away or were walled up, and new ones filled their places, and the colony thrived for a long time, and had accumulated quite a stock of lime. But, one day, there came a freshet in the Menomonee River, and piles of dirt and sand and ground-up iron ore were brought down, and all the little Favosites' mouths were filled with it. They did n't like the taste of iron, so they all died; but we know that their house was not spoiled, for we have it here.

So the rock-house they were making was tumbled about in the dirt, and the rolling pebbles knocked the corners off, and the mud worked its way into the cracks and destroyed its beautiful whiteness.

There it lay for ages, till the earth gave a great, long heave, that raised Wisconsin out of the ocean, and the mud around our Favosites' house packed and dried into hard rock and closed it in; and so it became part of the dry land. There it lay, imbedded in the rock for centuries and centuries.

Then, the time of the first fishes came, and the other animals looked on them in awe and wonder, as the Indians eyed Columbus. They were like the gar-pike in our Western rivers, only much larger,—as big as a stove-pipe, and with a crust as hard as a turtle's shell. Then there came sharks, of strange forms, savage and ferocious, with teeth like bowie-

knives. But the time of the old fishes came and went, and many more times came and went, but still Favosites lay in the ground.

Then came the long, hot, wet summer, when the mists hung over the earth so thick that you might almost have cut them into chunks with a knife, like a loaf of gingerbread; and great ferns and rushes, big as an oak and tall as a steeple, grew over the land. Huge reptiles with jaws like a front door, and teeth like cross-cut saws, and little reptiles, with wings like bats, crawled and swam and flew.

But the ferns died, and the reptiles died, and the rush-trees fell into the swamps, and the Mississippi, now become quite a river, covered them up, and they were packed away under great layers of clay and sand, till at last they were turned into coal, and wept bitter tears of petroleum. But all this while Favosites lay in the rock at Oconto.

Then the mists cleared up and the sun shone and the grass began to grow, and strange animals began to come and feed upon it. There were funny little zebra horses, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, and great hairy elephants, and hogs with noses so long that they could sit on their hind legs and root, and lots of still stranger creatures that no man ever saw alive. But still Favosites lay in the ground.

So the long, long summer passed by, and the autumn, and the Indian summer; and at last the great winter came, and it snowed and snowed, and it was so cold that the snow was n't off by the Fourth of July; and then it snowed and snowed till the snow never went off at all; and then it got so cold that it snowed all the time, till the snow covered all the animals, and then the trees, and then the mountains. Then it would thaw a little, and streams of water would run over the snow; then it would freeze again, and pack it into solid ice. Still it went on snowing and thawing and freezing, till the ice was a mile deep over Wisconsin, and the whole United States was one great skating-rink.

So it kept on for about a million years, until once when the spring came and the south winds blew, it began to thaw up. Then the ice came sliding down from the mountains and hills, tearing up rocks little and big, from the size of a chip to the size of a meeting-house, crushing forests as you would crush an egg-shell, and wiping out rivers as you would wipe out a chalk-mark. So it came pushing, thundering, grinding along, slowly enough, but with tremendous force, this mile-deep glacier, like an immense plow drawn by a million oxen.

So the ice plowed across Oconto County, and little Favosites was rooted out from the quiet place where he had lain so long; but, by good fortune, he happened to slip into a crevice in the ice, where he

was n't much crowded, else he would have been ground to powder, as most of his relatives were, and I should n't have had this story to tell.

Well, the ice slid along, melting all the while, and making great torrents of water which, as they swept onward, covered the land with clay and pebbles, till at last it came to a great swamp, overgrown with tamarac and cedar. Here it stopped and melted, and all the rocks and stones and dirt

it had carried with it, little Favosites and all, were dumped into one great heap.

Ages after, a farmer in Grand Chûte, Michigan, plowing up his clover field, to sow for winter wheat, picked up a curious bit of "petrified honeycomb," and gave it to the school-boys to take to their teacher, to hear what he would say about it. And now you have read what he said.

THE SHINING LITTLE HOUSE.

By H. H.

It hung in the sun, the little house,
It hung in the sun, and shone;
And through the walls I could hear his voice
Who had it all for his own.

The walls were of wire, as bright as gold,
Wrought in a pretty design;
The spaces between for windows served,
And the floor was clean and fine.

There was plenty, too, to eat and drink,
In this little house that shone;
A lucky thing, to be sure, you'd
say,
A house like this for one's
own!

But the door was shut, and
locked all tight,
The key was on the outside;
The one who was in could not
get out,
No matter how much he tried.

'T was only a prison after all,
This bright little house that shone;
Ah, we would not want a house like that,
No matter if 't were our own!

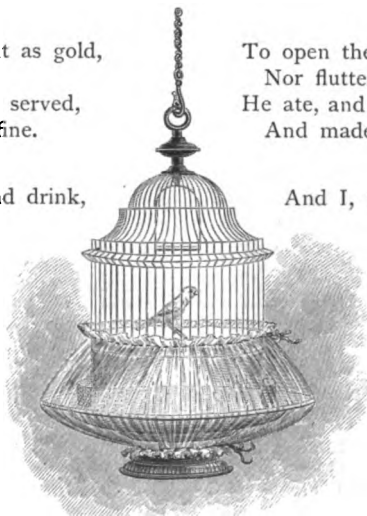
And yet, through the walls I heard the voice,
Of the one who lived inside:
To warble a sweeter song each day,
It did seem as if he tried.

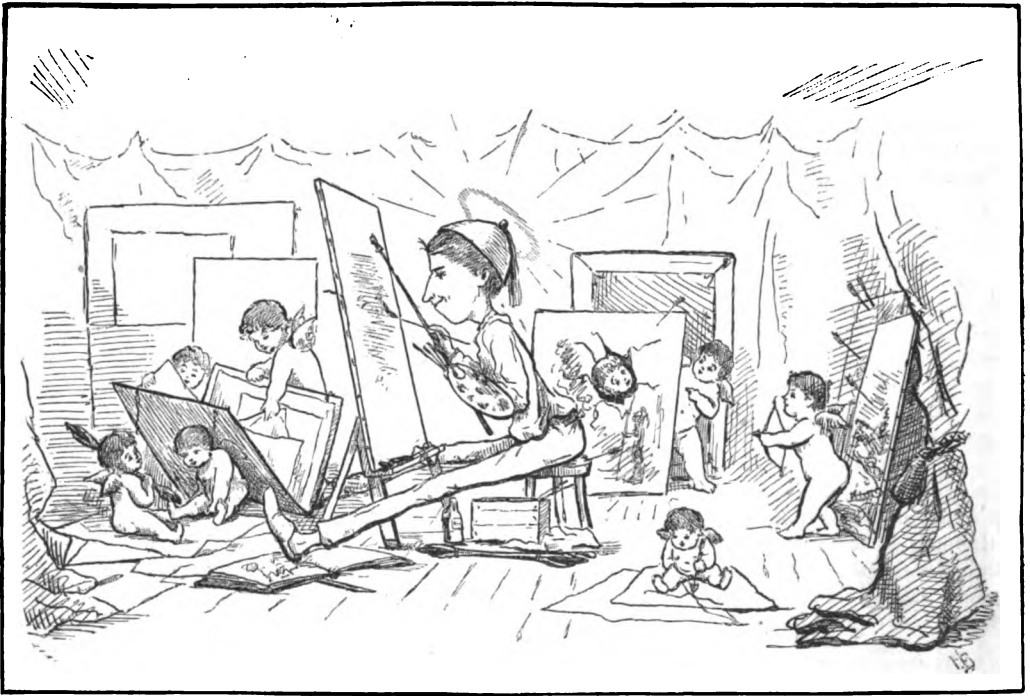
To open the door, he never sought,
Nor fluttered in idle strife;
He ate, and he drank, and slept, and sang,
And made the best of his life.

And I, to myself, said every day,
As his cheery song I heard,
There's a lesson for us in
every note
Of that little prisoned bird.

We all of us live a life like
his,
We are walled on every side;
We all long to do a hundred
things,
Which we could not if we
tried.

We can spend our strength all foolishly
In a discontented strife;
Or we can be wise, and laugh and sing,
And make the best of our life.





OUR ARTIST ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

LADY JANE AND LORD GUILDFORD.

IT wanted but five minutes to twelve in Miss Fitch's school-room, and a general restlessness showed that her scholars were aware of the fact. Some of the girls had closed their books, and were putting their desks to rights, with a good deal of unnecessary fuss, keeping an eye on the clock meanwhile. The boys wore the air of dogs who see their master coming to untie them; they jumped and quivered, making the benches squeak and rattle, and shifted their feet about on the uncarpeted floor, producing sounds of the kind most trying to a nervous teacher. A general expectation prevailed. Luckily, Miss Fitch was not nervous. She had that best of all gifts for teaching,—calmness; and

she understood her pupils and their ways, and had sympathy with them. She knew how hard it is for feet with the dance of youth in them to keep still for three long hours on a June morning; and there was a pleasant, roguish look in her face as she laid her hand on the bell, and, meeting the twenty-two pairs of expectant eyes which were fixed on hers, rang it—dear Miss Fitch—actually a minute and a half before the time.

At the first tinkle, like arrows dismissed from the bow-string, two girls belonging to the older class jumped from their seats and flew, ahead of all the rest, into the entry, where hung the hats and caps of the school, and their dinner-baskets. One seized a pink sun-bonnet from its nail, the other a Shaker-scoop with a deep green cape; each possessed herself of a small tin pail, and just as the little crowd

swarmed into the passage, they hurried out on the green, in the middle of which the school-house stood. It was a very small green, shaped like a triangle, with half a dozen trees growing upon it; but

"Little things are great to little men,"

you know, and to Miss Fitch's little men and women "the green" had all the importance and excitement of a park. Each one of the trees which stood upon it had a name of its own. Every crotch and branch in them was known to the boys and the most daring among the girls; each had been the scene of games and adventures without number. "The Castle," a low spreading oak with wide, horizontal branches, had been the favorite tree for fights. Half the boys would garrison the boughs, the other half, scrambling from below and clutching and tugging, would take the part of besiegers, and it had been great fun all round. But alas, for that "had been!" Ever since one unlucky day, when Luther Bradley, as King Charles, had been captured five boughs up by Cromwell and his soldiers, and his ankle badly sprained in the process, Miss Fitch had ruled that "The Castle" should be used for fighting purposes no longer. The boys might climb it, but they must not call themselves a garrison, nor pull nor struggle with each other. So the poor oak was shorn of its military glories, and forced to comfort itself by bearing a larger crop of acorns than had been possible during the stirring and warlike times, now forever ended.

Then there was "The Dove-cote," an easily climbed beech, on which rows of girls might be seen at noon-times roosting like fowls in the sun. And there was "The Falcon's Nest," which produced every year a few small, sour apples, and which Isabella Bright had adopted for her tree. She knew every inch of the way to the top; to climb it was like going up a well-known staircase, and the sensation of sitting there aloft, high in air, on a bough which curved and swung, with another bough exactly fitting her back to lean against, was full of delight and fascination. It was like moving and being at rest all at once; like flying, like escape. The wind seemed to smell differently and more sweetly up there than in lower places. Two or three times lost in fancies as deep as sleep, Isabella had forgotten all about recess and bell, and remained on her perch, swinging and dreaming, till some one was sent to tell her that the arithmetic class had begun. And once, direful day! marked with everlasting black in the calendar of her conscience, being possessed suddenly, as it were, by some idle and tricky demon, she stayed on after she was called, and called again, she still stayed; and when, at last, Miss Fitch herself came out and stood beneath the tree, and in her pleasant, mild

voice told her to come down, still the naughty girl, secure in her fastness, stayed. And when, at last, Miss Fitch, growing angry, spoke severely and ordered her to descend, Isabella shook the boughs, and sent a shower of hard little apples down on her kind teacher's head. That was dreadful, indeed, and dreadfully did she repent it afterward, for she loved Miss Fitch dearly, and, except for being under the influence of the demon, could never have treated her so. Miss Fitch did not kiss her for a whole month afterward,—that was Isabella's punishment,—and it was many months before she could speak of the affair without feeling her eyes fill swiftly with tears, for Isabella's conscience was tender and her feelings very quick in those days.

This, however, was eighteen months ago, when she was only ten and a half. She was nearly twelve now, and a good deal taller and wiser. I have introduced her as Isabella, because that was her real name, but the children and everybody always called her Eyebright. "I. Bright" it had been written in the report of her first week at Miss Fitch's school, when she was a little thing not more than six years old. The droll name struck someone's fancy, and from that day she was always called Eyebright because of that, and because her eyes were bright. They were gray eyes, large and clear, set in a wide, low forehead, from which a thick mop of hazel-brown hair with a wavy kink all through it, was



EYEBRIGHT IN THE TREE.

combed back, and tied behind with a brown ribbon. Her nose turned up a little;

her mouth was rather wide, but it was a smiling, good-tempered mouth; the cheeks were pink and wholesome, and altogether, though not particularly pretty, Eyebright was a pleasant-looking little girl in the eyes of the people who loved her, and they were a good many.

The companion with whom she was walking was Bessie Mather, her most intimate friend just then. Bessie was the daughter of a portrait-painter, who

did n't have many portraits to paint, so he was apt to be discouraged, and his family to feel rather poor. Eyebright was not old enough to perceive the inconveniences of being poor. To her there was a great charm in all that goes to the making of pictures. She loved the shining paint-tubes, the palette set with its ring of many-colored dots, and even the white canvases; the smell of oil was pleasant to her, and she often wished that her father, too, had been a painter. When, as once in a great while happened, Bessie asked her to tea, she went with a sort of awe over her mind, and returned in a rapture, to tell her mother that they had had biscuits and apple-sauce for supper, and had n't done anything in particular; but she had enjoyed it so much, and it had been so interesting! Mrs. Bright never could understand why biscuits and apple-sauce, which never created any enthusiasm in Eyebright at home, should be so delightful at Bessie Mather's, neither could Eyebright explain it, but so it was. This portrait-painting father was one of Bessie's chief attractions in Eyebright's eyes, but apart from that, she was sweet-tempered, pliable, and affectionate, and—a strong bond in friendship sometimes—she liked to follow and Eyebright to lead; she preferred to listen and Eyebright to talk; so they suited each other exactly. Bessie's hair was dark; she was not quite so tall as Eyebright; but their heights matched very well, as, with arms round each other's waist, they paced up and down "the green," stopping now and then to take a cookie, or a bit of bread-and-butter, from the dinner-pails which they had set under one of the trees.

Not the least attention did they pay to the rest of the scholars, but Eyebright began at once, as if reading from some book which had been laid aside only a moment before:

"At that moment Lady Jane heard a tap at the door.

"See who it is, Margaret," she said.

"Margaret opened the door, and there stood before her astonished eyes a knight clad in shining armor.

"Who are you, Sir Knight, and wherefore do you come?" she cried, in amaze.

"I am come to see the Lady Jane Gray," he replied; "I have a message for her from Lord Guildford Dudley."

"From my noble Guildford," shrieked Lady Jane, rushing forward.

"Even so, madam," replied the knight, bowing profoundly."

Here Eyebright paused for a large bite of bread and butter.

"Go on—please go on," pleaded Bessie, whose mouth happened to be empty just then.

Mumble, mumble,—“the Lady Jane sank back on her couch”—resumed Eyebright, speaking rather thickly by reason of the bread and butter. “She was very pale, and one tear ran slowly down her pearly cheek.

“What says my lord?” she faintly uttered.

“He bids me to tell you to hope on, hope ever,” cried the knight; “the jailor’s daughter has promised to steal her father’s keys to-night, unbar his door, and let him escape.”

“Can this be true?” cried Margaret—that’s you, you know, Bessie—be ready to catch me. ‘Help! my lady is about to faint with joy.’”

Here Eyebright sank on the grass, while Bessie made a dash, and raised her head.

“Is it? Can it be—true?” murmured the Lady Jane,—her languid hand meanwhile stealing into the dinner-pail, and producing therefrom a big red apple.

“It is true—the blessed news is indeed true,” cried the true-hearted Margaret.

“I feel new life in my veins;” and the Lady Jane sprang to her feet.” Here Eyebright scrambled to hers.

“Come, Margaret,” she cried, “we must decide in what garb we shall greet my dearest lord when he comes from prison. Don’t you think the cram—cram—cramberry velvet, with a net-work of pearls, and,—what else did they wear, Bessie?”

“Girdles?” ventured Bessie.

“And a girdle of gems,” went on Eyebright, easily, and quite regardless of expense. “Don’t you think that will be best, girl?”

“Oh, Eyebright, would she say ‘girl?’” broke in Bessie; “it does n’t sound polite enough for the Lady Jane.”

“They all do.—I assure you they do. I can show you the place in Shakspeare. It don’t sound so nice, because when people say ‘girl,’ now, it always means servant-girl, you know; but it was different then; and Lady Jane did say ‘my girl.’ And you must n’t interrupt so, Bessie, or we sha’n’t get to the execution this recess, and after school I want to play the Little Princes in the Tower.”

“I wont interrupt any more,” said Bessie; “go on.”

“Yes, the cramberry velvet is my choice,” resumed Eyebright. “Sir Knight, accept my grateful thanks.”

“He bent low and kissed her fair hand.

“May naught but good tidings await you evermore!” he murmured. “Sorrow should never light on so fair a being.”

“Ah,” she said, “sorrow seems my portion. What is rank or riches or ducality to a happy heart?”

"What did you say? What was that word, Eyebright?"

"Ducality. Lady Jane's father was a duke, you know."

"The knight sighed deeply, and withdrew."

"Ah, Guildford," murmured the Lady Jane, laying her head on the shoulder of her beloved Margaret, "shall I indeed see you once more? It seems too good to be true."

Eyebright paused, and bit into her apple with an absorbed expression. She was meditating the next scene in her romance.

"So the next day and the next went by, and still the Lady Jane prayed and waited. Night came at last, and now Lord Guildford might appear at any moment. Margaret dressed her lovely mistress in the velvet robe, twined the pearls in her golden hair, and clasped the jeweled girdle round her slender waist. One snow-white rose was pinned in her bosom. Never had she looked so wildly beautiful. But still Lord Guildford came not. At last a tap at the door was heard.

"It is he!" cried the Lady Jane, and flew to meet him.

"But alas! it was not he. A stern and gigantic form filled the door-way, and entering, looked at her with fiery eyes. No, his helmet was shut tight. Would n't that be better, Bessie?"

"Oh yes, much better. Do have it shut," said the obliging Bessie.

"His lineaments were hidden by his helmet," resumed Eyebright, correcting herself; "but there was something in his aspect which made her heart thrill with terror.

"You are looking to see if I am one who will never cross your path again," he said, in a harsh tone. "Lady Jane Gray—no! Guildford Dudley has this day expiated his crimes on Tower Hill. His headless trunk is already buried beneath the pavement where traitors lie."

"Oh no, no; in mercy unsay the word!" shrieked the Lady Jane, and with one quick sob she sank lifeless to the earth, while Margaret sank beside her. We wont really sink, I think, Bessie, because the grass stains our clothes so, and they get so mussed up. Wealthy says she can't imagine what I do to my things; there was so much grass-green in them that it greened all the water in the tub last wash, she told mother; that was when we played the Coramantic Captive, you know, and I had to keep fainting all the time. We'll just make-believe we sank, I guess.

"Rouse yourself, Lady," went on the stern warrior, "I have more to communicate. You are my prisoner. Here is the warrant to arrest you, and the soldiers wait outside."

"One dizzy moment, and Lady Jane rallied the

spirit of her race. Her face was deadly pale, but she had never looked more lovely.

"I am ready," she said, with calm dignity; 'only give me time to breathe one prayer,' and, sinking at the foot of her crucifix, she breathed an Ave Maria in such melodious tones that all present refrained from tears.

"Lead on," she murmured.

"We now pass to the scene of execution," proceeded Eyebright, whose greatest gift as a storyteller was her power of getting over difficult parts of the narrative in a sort of inspired, rapid way.

"I guess we wont have any trial, Bessie, because trials are so hard, and I don't know exactly how to do them. It was a chill morning in early spring. The sun had hid his face from the awful spectacle. The bell was tolling, the crowd assembled, and the executioner stood leaning on the handle of his dreadful ax. The block was ready! —"

"Oh, Eyebright, it is awful!" interposed Bessie, on the point of tears.

"At last the door of the Tower opened," went on the relentless Eyebright, "and the slender form of the Lady Jane appeared, led by the captain of the guard, and followed by a long procession of monks and soldiers. Her faithful Margaret was by her side, drowned in tears. She was so young, so fair and so sweet that all hearts pitied her, and when she turned to the priest and said, 'Fa-ther, do not we-ep' —"

Eyebright here broke down and began to cry. As for Bessie, she had been sobbing hard, with her handkerchief over her eyes for nearly two minutes.

"I am go-ing to hea-ven," faltered Eyebright, overcome with emotion. "Thank my cousin, Bloody Mary, for sending me th-ere."

"Can you tell me the way to Mr. Bright's house?" said a voice just behind them.

The girls jumped and look round. In the excitement of the execution, they had wandered, without knowing it, to the far edge of the green, which bordered on the public road. A gentleman on horseback had stopped close beside them, and was looking at them with an amused expression, which changed to one of pity, as the two tear-stained faces met his eye.

"Is anything the matter? Are you in any trouble?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh no, sir; not a bit. We are only playing; we are having a splendid time," explained Eyebright.

And then, anxious to change the subject, and also to get back to Lady Jane and her woes, she made haste with the direction for which the stranger had asked.

"Just down there, sir; turn the first street, and

it's the fourth house from the corner. No, the fifth,—which is it, Bessie?"

"Let me see," replied Bessie, counting on her fingers. "Mrs. Clapp's, Mr. Potter's, Mr. Wheelwright's,—it's the fourth, Eyebright."

The gentleman thanked them and rode away. As he did so, the bell tinkled at the school-house door.

"Oh, there's that old bell. I don't believe it's time one bit. Miss Fitch must have set the clock forward," declared Eyebright.

Alas, no; Miss Fitch had done nothing of the sort, for at that moment clang went the town-clock, which, as every one knew, kept the best of time, and by which all the clocks and watches in the neighborhood were set.

"Pshaw, it really is!" cried Eyebright. "How short recess seems! Not longer than a minute."

"Not more than half a minute," chimed in Bessie. "Oh, Eyebright, it was too lovely! I hate to go in."

The cheeks and eyelids of the almost executed Lady Jane and her bower maiden were in a sad state of redness when they entered the school-room, but nobody took any particular notice of them. Miss Fitch was used to such appearances, and so were the other boys and girls, when Eyebright and Bessie Mather had spent their recess, as almost always they did, in playing the game which they called "acting stories."

CHAPTER II.

AFTER SCHOOL.

FOUR o'clock seemed slow in coming; but it struck at last, as hours always will if we wait long enough; and Miss Fitch dismissed the school, after a little bit of Bible-reading and a short prayer. People nowadays are trying to do away with Bibles and prayers in schools, but I think the few words which Miss Fitch said in the Lord's ear every night—and they were very few and simple—sent the little ones away with a sense of the Father's love and nearness, which it was good for them to feel. All the girls and some of the boys waited to kiss Miss Fitch for good-night. It had been a pleasant day. Nobody, for a wonder, had received a fault-mark of any kind; nothing had gone wrong, and the children departed, with a general bright sense that such days do not often come, and that what remained of this ought to be made the most of.

There were still three hours and a half of precious daylight. What should be done with them?

Eyebright and a knot of girls, whose homes lay in the same direction with hers, walked slowly down the street together. It was a beautiful afternoon, with sunshine of that delicious sort which

only June knows how to brew,—warm, but not burning; bright, but not dazzling. It lay over the walk in broad golden patches, broken by soft, purple-blue shadows from the elms, which had just put out their light leaves and looked like fountains of green spray tossed high in air. There was a sweet smell of hyacinths and growing grass and cherry-blossoms, and altogether it was not an afternoon to spend in the house, and the children felt the fact.

"I don't want to go home yet," said Molly Prime. "Let's do something pleasant all together instead."

"I wish my swing was ready, and we'd all have a swing in it," said Laura Wheelwright. "Tom said he would put it up to-day, but mother begged him not, because she said I had a cold and would be sure to run in the damp grass and wet my feet. What shall we do? We might go for a walk to Round Pond; will you?"

"No; I'll tell you," burst in Eyebright. "Don't let's do that, because if we do, the big boys will see us and want to come too, and then we sha'n't have any fun. Let's all go into our barn; there's lots of hay up in the loft, and we'll open the big window and make thrones of hay to sit on and tell stories. It'll be just as good as out-doors, and no one will know where we are or come to interrupt us. Don't you think it would be nice? Do come, Laura."

"Delicious! Come along, girls," answered Laura, crumpling her soft sun-bonnet into a heap, and throwing it up into the air, as if it had been a ball.

"Oh, may we come too?" pleaded little Tom and Rosy Bury.

"No, you can't," answered their sister, Kitty, sharply. "You'd be tumbling down and getting frightened, and all sorts of things. You'd better run right home by yourselves."

The little ones were silent, but they looked anxiously at Eyebright.

"I think they might come, Kitty," she said. "They're almost always good, and there's nothing in the loft to hurt them. Yes; they can come."

"Oh, very well, if you want the bother of them. I'm sure I don't mind," replied Kitty.

Then they all ran into the barn. The eight pairs of double-soled boots clattered on the stairs like a sudden hail-storm on a roof. Brindle and old Charley, and a strange horse who seemed to be visiting them, all three munching their evening hay, raised their heads, astonished, while a furtive rustle from some dim corner in the loft showed that Mrs. Top-knot or Mrs. Cochinchina, hidden away there, heard too, and did not like the sound at all.

"Oh, is n't this lovely!" cried Kitty Bury, kicking the fine hay before her till it rose in clouds. "Barns are so nice, I think."

"Yes, but don't kick that way," said Romaine Smith, choking and sneezing. "Oh dear, I shall smother. Eyebright, please open the window. Quick, I am strangling."

grasses; it was as good as being out-doors, as Eyebright had said.

The girls pulled little heaps of hay together for seats, and ranged themselves in a half-circle round the window, with Mr. Bright's orchard, pink and white with fruit blossoms, underneath them; and beyond that, between Mr. Bury's house and barn, a



EYEBRIGHT AND BESSIE IN THE STUDIO.

Eyebright, who was sneezing too, made haste to undo the rusty hook, and swing the big wooden shutter back against the outside wall of the barn. It made an enormous square opening, which seemed to let in all out-doors at once. Dark places grew light, the soft pure air, glad of the chance, flew in to mix with the sweet heavy smell of the dried

glimpse of valley and blue river, and the long range of wooded hills on the opposite bank. It was a charming look-out, and though the children could not have put into words what pleased them, they all liked it, and were the happier for its being there.

"Now we're ready. Who will tell the first story?" asked Molly Prime, briskly.

"I will," cried Eyebright, always ready to take the lead. "It's a true story, too, every bit of it. My grandma knew the lady it happened to. It was ever and ever so long ago, when the country was all over woods and Indians, you know, and this lady went to the West to live with her husband. He was a pio-nary,—no, pioneer,—no, missionary,—that was what he was. Missionaries teach poor people and preach, and this one was awfully poor himself, for all the money he had was just a little bit which a church at the East gave him.

"Well, after they had lived at the West for a year, the missionary had to come back, because some of the people said he was n't orthodox. I don't know what that means. I asked father once, and he said it meant so many things that he did n't think he could explain them all; but Wealthy, she said, it means 'agreeing with the neighbors.' Anyhow, the missionary had to come back to tell the folks that he *was* orthodox, and his wife and children had to stay behind, in the woods, with wolves and bears and Indians close by.

"The very day after he started, his wife was sitting by the fire with her baby in her lap, when the door opened, and a great, enormous Indian walked in and straight up to her.

"I guess she was frightened; don't you?"

"He gone?" asked the Indian in broken English.

"Yes," she said.

"Then the Indian held out his hands and said:

"Pappoose. Give."

"Oh my!" cried Molly Prime. "I'd have screamed right out."

"Well, the lady did n't," continued Eyebright; "what was the use? There was n't any one to scream to, you know. Beside, she thought perhaps the Indian was trying her to see if she trusted him. So she let him take the child, and he marched away with it, not saying another word.

"All that night, and all next day, she watched and waited, but he did not come back. She began to think all sorts of dreadful things,—that perhaps he had killed the child. But just at sunset he came with the baby in his arms, and the little fellow was dressed like a chief, in a suit of doe-skins which the squaws had made, with cunning little moccasins on his feet and a feather stuck in his hair. The Indian put him in his mother's lap, and said:

"Now red man know white squaw friend, for she not afraid give child."

"And after that, all the time her husband was gone, the Indians brought venison and game, and were real kind to the lady. Was n't it nice?"

The children drew long breaths of relief.

"I don't think I could," declared Molly Prime.

"Now I'll tell you a story which I made up myself," said Romaine, who was of a sentimental turn. "It's called the Lady and the Barberry Bush.

"Once upon a time long, long ago, there was a lady who loved a barberry bush, because its berries were so pretty, and tasted so nice and sour. She used to water it, and come at evening to lay her snow-white hand upon its leaves."

"Did n't they prick?" inquired Molly, who was as practical as Romaine was sentimental.

"No, of course they did n't prick, because the barberry bush was enchanted, you know. Nobody else cared for barberry bushes except the lady. All the rest liked roses and honeysuckles best, and the poor barberry was very glad when it saw the lady coming. At last one night, when she was watering it, it spoke, and it said: 'The hour of deliverance has arrived. Lady, behold in me a Prince and your lover,' and it changed into a beautiful knight with barberries in his helmet, and knelt at her feet, and they were very happy forever after."

"Oh, how short!" complained the rest. "Eyebright's was a great deal longer."

"Yes, but some one told hers to her, you know. I made mine up, all myself."

"I'll tell you a 'tory now," broke in little Posy.

"It's a nice 'tory,—a real nice one. Once there was a little girl, and she wanted some pie. She wanted some weal wich pie. And her mother whipped her because she wanted the weal wich pie. Then she kied. And her mother whipped her. Then she kied again. And her mother whipped her again. And the wich pie made her sick. And she died. She could n't det well, 'cause the dottor he did n't come. He could n't come. There was n't any dottor. He was eated up by tigers! Is n't that a nice 'tory?"

The girls laughed so hard over Posy's story that, much abashed, she hid her face in Kitty's lap, and would n't raise it for a long time. Eyebright tried to comfort her.

"It's a real nice story," she said. "The nicest of all. I'm so glad you came, Posy, else you would n't have told it to us."

"Did you hear me tell how the dottor was eated up by tigers?" asked Posy, peeping with one eye from out of the protection of Kitty's apron.

"Yes, indeed. That was splendid."

"I made that up!" said Posy, triumphantly revealing her whole face, joyful again, and bright as a full moon.

"Who'll be next?" asked Eyebright.

"I will," said Laura. "Listen now, for it's going to be perfectly awful, I can tell you. It's about robbers."

As she spoke these words, Laura lowered her voice, with a sort of half-frown, half-whisper.

"There was once a girl who lived all alone by herself, with just one Newfoundland dog for company. He was n't a big Newfoundland,—he was pretty small. One night, when it was all dark and she was just going to sleep, she heard a rustle underneath her bed."

The children had drawn closer together since Laura began, and at this point Romaine gave a loud shriek.

"What was that?" she asked.

All held their breaths. The loft was getting a little dusky now, and sure enough, an unmistakable rustle was heard among the hay in a distant corner!

"This loft would be a very bad place for a robber," said Eyebright, in a voice which trembled very much, though she tried to keep it steady. "A robber would n't have much chance with all our men down below. James, you know, girls, and Samuel and John."

"Yes,—and Benjamin and Charles," chimed in the quick-witted Molly; "and your father, Eyebright, and Henry,—all down there in the barn."

While they recited this formidable list, the little geese were staring with wide-open affrighted eyes into the corner where the rustle had been heard.

"And,—" continued Eyebright, her voice trembling more than ever, "they have all got pitchforks, you know, and guns, and—oh, mercy! what was that? The hay moved, girls, it did move, I saw it!"

All scrambled to their feet prepared to fly, but before any one could start, the hay in the corner parted, and, cackling and screaming, out flew Mrs. Top-knot, tired of her hidden nest, or of the storytelling, and resolved on escape. Eyebright ran after, and shoo-ed her down-stairs. Then she came back laughing, and said:

"How silly we were! Go on, Laura."

But the nerves of the party were too shaky still to enjoy robber-stories, and Eyebright perceiving this, made a diversion.

"I know what we all want," she said; "some apples. Stay here all of you, and I'll run in and get them. I won't be but a minute."

"Mayn't I come too?" asked the inseparable Bessie.

"Yes, do, and you can help me carry 'em. Don't tell any stories while we're gone, girls. Come along, Bess."

Wealthy happened to be in the buttery, skimming cream, so no one spied them as they ran through the kitchen and down the cellar stairs. The cellar was a very large one. In fact, there were

half a dozen cellars opening one into the other, like the rooms of a house. Wood and coal were kept in some of them, in others vegetables, and there was a swinging shelf where stood Wealthy's cold meat, and odds and ends of food. All the cellars were dark at this hour of the afternoon, very dark, and Bessie held Eyebright's hand tight, as with the ease of one who knew the way perfectly, she sped toward the apple-room.

In the blackest corner of all, Eyebright paused, fumbled a little on an almost invisible shelf with a jar which had a lid and clattered, and then handed to her friend a dark something whose smell and taste showed it to be a pickled butternut.

"Wealthy keeps her pickles here," she said, "and she lets me take one now and then, because I helped to pick the butternuts when she made 'em. I got my fingers awfully stained too. It did n't come off for almost a month. Are n't they good?"

"Perfectly splendid!" replied Bessie, as her teeth met in the spicy acid oval. "I do think butternut pickles are just too lovely!"

The apple-room had a small window in it, so it was not so dark as the other cellars. Eyebright went straight to a particular barrel.

"These are the best ones that are left," she said. "They are those spotty russets which you said you liked, Bessie. Now, you take four and I'll take four. That'll make just one apiece for each of us."

"How horrid it would be," said Bessie, as the two went upstairs again with the apples in their aprons,— "how horrid it would be if a hand should suddenly come through the steps and catch hold of our ankles."

"Good gracious, Bessie Mather!" cried Eyebright, whose vivid imagination represented to her at once precisely how the hand on her ankle would feel, "I wish you would n't say such things,—at least till we're safely up," she added.

Another moment, and they were safely up and in the kitchen. Alas, Wealthy caught sight of them.

"Eyebright," she called after them, "tea will be ready in ten minutes. Come in and have your hair brushed and your face washed."

"Why, Wealthy Judson, what an idea! It's only twenty minutes past five."

"There's a gentleman to tea to-night, and your pa wants it early, so's he can get off by six," replied Wealthy. "I'm just wetting the tea now. Don't argue, Eyebright, but come at once."

"I've got to go out to the barn for one minute, anyhow," cried Eyebright, impatiently, and she and Bessie flashed out of the door and across the yard before Wealthy could say another word.

"It's too bad," she said, rushing upstairs into the loft and beginning to distribute the apples. "That old tea of ours is early to-night, and Wealthy says I must come in. I'm so sorry now that I went for the apples at all, because if I had n't, I should n't have known that tea was early, and then I need n't have gone! We were having such a nice time! Can't you all stay till I've done tea? I'll hurry."

But the loft, with its rustles and dark corners, was not to be thought of for a moment without Eyebright's presence and protection.

"Oh no, we could n't possibly; we must go home," the children said, and down the stairs they all rushed.

Brindle and old Charley and the strange horse raised their heads and stared as the little cavalcade trooped by their stalls. Perhaps they were wondering that there was so much less laughing and talking than when it went up. They did not know, you see, about the "perfectly awful" robber story, or the mysterious rustle, or how dreadfully Mrs. Top-knot in the dark corner had frightened the merry little crowd.

(To be continued.)



HERE was an old man of the Nile,
Who had a benevolent smile,
When they said, "Smile again,"
He replied, "I'm not vain,
But I think I do know how to smile."

BIRTHDAY RHYMES.

(For Frank, Harry and Ellie, and for any other Children who have Lived just as many Years as they.)

BY KATHARINE HANSON.

How many birthdays now have you tried?
 How many boys take a base-ball side?
 How many days does a wonder last?
 How many muses throve in the past?
 How many tails has a navy "cat"?
 How many lives the foe of the rat?
 How many syllables has this line?
 How many lines has this poem fine?
 What can the answer be but ——?

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AT THE PETERKINS'.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

AGAMEMNON felt that it became necessary for him to choose a profession. It was important on account of the little boys. If he should make a trial of several different professions, he could find out which would be the most likely to be successful, and it would then be easy to bring up the little boys in the right direction.

Elizabeth Eliza agreed with this. She thought the family occasionally made mistakes, and had come near disgracing themselves. Now was their chance to avoid this in future, by giving the little boys a proper education.

Solomon John was almost determined to become a doctor. From earliest childhood he had practiced writing recipes on little slips of paper. Mrs. Peterkin, to be sure, was afraid of infection. She could not bear the idea of his bringing one disease after the other into the family circle. Solomon John, too, did not like sick people. He thought he might manage it, if he should not have to see his patients while they were sick. If he could only visit them when they were recovering, and when the danger of infection was over, he would really enjoy making calls.

He should have a comfortable doctor's chaise, and take one of the little boys to hold his horse while he went in, and he thought he could get through the conversational part very well, and feeling the pulse, perhaps looking at the tongue. He should take and read all the newspapers, and so be thoroughly acquainted with the news of the

day. But he should not like to be waked up at night to visit. Mr. Peterkin thought that would not be necessary. He had seen signs on doors of "Night Doctor," and certainly it would be as convenient to have a sign of "Not a Night Doctor."

Solomon John thought he might write his advice to those of his patients who were dangerously ill, from whom there was danger of infection. And then Elizabeth Eliza agreed that his prescriptions would probably be so satisfactory that they would keep his patients well, not too well to do without a doctor, but needing his recipes.

Agamemnon was delayed, however, in his choice of a profession, by a desire he had to become a famous inventor. If he could only invent something important, and get out a patent, he would make himself known all over the country. If he could get out a patent, he would be set up for life, or at least as long as the patent lasted, and it would be well to be sure to arrange it to last through his natural life.

Indeed, he had gone so far as to make his invention. It had been suggested by their trouble with a key, in their late moving to their new house. He had studied the matter over a great deal. He looked it up in the Encyclopedia, and had spent a day or two in the public library, in reading about Chubb's Lock, and other patent locks.

But his plan was more simple. It was this, that all keys should be made alike! He wondered

it had not been thought of before, but so it was, Solomon John said, with all inventions, with Christopher Columbus, and everybody. Nobody knew the invention till it was invented, and then it looked very 'simple. With Agamemnon's plan, you need have but one key, that should fit everything! It should be a medium-sized key, not too large to carry. It ought to answer for a house door, but you might open a portmanteau with it. How much less danger there would be of losing one's keys, if there were only one to lose!

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be inconvenient if their father were out, and she wanted to open the jam closet for the little boys. But Agamemnon explained that he did not mean there should be but one key in the family, or in a town,—you might have as many as you pleased,—only they should all be alike.

Elizabeth Eliza felt it would be a great convenience—they could keep the front door always locked, yet she could open it with the key of her upper drawer, that she was sure to have with her. And Mrs. Peterkin felt it might be a convenience if they had one on each story, so that they need not go up and down for it.

Mr. Peterkin studied all the papers and advertisements, to decide about the lawyer whom they should consult, and at last, one morning, they went into town to visit a patent agent.

Elizabeth Eliza took the occasion to make a call upon the lady from Philadelphia, but she came back hurriedly to her mother.

"I have had a delightful call," she said, "but, perhaps I was wrong, I could not help in conversation speaking of Agamemnon's proposed patent. I ought not to have mentioned it, as such things are kept profound secrets; they say women always do tell things, I suppose that is the reason."

"But what is the harm?" asked Mrs. Peterkin, "I'm sure you can trust the lady from Philadelphia!"

Elizabeth Eliza then explained that the lady from Philadelphia had questioned the plan a little, when it was told her, and had suggested that "if everybody had the same key there would be no particular use in a lock."

"Did you explain to her," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that we were not all to have the same keys?"

"I could n't quite understand her," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but she seemed to think that burglars and other people might come in, if the keys were the same."

"Agamemnon would not sell his patent to burglars!" said Mrs. Peterkin, indignantly.

"Talk about other people," said Elizabeth Eliza; "there is my upper drawer; the little boys might

open it at Christmas time,—and their presents in it!"

"And I am not sure that I could trust Amanda," said Mrs. Peterkin, considering.

Both she and Elizabeth Eliza felt that Mr. Peterkin ought to know what the lady from Philadelphia had suggested. Elizabeth Eliza then proposed going into town, but it would take so long, she might not reach them in time. A telegram would be better, and she ventured to suggest using the Telegraph Alarm.

For, on moving into their new house, they had discovered it was provided with all the modern improvements. This had been a disappointment to Mrs. Peterkin, for she was afraid of them, since their experience the last winter, when their water-pipes were froze up. She had been originally attracted to the house by an old pump at the side, which had led her to believe there were no modern improvements. It had pleased the little boys too. They liked to pump the handle up and down, and agreed to pump all the water needed, and bring it into the house.

There was also an old well, with a picturesque well-sweep, in a corner by the barn. Mrs. Peterkin was frightened by this, at first. She was afraid the little boys would be falling in every day. And they showed great fondness for pulling the bucket up and down. It proved, however, that the well was dry. There was no water in it, so she had some moss thrown down, and an old feather-bed, for safety, and the old well was a favorite place of amusement.

The house, it had proved, was well furnished with bath-rooms, and "set-waters" everywhere. Water-pipes and gas-pipes all over the house, and a hack, and a telegraph, and fire-alarm, with a little knob for each.

Mrs. Peterkin was very anxious. She feared the little boys would be summoning somebody all the time, and it was decided to conceal from them the use of the knobs, and the card of directions at the side was destroyed. Agamemnon had made one of his first inventions to help this. He had arranged a number of similar knobs to be put in rows in different parts of the house, to appear as if they were intended for ornament, and had added some to the original knobs. Mrs. Peterkin felt more secure, and Agamemnon thought of taking out a patent for this invention.

It was, therefore, with some doubt, that Elizabeth Eliza proposed sending a telegram to her father. Mrs. Peterkin, however, was pleased with the idea. Solomon John was out, and the little boys were at school, and she, herself, would touch the knob, while Elizabeth Eliza should write the telegram.

"I think it is the fourth knob from the begin-

ning," she said, looking at one of the rows of knobs.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure of this. Agamemnon, she believed, had put three extra knobs at each end.

"But which is the end, and which is the beginning—the top or the bottom?" Mrs. Peterkin asked, hopelessly.

Still she bravely selected a knob, and Elizabeth Eliza hastened with her to look out for the messenger. How soon should they see the telegraph boy?

They seemed to have scarcely reached the window, when a terrible noise was heard, and down the shady street the white horses of the fire brigade were seen rushing at fatal speed!

It was a terrific moment!

"I have touched the fire-alarm," Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed.

Both rushed to open the front door in agony. By this time, the fire-engines were approaching.

"Do not be alarmed," said the chief engineer, "the furniture shall be carefully covered, and we will move all that is necessary."

"Move again!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, in agony.

Elizabeth Eliza strove to explain that she was only sending a telegram to her father, who was in Boston.

"It is not important," said the head engineer, "the fire will all be out before it could reach him."

And he ran upstairs, for the engines were beginning to play upon the roof.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs again, hurriedly; there was more necessity for summoning Mr. Peterkin home.

"Write a telegram to your father," she said to Elizabeth Eliza, "to 'come home directly.'"

"That will take but three words," said Elizabeth Eliza, with presence of mind, "and we need ten. I was just trying to make them out."

"What has come now?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, and they hurried again to the window, to see a row of carriages coming down the street.

"I must have touched the carriage-knob," cried Mrs. Peterkin, "and I pushed it half a dozen times, I felt so anxious!"

Six hacks stood before the door. All the village boys were assembling. Even their own little boys had returned from school, and were showing the firemen the way to the well.

Again Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs, and a fearful sound arose. She had touched the burglar alarm!

The former owner of the house, who had a great fear of burglars, had invented a machine of his own, which he had connected with a knob. A wire attached to the knob moved a spring that could

put in motion a number of watchmen's rattles, hidden under the eaves of the piazza.

All these were now set a-going, and their terrible din roused those of the neighborhood who had not before assembled around the house. At this moment, Elizabeth Eliza met the chief engineer.

"You need not send for more help," he said; "we have all the engines in town here, and have stirred up all the towns in the neighborhood; there's no use in springing any more alarms. I can't find the fire yet, but we have water pouring all over the house."

Elizabeth Eliza waved her telegram in the air.

"We are only trying to send a telegram to my father and brother, who are in town," she endeavored to explain.

"If it is necessary," said the chief engineer, "you might send it down in one of the hackney carriages. I see a number standing before the door. We'd better begin to move the heavier furniture, and some of you women might fill the carriages with smaller things."

Mrs. Peterkin was ready to fall into hysterics. She controlled herself with a supreme power, and hastened to touch another knob.

Elizabeth Eliza corrected her telegram, and decided to take the advice of the chief engineer, and went to the door to give her message to one of the hackmen, when she saw a telegraph boy appear. Her mother had touched the right knob. It was the fourth from the beginning, but the beginning was at the other end!

She went out to meet the boy, when, to her joy, she saw behind him her father and Agamemnon. She clutched her telegram, and hurried toward them.

Mr. Peterkin was bewildered. Was the house on fire? If so, where were the flames?

He saw the row of carriages. Was there a funeral, or a wedding? Who was dead? Who was to be married?

He seized the telegram that Elizabeth Eliza reached to him, and read it aloud.

"Come to us directly—the house is NOT on fire!"

The chief engineer was standing on the steps.

"The house not on fire!" he exclaimed. "What are we all summoned for?"

"It is a mistake," cried Elizabeth Eliza, wringing her hands. "We touched the wrong knob; we wanted the telegraph boy!"

"We touched all the wrong knobs," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, from the house.

The chief engineer turned directly to give counter-directions, with a few exclamations of disgust, as the bells of distant fire-engines were heard approaching.

Solomon John appeared at this moment, and proposed taking one of the carriages, and going

for a doctor for his mother, for she was really now ready to fall into hysterics, and Agamemnon thought to send a telegram down by the boy, for the evening papers to announce that the Peterkins' house had not been on fire.

The crisis of the commotion had reached its height. The beds of flowers bordered with dark-colored leaves were trodden down by the feet of the crowd that had assembled.

The chief engineer grew more and more indignant, as he sent his men to order back the fire-engines from the neighboring towns. The collection of boys followed the procession as it went away. The fire brigade hastily removed covers from some of the furniture, restored the rest to their places, and took away their ladders. Many neighbors remained, but Mr. Peterkin hastened into the house to attend to Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza took an opportunity to question her father, before he went in, as to the success of their visit to town.

"We saw all of the patent agents," answered Mr. Peterkin, in a hollow whisper. "Not one of them will touch the patent, or have anything to do with it."

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon, as he walked silently into the house. She would not now speak to him of the patent; but she recalled some words of Solomon John. When they were discussing the patent, he had said that many an inventor had grown gray before his discovery was acknowledged by the public. Others might reap the harvest, but it came, perhaps, only when he was going to his grave.

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon reverently, and followed him silently into the house.

BESIEGED BY A RHINOCEROS.

(*A South-African Yarn.*)

BY DAVID KER.

"BAAS, baas! spoor groed one-horn skellum!"

Such was the, to me, rather unintelligible announcement with which my friend M——'s bush-boy came rushing in just about sunrise one morning, as we were sitting over our breakfast at the door of the house,—one of those regular old Dutch-built farm-houses, that one hardly ever sees nowadays, except in South Africa. But he meant by it was, "Boss, boss! the trail of a big rhinoceros rascal!"

"Where?" cried M——, jumping up; for he was a keen sportsman, and never lost an opportunity of "potting" something.

"Out by Hollow Spring, baas;—spoor good!"

"There's a chance for you, my boy," said M——, turning to me. "Now you'll be able to see how these elephant-guns of mine do their work; I think you'll find them the right sort."

"Let me try the job by myself," cried I, eagerly; for, like all "greenhorns," I was frantic to do some unheard-of feat, and win my laurels at once. "I've never shot a rhinoceros yet, you know."

"Can't, really, my dear boy," said M——, in the most exasperatingly indulgent tone; "when you're a little better used to the African bush, you can do what you like; but if I were to let you go alone now, the least I could expect would be a life-

long remorse for having connived at a suicide. No, we'll make a party of three to visit our friend, and he'll hardly give the slip to us all, I fancy."

Accordingly, we started out that very night, Swart, the bush-boy, making the third of our party; but I suppose the rhinoceros was too modest to face so many visitors at once, for although we kept watch till sunrise, there was no sign of him. The next night it was just the same; and at last I got so mad at the idea of losing my chance,—the first I had ever had with the big game,—that, in spite of what M—— had said, I made up my mind to try my luck single-handed.

I should have told you that the Hollow Spring frequented by my four-footed friend, lay about eight miles from the house, in a deep gully, one side of which went up into a steep hog-backed ridge, topped by a big knuckle of rock that overlooked the spring at a range of fifty yards—pretty a "stand" as any sportsman could wish. So, when night came, I stole out of the house with one of M——'s vaunted "elephant-guns,"—a piece carrying a five-ounce "explosive ball," steel-tipped, and holding enough fulminating powder to blow out the spine of a megatherium. To guard against the recoil of such a charge, the stock was fitted with a thick pad; so, with gun and ammunition

together, I had quite enough to carry for an eight-mile tramp through the bush.

I dare say there are ugly thickets in South America and Central Asia; but Africa beats them both. Imagine a forest of fish-hooks, relieved by an occasional patch of penknives, and you have it exactly. There 's one horrid spiky thing, called by the Dutch "Wache-em-betje," which the English have corrupted into "wait-a-bit," and it

The full moon was just rising over the trees (a glorious sight, I can tell you), when I heard a distant trampling, like the tread of an elephant, only quicker; for a full-grown rhinoceros, clumsy as he looks, can be active enough at times, as you'd soon find if you stood a charge from him when his temper's up. So I had not long to wait before there came a thick snort, and the great brown barrel of a body loomed out in the streak of



AN ADVENTURE AT LAST.

does make you wait a bit, if it once gets hold of you. I've known a fellow be laid up for a fortnight with a gash from one. So you may think that with masses of this nice stuff all around me, I had to pick my way gingerly enough.

When I got to the place, lo! and behold, the pad of my gun had fallen off! To go back and look for it would have been like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack; so I filled my handkerchief with wild grass, and tucked it in under the shoulder of my jacket as a substitute, and then I took my post behind the rock, and waited.

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moonlight, just over the spring. I hardly stopped to take aim, before I pulled trigger.

The next few seconds were a blank; and then I awoke to the consciousness that my shoulder was aching as if it were broken, and that something was grunting savagely a few yards off; and then I saw the huge snout and great white tusks coming right at me! I don't think any acrobat could have been quicker than I was in clutching a projecting bough, and swinging up into the tree overhead; and I'd hardly got there when the brute came bang against the trunk, almost shak-

ing me off again. For a minute or two, my heart was in my mouth, for he thumped against the tree till I really thought he would have it down; and when he found he could n't, he stamped the earth in a fury, and tore it up with his horn in a horribly suggestive way that made my flesh creep.

Here I was, then, in the crisis of a regular "adventure," such as I had always longed for; but somehow, now that I was in it, it did n't seem so very delightful. It's one thing to read of adventures in an easy-chair after dinner, and another to act them for yourself all night on a hard bough, with thousands of mosquitos pitching into you, and a mad rhinoceros galloping about underneath.

The likeness between my situation and some of those recorded by Captain Mayne Reid set me overhauling my recollections of that veracious author, in the hope of an idea; but the more I thought, the more the Captain failed me. Basil, when followed up a tree by a bear, got his brothers to throw him up a rope, and slid down; but I had no brothers, and no rope. Ben Brace, when "treed" by the lion, lassoed his dropped musket, and slew the king of beasts therewith; but I had no lasso, and could n't have used it if I had. Somebody else, blockaded by a "grizzly," waited

till Bruin fell asleep, and then slipped away; but my rhinoceros seemed distressingly wide-awake, and even if he had dozed, the experiment would not have commended itself to my fancy. In short, the most masterly stratagem I could devise was to stay still where I was, and I did so.

That night was the longest I ever spent, and no mistake. Toward morning, Master Rhino frequently took a brief leave of absence into the bush, as if to tempt me down; but I heard him trampling in the distance, and was n't to be caught. Day was just dawning, and I was beginning to wonder how much longer I could stand the thirst that was parching me up, when suddenly I heard a shot among the bushes, so close that it made me start. Then the boughs parted, and I saw M——'s jolly face looking up at me, with a grin from ear to ear.

"Fairly treed, eh, my boy? Well, I've raised the siege for you, and yonder lies the enemy. Your bullet's run down his side, under the skin, without exploding; so I suppose you must have hit him slantwise. Better luck next time. Anyhow, I'm glad to find you alive; but I fancy you won't go out alone again in a hurry!"

And, to tell the truth, I did n't, for a pretty long while after that day.

ABOUT VIOLINS.

BY M. D. RUFF.

NO one can say just when violins were invented, but it is certain that, though the principle of this instrument—strings set in vibration upon a sounding-board—was known in the earliest times, the world still went on harping and drumming, playing on pipes, tabors, lutes, dulcimers and other instruments, of which we have no patterns, for more than five thousand years.

Stringed instruments were in use as far back as the ninth century. Then musicians were content with the rude instrument called a Rebek, shown in Fig. 1, next page. By the eleventh century they advanced to the Crouth, Fig. 2. In the thirteenth century we find the guitar-shaped fiddle (Fig. 3, page 252), from which it seems easy to trace the development of the modern violin (Fig. 4). But strong as the family likeness may be, and slight as the changes seem to our glance, it took just three hundred years of men's lives and work and brains to effect these changes, and to make our violin the instrument with which we are all familiar.

The first violin is said to have come from the

workshop of a studious old instrument-maker, Gasparo di Salo, who lived in the village of Brescia, in northern Italy, toward the last of the sixteenth century. He gave the violin its present shape and size and its name, which signifies "little viol." After him, in the same town, came many other makers whom we need not recall, till we come to the famous name of Amati.

Andreas Amati lived in the neighboring town of Cremona, and spent his time making viols after the fashion of the day. But it was a poor fashion, he thought; and when he heard that Gasparo di Salo had made great improvements and changes in the instrument, he journeyed to Brescia, entered Gasparo's workshop, learned all that was taught there, and then, burning with new ideas, he went home and established in his native village the celebrated school of Cremona violins. His sons were brought up to their father's trade, and they handed the secrets of it to their sons, who, in turn, altered and shaped and invented, seeking perfection.

About a hundred years after Gasparo di Salo had

sent his violin into the world, a young man named Antonius Stradivarius was among the pupils at the Amati school. He was a slow, silent youth, not remarkable for anything excepting his close attention to his work and his careful study of his master's instruments. Even after his apprenticeship was over, and he had started his own workshop, he

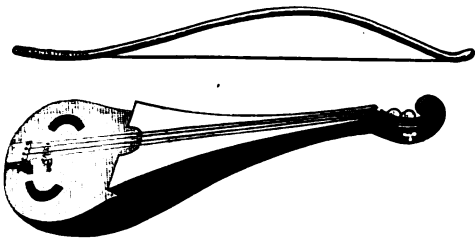


FIG. 1.—THE REBEK.

clung to the old patterns, copying them in every detail, both faults and merits, and often signing them with the name of his master, Nicholas Amati. But one day he seems to have waked suddenly to clearer sight, and he said to himself:

"There's more music in wood and strings and horse-hair than has ever yet been brought out. Antonius, that is your work to do."

So he set about this newly revealed task with that quiet zeal and infinite patience which we describe by the single word "genius." For twenty years he shut himself up in a lonely workshop. All the long time between early manhood and middle age he spent before a work-bench, with compass or tool in hand, experimenting with his materials, testing, studying, and applying their properties and resources. He was fifty-six years old before he was satisfied that he had reached the best results of his studies, and then, full of knowledge and power, he began, in 1690, to make violins with wonderful rapidity, sending them throughout the musical world, where their surpassing merits made them and the name of Stradivarius famous forever.

But, while his biographers can tell us of his great name, they know little of the man himself. One but repeats after the other that he was tall and thin. He wore a cap of white wool in the winter, a cotton one in summer. At his work he put on a white leathern apron, and, as he was always working, his costume never varied. He finished his last violin in his ninety-second year, and he died rich and honored at the ripe age of ninety-three years. But, with these dull, meager points, a little fancy fills up the picture of this man, who was successful because he had full faith in the worth of his work, and in his own power to do it. Stradivarius had many students, some of whom became famous;

but they could not improve upon his methods, nor has any one done better since.

When we think of the slow growth of the violin, advancing only by centuries, we can scarcely understand why a thing so slight, so apparently simple, should have required six thousand years for its perfection. But what was the problem which the makers of the violin had set themselves? Simply this: to create a human voice. The air was filled with music; sweetest of all were the voices of women. No instrument expressed the shrill, clear vibrant quality of a soprano voice. Beside it, the tones of harps, lutes, guitars and spinets were hollow and vexing. Each violin-maker then sought, with his bits of wood and strings, to put the air in motion, to gather the sound-waves and confine them in the wooden shell, and to send them back to us in tones which should be brilliant, flexible, true and mellow as the loveliest singing-voice,—a voice without a human body, and yet one which should thrill us as if it started from a human soul.

This was an immense problem, only to be solved by countless practical experiments. The theory of acoustics, which our latter-day philosophers have made so plain, had not then been formulated, and these old workmen groped in the dark, sure of nothing till they tested it. The least alteration in the curve of the lines, or thickness of the wood, or in the proportions of one part to another, cost years of study, with daily comparisons and failures. The materials were few; but a thousand variations of sound, volume and quality of tone could be produced from them.

It would be foolish to say that Stradivarius and his fellows worked without method in a hap-hazard way; but they certainly made laws for themselves,

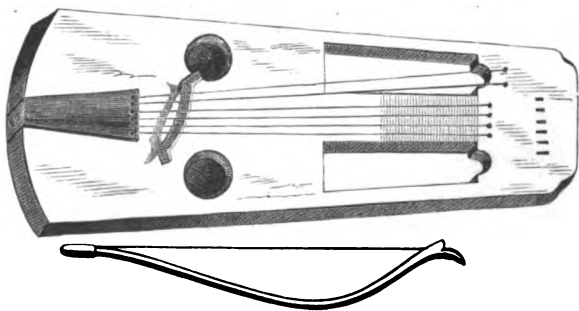


FIG. 2.—THE CROUTH.

and these laws are based upon scientific principles so exact that Professor Tyndall himself can use nothing which proves and illustrates his lectures on sound so thoroughly as a Cremona violin. As to creating a human voice, that is done so exactly with every shade and turn of expression that singing-masters say no voice can be perfectly true which

has not been trained by the violin, instead of the jangling piano-forte.

I have not space to explain the principles upon which the violin is constructed. I should like merely to give an idea of the skill, labor and

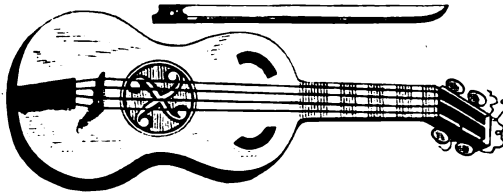


FIG. 3.—GUITAR-SHAPED FIDDLE.

ingenuity required to select and prepare the materials used in a good violin.

When complete, the violin is made up of fifty-eight different pieces, not adding the elaborate carving and scroll-work which adorns many of the early instruments. The body of the violin alone has a head or scroll, a long slim neck, a thin belly, back and sides. The wood used in the belly, or sounding-board, must be of soft red fir,—a kind which grows only upon the Tyrolese mountains. This wood is light and strong, but very porous,—of looser grain, we say, than any other wood,—and therefore gives freer passage to the waves of sound, which travel through it as rapidly as through glass or steel. The wood should be cut during certain winter months, when the sap has ceased to flow. It is then dried, either in ovens or by exposure to the sun. The strength and brilliance of tone depend chiefly upon the thorough seasoning of the wood. No moisture or foreign matter can be left in the pores to interfere with the perfect sonority of the wood. Age is the best seasoner, however, and

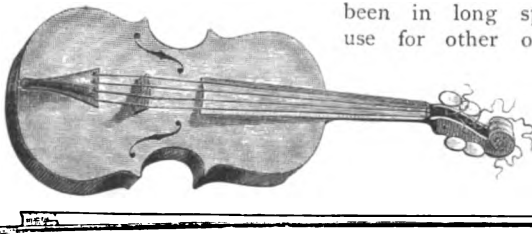


FIG. 4.—MODERN VIOLIN.

purposes, is eagerly sought by violin-makers. The benches from old mountain churches have been used; and there is a story of an enthusiast who ransacked Switzerland, went into the meanest hovels, and bought up the pine tables and chairs, bargained for the wood-work of the châteaux, and finally bought from the curate of a small parish the

whole ceiling of his sitting-room because it was in just the right condition for his sounding-boards.

Swiss sycamore is used for the neck, back and sides of the violin. Being denser than deal, it vibrates more slowly and yields a note of different pitch, which difference has been proved necessary for the harmony. The wood is cut into lengths and widths, fixed by mathematical calculations, hollowed into layers no thicker than a sixpence, and then shaped and wrought, with extreme precision, into those graceful wavy outlines, which are not chosen because they are graceful, but because they combine the greatest strength and power with convenience and beauty. These shapings are all done by strict rule and measurements, but the endless accidental variations in the curves give rise to endless differences of tone in the finished instruments, and hence we never find two violins precisely alike in tone, just as we never hear two voices of exactly the same quality.

The belly, back and sides, are glued together, and a slim sounding-post of deal connects the belly and back still more intimately. A clear, transparent varnish is put over the surface; the tail-piece, finger-board, and string-screws of fine ebony are added; the tiny instrument is strung with its four strings, and the violin is ready.

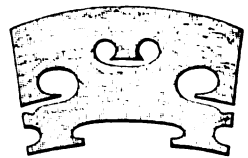


FIG. 5.—THE BRIDGE.

But in yielding its marvelous volume of sound the violin bears a monstrous strain. It weighs not more than twenty ounces, and when it is tuned up to concert-pitch, the tension on each of the four strings is about eighty pounds. As if, for example, two men should take the opposite ends of a string and pull against each other with all their might. A wooden shell, so thin and frail that you might splinter it across your knee, has resisted a pressure of hundred-weights for centuries. Why does it not collapse? So it would, like a sheet of glass, were it not as wonderfully built inside as out, and strengthened by such cunning contrivances that the vast vibration is not marred by clumsy thickness. Inside of the little body six blocks

of light wood are glued,—one at the top where the neck joins the body, one at the bottom, one at each of the four rounded corners. Two sets of thin linings, about a quarter of an inch deep, run around the inside to connect the blocks and to distribute the resistance. On the outside is the bridge, which, though most needful in giving strength and power to the sound, serves also to relieve the sides of the tension by throwing the strain upon the belly.

This is supported in its turn by a small block of deal, called the bass-bar, glued under one foot of the bridge. These are all the helps which the violin has to withstand the dragging of the strings, which tug at its frail body night and day.

In this little machine, so simple and complex, so finished and harmonious in every part, all accidents seem to have been provided for, and it is almost indestructible. If it is broken, and worn, and battered, it can be restored and mended; nothing but being burnt to ashes, or ground to powder, can put it beyond the skill of the repairer and his magical glue-pot, and it comes out from every fray as good as new. Better than new, in truth, for age and long use can only improve the tone of a good violin. It grows sweeter, and purer, and mellower with every year.

The trumpeter, Hans, followed his general, Blücher, into Paris, after the victory of Waterloo. Hans was a burly, smoky, beery fellow; honest too; but he meant not to cross the Rhine homeward without a trophy. He stalked through the splendid palaces with his hands in his pockets, and his spurs clanking.

"*Ach hein!* something I must have to show to mein wives, and little Hansies, and to the cobbler, and tailor, and school-master, or they never will have belief that I have been in Kaiser Napoleon's palace. Dis leetle fiddles, he will do, if when dey say '*nein,*' I will show dem his voice and say '*Ja!*'"

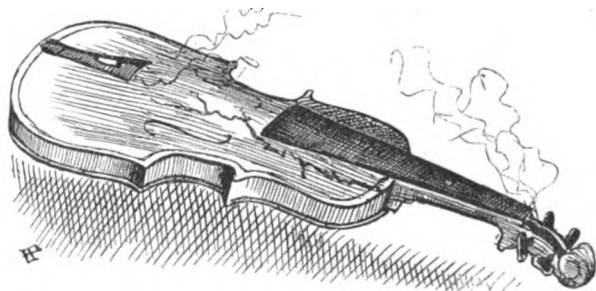
Hans sounded his trumpet, mounted his horse and rode away; but the little fiddle went with him wrapped up in his buttony great-coat and packed away on his saddle. Of course, when he got home he found the pretty thing broken to pieces. Hans did not know much about fiddles, and his wife was a bit of a shrew; but he could not bear to throw away the only token of his martial glory, so he took the fragments and stuffed them out of sight behind an old looking-glass. After a while, simple Hans died and his wife married again. At the first house-cleaning the old glass was moved, and the scraps of dusty wood and broken strings came rattling down.

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Hans the second. "A fiddle! An old fiddle! *Donner und blitzen!* a Cremona fiddle."

He carried the picces to a repairer of violins, who opened his eyes wide at the prize, and offered Hans a sum for it which made his head whirl.

I have often seen this violin and heard it played upon. The varnish is rubbed off in spots, and the back and belly are seamed and pieced like patch-work; but the lovely tone is there, still pure and clear as an angel's voice.

These old instruments, many of which have stood the wear and tear of two centuries, are very precious to their owners, and are worth many times their weight in gold. Men who fashion violins now strive in vain to imitate the perfect curves and proportions of the old models, their ethereal, ringing voices, and the lovely hues of the varnishes, just as modern painters study the secrets of color and the baffling charm of the old Venetian pictures. Like these pictures, too, many early violins are carefully kept in museums. The violin of Paganini, the great violinist, who was said to have sold



"AS GOOD AS NEW."

himself to the devil for his marvelous execution, is locked up in Genoa: its strings never struck. Others belong to the nobility; for in the palmy days of violin manufacture a Cremona fiddle was considered a royal gift.

But wherever these instruments may be, they are well known to musicians, and they are spoken of by individual names as the Blood-red Knight Guarnerius, the Bass of Spain, the Great Yellow Stradivarius, the General Fridt Stradivarius, and other such high-sounding titles. If one of them should change its owner by gift or sale, there would be more stir over it, in the musical world at least, than if Queen Victoria should give the Koh-i-noor to the Pope. Fortunately, these rare and costly violins are sometimes owned by the great violinists, who alone can make them eloquent to us. Ole Bull, the Norwegian, well known to Americans, has a violin, known by the regal title of the King Joseph Guarnerius, for which the sum of four thousand dollars was paid,—a very high price for a violin, but not the very highest.

A pretty story is told of this same violin. When Ole Bull was in America he had to go from one little town to another to give a concert. Perhaps tired of railway traveling,—perhaps the better to see the country,—he took passage on an Ohio River steamboat. In a little while the boiler burst, after the Western fashion, tearing away the fore part of the boat, and setting the cabins on fire. Ole Bull found himself choked, deafened, blinded, in the

midst of struggling, shrieking women and children, shattered timbers, smoke, flame, and noisy waters. What did he do? swim for his life? lend a hand to any woman or little child? No. He did neither. I doubt if he remembered that around him were human beings in danger. He rushed to his violin-case, took from it the precious instrument, put it between his strong, white teeth, leaped over the blazing guards into the black water, and struck out manfully for the shore, which he gained in triumph, and there stood gazing at his fiddle, dripping, and proud as the Newfoundland dog who saves a drowning child. Ole Bull was nothing to Ole Bull in

that moment. His beloved and precious instrument was all in all. The only "King Joseph Guarnerius" might have been lost!

This story but shows the close affection, curiously human, which lives between the master and his violin. I think each player on the violin is its lover, too. He seems to give a part of his own soul to it, and then to find in it a friend that grows sensitive and alive under his varying touch. A voice pours from the tiny bosom, and becomes the dearest and sweetest in all the world to him, uttering his deepest feelings, and whispering to him the secrets of his own soul.

THE SAD STORY OF THE DANDY CAT.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

To Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly
His mistress remarked one day,
"I'm tormented, my cat, both by mouse and by rat,
Come rid me of them, I pray.

"For though you're a cat of renowned descent,
And your kittenhood days have flown,
Yet never a trace of the blood of your race
In battle or siege you've shown."

Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly
Arose from his downy bed,
He washed himself o'er, from his knightly paw
To the crown of his knightly head.

And he curled his whiskers and combed his hair,
And put on his perfumed gloves;
And his sword he girt on, which he never had done
Save to dazzle the eyes of his loves.

And when he had cast an admiring glance
On the looking-glass tall and fair,
To the pantry he passed; but he stood aghast,
For lo! the pantry was bare.

The pickles, the cookies, the pies, were gone;
And naught remained on the shelf
Save the bone of a ham, which lay cold and calm,
The ghost of its former self.

Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin stood sore amazed,
And he looked for the mice and rats;
But they, every one, had been long since gone
Far, far from the reach of cats.

For while he was donning his satin pelisse,
And his ribbons and laces gay,
They had finished their feast, without hurry the least,
And had tranquilly trotted away.

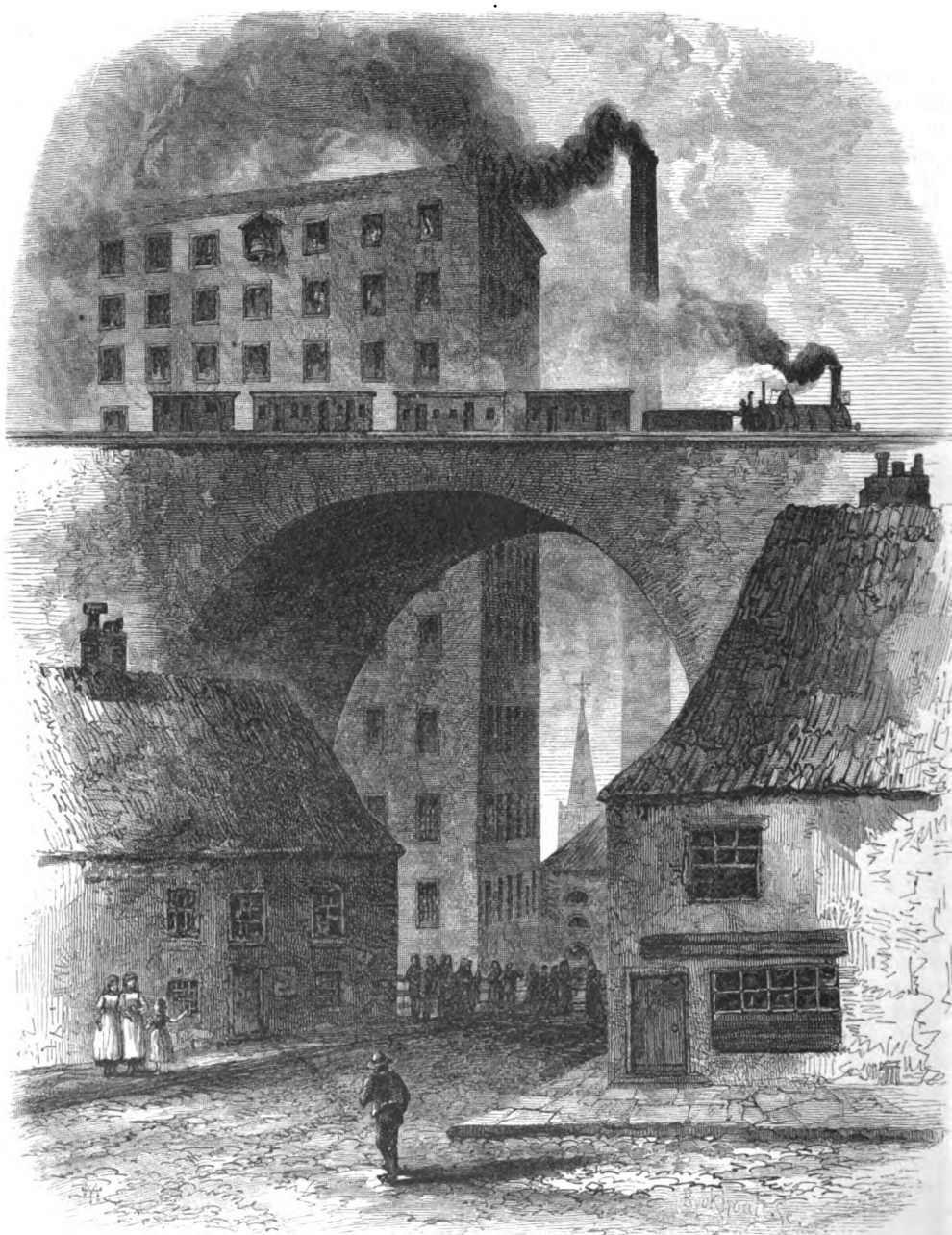
The mistress of Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly,
A woman full stern was she,
She came to the door, and she rated him sore,
And punished him over her knee.



She grasped him, spite of his knightly blood,
By the tip of his knightly tail.
His adornments she stripped, and his body she dipped
Three times in the water-pail.

She plunged him thrice 'neath the icy flood,
Then drove him outside to dry.
And terror and cold on his feelings so told,
That he really was like to die.

And now in this world 't would be hard to find,
Although you looked low and high,
A cat who cares less for the beauties of dress
Than Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly.



"A GREAT MILL ROSE HIGH OVER THE ARCH."

THE HALF-TIMER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

"POTTERING done here with a spring-cart." This was painted on a little sign-board fastened to the side of her father's house. He "pottered," did small jobs in moving goods and furniture with his spring-cart and a poor old horse. And now, the horse was dead and the cart broken,—run into by an omnibus on Market street in busy Manchester. Mary's father brought home a piece of the shaft. The police had taken away the rest, and that was the end of the pottering business. She was sitting in her mother's dismal chamber, just before it happened, and leaning out of the window she looked into the street. A queer, dark street, with five brick houses on one side and five more on the other; and so very narrow that the little boys playing there said they could "jump it in four jumps." She looked up at the sky, but there was nothing to be seen, for the little two-story house stood under a huge brick arch that sprang over house, street and all, and landed on the opposite sidewalk, and made a brick sky over her head. The street itself seemed half lost in the bottom of a well, for a great mill rose high over the arch, and threw its black shadow over the whole place. Another arch sprang over the next row of houses, and on top of these the engines and cars flew along every few minutes high over the tops of the chimneys.

Just as she looked out, she saw her father enter the little place with the piece of broken shaft in his hand. The children playing on the sidewalks laughed at him and tried to catch the piece of broken harness that trailed along the ground behind the poor old man. Mary knew in a moment what it all meant. Something had happened to the spring-cart and the horse. They could never buy another cart, and as for a horse it was quite out of the question, and that was the end of the pottering business. The horse had brought them nearly twenty shillings a week (about five dollars in our money), and on that they three, Mary and her father and mother, had contrived to live.

And the horse was dead. She heard her father say so as he entered the house. She looked up at the brick sky and wondered what would become of them now. But the sky only dripped black drops of water, that fell with a splash in a pool in the street. A train rolled over the top of the sky, and it seemed to thunder.

Suddenly a bell began to ring high up in the air, somewhere above the brick sky. Mary looked to

the left and saw a man open a gate in a fence that stretched across the street just beyond the arch-way. Then a number of women, dressed in long white aprons and with small red shawls tied over their heads, came up the street and passed under the arch and entered the gate. Mary knew they were the spinners in the mill, and she at once slipped down from her seat, and with soft footsteps stole down-stairs and out-of-doors. She crossed the street and then stood under the brick arch-way near the gate. Presently a woman approached, and stepping up to her, Mary said, boldly:

"Do 'e want me in your mill?"

The woman stopped and looked at the child. A small, thin-faced creature, with bare arms and feet, clothed in a black woolen frock, much worn, and far too small for her. Pale, blue eyes, yellow hair, a small mouth, and with an anxious and frightened expression on her face.

"What be yer name, lass?"

"Mary. My father lives yon,—he potters,—but the horse is dead,—I 'm 'most ten."

"Sure?"

"Yes. Ten come Michaelmas."

"Does your father know?"

"No. I have n't asked him. He 'll be willin'; for the horse is dead and the cart is broken."

"Come on. One o' my lasses is sick. Ye can scavenger for her, and then I 'll see yore folks."

"What 'll 'e give me?"

"Two-and-sixpence the week."

In silence the child took the woman's hand, and they both entered the gate. The man standing there looked at Mary sharply, but the woman said it was all right, and then they came to a strange place that seemed like a pit sunk in the ground. The real sky could be seen overhead, but it was brown with smoke. On one side stood the tall mill, full of staring windows. Mary thought they looked like great white eyes blinking at her in a dreadful manner. On the other side there was another great wall, but with no eyes at all, and looking even more dreadful. At the end of the yard stood a row of iron boilers, with glowing fires under them, like red eyes looking out of the blackness, and with jets of white steam hissing everywhere, as if warning her away.

There was no time to look at these dreadful things, and Mary gladly followed the woman, and turned to the left, past a corner of the mill. The railway arches seemed to nearly cover them, and

the mill appeared to run up into the brown sky somewhere. Then they turned another corner and came to a smaller yard, with vast brick walls full of windows on every side. Here there was a stone basin in one corner and a jet of water coming out of the wall. Some boys were drawing water there, but Mary had no time to look at anything, for the woman led her to the foot of a great brick tower as high as the mill. Here they entered a door, and the woman led the way round and round, up and up a long flight of stone steps. They passed a number of black doors in the whitewashed wall, and a number of little windows looking out on the yard, and then the woman pushed open one of the doors, and they entered a large room full of machinery.

The woman led the way past the rows of shining machines quite to the end of the room, near the windows. Mary glanced out of one window and found that she was at the top of the mill, and high above the railway that sprang over the top of her house under the arches. Beyond she could see whole rows of chimneys, and here and there a mill towering far above the houses and streets. She looked about the room and saw a number of men and women standing as if waiting for something, and with them she saw a number of boys and girls very like herself. There was little time to notice them, for the woman put a bundle of greasy rags in her hand, and bade her wipe the dust from the machinery. A long iron frame, higher than her head, stretched from side to side of the room. On the front of the frame stood a row of iron spindles, each wound with a white thread that stretched backward to a wooden spool on top of the frame.

"Now mind yourself; it's going to start."

Suddenly, with a loud roar, the whole row of spindles began to spin swiftly round, and at the same time they rolled quite away from her.

"Now 'er'll come back!" shouted the woman in Mary's ear.

Then the great frame, spindles and all, rolled forward again. Mary thought it would crush her against the wall, and she started back in alarm.

"Follow 'er! Follow 'er!" screamed the woman. By this Mary understood that she was to keep with the machinery, walking after it as it rolled back, and stepping backward as it advanced again. Forward and backward, forward and backward rolled the machinery, and Mary followed it, and wiping the dust and lint from the shining steel at every step. The woman also walked forward and backward, watching the threads, and patiently knotting them together with a twist of her fingers as fast as they happened to break.

With bare feet Mary pattered over the stone floor, carefully stepping over the iron tracks where the

wheels of the machinery rolled backward and forward, and steadily wiping away the dust that continually settled on the machinery. She looked up and down the room, and saw two little boys and three mites of girls, just like herself, all marching forward and back with the men and women, and keeping pace with the busy machinery. The room became very warm and close. The perspiration dropped from her chin, and trickled down her bare arms. And the noise. It was dreadful! How could she ever do this all the day long, and every day, in the long, long weeks. Then she remembered the broken cart, and she stepped out the quicker to keep up with the roaring machinery.

Some one touched her shoulder, and turning round she found a small boy walking beside her. He had a stone pitcher in his hand, and he stepped backward and forward beside her, and keeping clear of the machinery as it ran in and out.

"Have some?"

Mary gladly took the pitcher in her wet and blackened hands, and retreated to the wall and took a long drink of the water, for she was very warm and thirsty.

"Thank 'ee."

The boy took the pitcher, and then shouted in her ear:

"You're too young. The 'spector will be look-in' for 'ee."

"The 'spector?"

"Yes. He's the perlece. Oh!—There!—He's yon now."

The boy walked quickly away, and Mary gave one terrified glance round the room. At the door stood a gentleman with a cane in his hand. She knew he could n't be one of the work-people, for he had a silk hat and his hands were clean. He must be the inspector. With a beating heart she went back to her work, and began to pace backward and forward after the rolling machinery. She looked at the woman mending the threads, and wished she could speak to her. She would tell about the broken cart and the poor horse. Some one touched her arm. She was startled, and for an instant stood still; but the machinery came against her, and she was obliged to spring backward to escape it. It was the woman, and before Mary could speak, she said:

"He's wantin' ye. Go yonder, and mind what ye say to him."

Hardly knowing what to do or say, Mary stepped into the aisle and went toward the inspector with trembling steps. He took her hand, and led her away out into the round tower. Closing the door to keep out the noise, he said:

"You are not ten years old?"

"No, sir. I'm ten come Michaelmas."

"But the government does not allow little girls to work in the mills before they are ten."

"Oh, sir!" burst out Mary, beginning to cry, "the horse is dead—and I had to—father—he can't potter now."

"Don't cry! I'm not going to hurt you. I'm the inspector, and the government sends me to look after children like you. Do you know what the law is?"

"No, sir; I never seen one."

The gentleman smiled, and began to stroke her damp, yellow hair.

"Well, the law says that you must not go to work in the mills till you are ten."

"Yes, sir. I'll be ten very soon."

"And even then you can work only half the time, —a half-timer, you know. You can come at six in the morning and work till half past eight. Then they must give you half an hour for breakfast. At nine you can begin again, and work till one. Then you must go to school in the afternoon at two o'clock and stay till half past four."

"But I must work all day," said Mary, "for the horse is dead."

"But the government does not allow it."

Mary paused a moment, and then said:

"Who's the government?"

"Why—the Queen."

"Oh! The Queen. I've heard o' her."

"And on Saturday the work must stop at twelve. Then the next week you must go to school in the morning, and can come to the mill in the afternoon at two o'clock and stay till half past five. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be a half-timer?"

"Yes. You'll be a little half-timer girl. See. Here's a bit of paper with all this printed on it, and you can show it to your father."

"And may I go back and work in the mill now? The horse is dead, you know, sir."

"It is against the law, but as your birthday is so near, I will excuse it. See! Here's sixpence to take to mother."

Mary looked up with wide-open eyes, and with the back of her grimy hand she brushed away the tears to see the clearer. Sixpence from a policeman! And he would n't take her away to jail! What a good and handsome man he was! She paused and looked earnestly in his face, and then said, slowly:

"Did you ever see yon Queen?"

"Yes; once."

"And did she tell 'ee to say this to half-timer lasses like o' me?"

The inspector hesitated, and then he said:

"Yes. She sent me to look after the little ones in the Manchester mills."

"She be good,—bean't she?" said Mary. Then after a little pause, she added that she "must ha' known the cart was broke and the horse was dead; you see, yon woman's going to give me half-a-crown, and that's half the rent. Oh! may n't I go back now?"

The inspector smiled and put a piece of paper in her hand. She took it, and opening the door went back once more into the roaring mill, confident that the good Queen was looking after her welfare, and would save her from more work than her young limbs could bear. Half a day only! She could do that. She had thought it was to be all day, and had thought she certainly could never do so much, even if she never earned anything.

Months and months have passed away, and Mary still works in the great mill at Manchester. Soon she will be fourteen, and a big girl, and then, the inspector says, she can become a "full-timer"; and in place of the poor little half-a-crown, she will have seven or eight shillings a week. How much that will seem to the family in the little brick house under the railway arch!

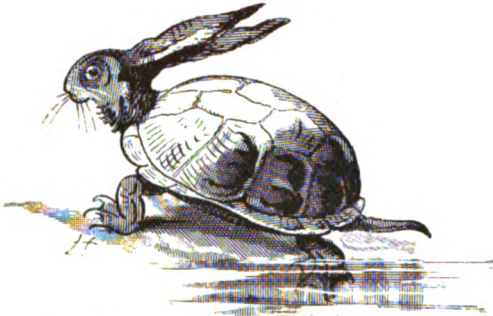
SOME children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks and dance and play,
While others drudge their life away;
Some glow with health and bound with song,
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.—
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play.

"UNNATURAL HISTORY" PICTURES.

DRAWN BY L. HOPKINS.

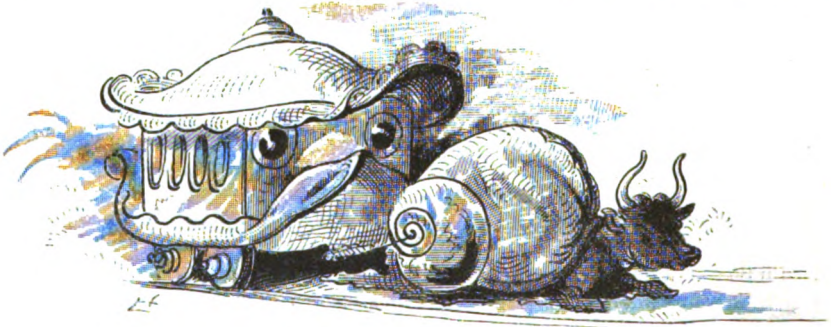
(See Letter-Box, page 302.)



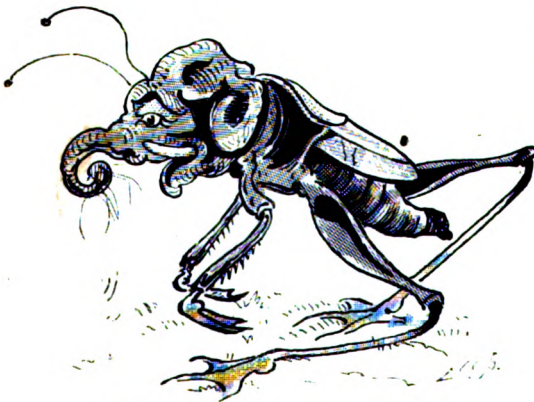
1.—LONG-EARED SKIP-CREEPER (RABBATICUS MUdTURTLOSIS).



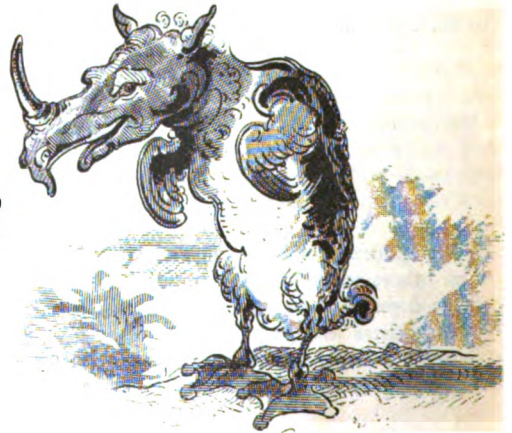
2.—ENTOMOLOGICAL HUMBUG (ORNITHIS IMPOSSIBILIS.)



3.—GREAT NORTH AMERICAN TAKITEEZEE.



4.—WEB-FOOTED HOPPER-GRASS (VIRDISSIMA MONSTROSIS).



5.—JUB-JUB BIRD (SMILING PACHYDERMATIS).

6.—CAT-FISH (*FELIS PISCATORIUS*).7.—SUBMARINE DIVER (*MELICARP SUB-ROSIS*).

TEDDY'S HEROES.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

THE other day, to my great surprise, my brother Dick walked in with his little flock of three,—Ted, Larry and Eva,—and, giving me a hasty kiss, requested me to keep them for a week. He and his wife were going to stay at John's, in Boston; but there were several cases of measles in the street, and they did not want to run the risk of infection for their little ones. They had lived in St. Louis since Teddy was a year old; so, though Dick had paid me flying visits, I had never seen the two younger children. They, however, seemed quite willing to stay with me, and so the arrangement was made. Eva soon fell asleep in my arms, and Fanny carried her up to bed. Larry soon followed, giving me a very sleepy good-night kiss as I tucked the blankets round him. Teddy, however, was wide awake, and announced that "since he had grown such a big boy he never went to bed with the children."

"How old are you, Teddy?" I asked.

"Most eight. Soon be a man, Uncle Ned says."

"Who is Uncle Ned?"

"Oh! mamma's brother, an' he lives with us, an' he tells me stories 'most every evening 'bout heroes. Uncle Ned's very fond of heroes, an' so 'm I."

Teddy spoke as if heroes were some particularly nice kind of cake.

"What heroes does he tell you about, Teddy?" I asked, suppressing a laugh.

"Oh! 'Lexander, an' 'Polcon, and Cæsar, an' oh! lots; but I'll tell you what I like best, auntie,—'bout the man who went to look for something where it's so awful cold, you know, and did n't come back, an' his wife got awful anxious 'bout him, an' she got more men to go and look for him, an' some of them did n't come back either, and Uncle Ned says they was all heroes, 'cause they knew the danger, an' yet they went. What was his name, auntie, he went to look for some way to get somewhere an' the ice was too thick?"

"Sir John Franklin?" I suggested.

"That's it, auntie. I always forget it 'most."

Uncle Ned thinks there is a way, he says, an' I mean to go an' look for it when I get big."

"Heaven forbid," I thought to myself, as I looked into the deep, earnest eyes.

"I've tried bein' a hero," Teddy went on, in a slow, meditative tone, "but 't is n't any use; something always happens. Now, one day I 'membered the Roman man who was going to be burned for something he'd done, an' they thought he'd be scared, but he was n't a bit; he held his hand right in the fire an' burnt it hisself, 'cause it had done wrong, he said; an' one day I thought I'd try, an' I put my hand on the stove, 'cause I'd pulled the cat's tail, when mamma told me not to, an' it burnt awful, an' I cried, an' I burnt a hole in my sleeve too, an' mamma said I must n't ever do so again; an' then another time I tried to make my pony go down the steps in the garden, like Putnam, you know, an' he threw me right off in a rose-bush, an' papa said I was a goose,"—and Teddy looked up indignantly. "But Uncle Ned says I'll may be be a hero yet, an' I said I would just the first chance I got, but it would have to be when there 's nobody round to bother."

We had quite a fall of snow that night, but in the afternoon the sun came out brightly, and my little nephews pleaded to go out with a sled, once belonging to their father, which they had found in the garret. Dick had told me they were used to being out all day at home, so I let them go. Teddy informed me as they passed the window that he and Larry were "splorers;" so, warning them not to "splore" into any snow-drift and get their clothes wet, I went back to the fire and a book which I was anxious to finish. Eva was out in the kitchen with Dinah and Fanny, and frequently, when a door opened, I could hear her happy little laugh. For a time I forgot about the boys, and it was only when I found by the failing light how rapidly the short winter day was dying, that I went into the kitchen to see if the boys had come in. I could see nothing of them from the front windows. Eva was perched on a high chair, sticking her little hands together with dough.

"Ize matin tookies," she cried, as I entered, showing her little pearls of teeth in a laugh.

"Laus me, miss, aint she amusin'?" said Dinah, her black face shining with delight; "she 's for all the world like you, missy."

"Like me a good while ago, Dinah," I answered, with a smile.

"Now, missy, there aint no sense in your talkin' as if you was old. Lau, chile! I lived wid your mother."

This was Dinah's unanswerable argument against my sense of growing years.

"Dinah, I'm worried about the boys, they ought

to be home; see, it's beginning to snow again," and I looked anxiously out of the window.

"Now, missy, don't you worrit yesself; I see 'em only a little while ago; next time they pass the winder I'll call 'em in."

So I went back to my sitting-room, but not to read. I stood by the fire wondering if I would not better go and look for my little nephews, for the snow was falling fast. I had just determined to go for my wraps when I heard a rattle at the door, little unsteady footsteps in the hall, and Teddy half staggered into the room, saying faintly:

"I spects we 's found him, auntie."

"Found whom? Where 's Larry?" I asked, hurrying toward him.

"Oh! Larry's all right; but I don't think Sir John Franklin feels very well."

"Who!" I asked, in amazement.

"Why, the man that was lost, auntie. I 'membered his name as soon as I saw him. Larry an' me found him in the snow."

Too much bewildered to ask any further questions of my eccentric nephew, I hurried to the door. There stood Larry beside the sled, on which sat, or rather crouched, a small old man, wretchedly clothed, and almost insensible from the cold.

"Run for Dinah, quick, Teddy," I said.

At my sudden exclamation, the bundle of rags stirred, and a faint voice mumbled something about "the darlints," and his "feet 'bein' froze." The poor creature was really almost helpless from the cold; but, with the help of Dinah and Fanny, he managed to hobble into the kitchen, where I left him, sure of his receiving wise and tender treatment, for Dinah was born nurse as well as cook, and my little nephews needed my sole care. Fanny hurried away for dry clothes and a warm bath for Larry, who was beginning to shiver; Eva was hungry, and demanded her "tookies" for supper; and altogether for about an hour confusion reigned in my quiet domicile. Teddy looked on with a sort of sober gladness. He had said to me at first:

"I think I'll wait to tell you 'bout it till other folks get done. Uncle Ned says 't is n't pleasant when everybody talks."

And in the constant stir going on about me, I blessed "Uncle Ned" for his lessons.

Once only after that, Teddy broke out with:

"Wont she be glad!"

"Who, dear?" I questioned.

"His wife, you know,—Sir John Franklin's."

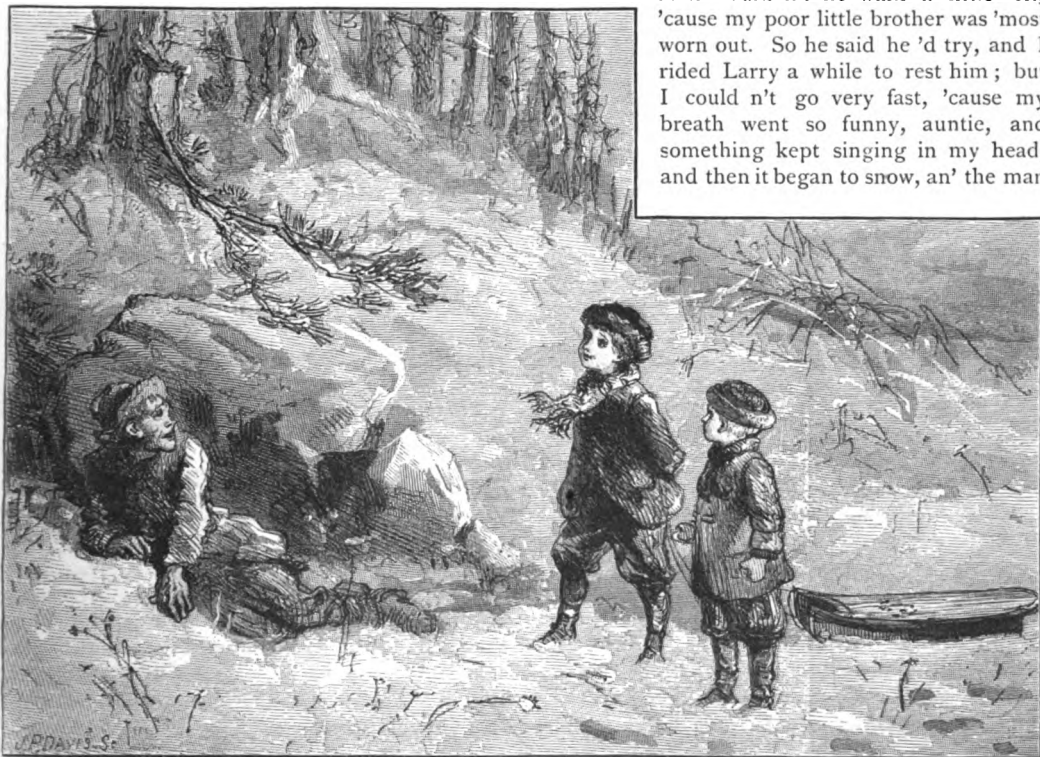
Then, indeed, I ventured to hint that our Hibernian friend in the kitchen was not certain to be Sir John, merely because he had been lost in the snow; but of the impossibility of ever finding him now, I said nothing; let Uncle Ned tell it in his own time and way.

After a time, Eva and Larry were both tucked into bed, and then I wrapped Teddy in a warm shawl, and, sitting down before the fire in my sitting-room, I held him on my lap while he told me the story in his own quaint way.

"You see, auntie," he commenced, "when Larry an' me went out to splore, you said we must n't get into any snow-drifts, an' there was nothin' but snow-drifts 'round here, so we went out into the road, an' we splored a good while an' we did n't find nothin.' An' then, by an' by, we

perfect, but he gave me no time for laughter,—his whole heart was in his story.

"Well, he 'd only got on a little, an' I had hold of his hand, too, when he fell down, an' he said: 'Oh! it's a widdy Bridget 'll be this night, an' the children starvin'.' Then Larry began to cry, an' he wanted to come home; but I told him I 'd ride him all day to-morrow if he 'd help me get Sir John Franklin to your house; so we got him on the sled, and it was down hill, so it was n't so awful hard; but by an' by Larry got tired, so I asked the man would n't he walk a little bit, 'cause my poor little brother was 'most worn out. So he said he 'd try, and I rided Larry a while to rest him; but I could n't go very fast, 'cause my breath went so funny, auntie, and something kept singing in my head, and then it began to snow, an' the man



TEDDY AND LARRY DISCOVER SIR JOHN.

came to a little narrow road that went up a hill, an' we went up there, an' it was awful cold, an' there I saw somethin' lyin' by the fence, and Larry said it was a bear, an' he did n't care to splore any more; but I told him if we was real splorers we ought to splore everything. So I went up an' splored it, an' it was a man. So I told Larry I 'spected we 'd found him now, an' we must get him home to you; but the man was awful sleepy, and when I poked him up he talked dreadful funny, just like our Patsy; but I told him if he 'd only try to walk a little, I 'd take him to my auntie's house, an' then he said, so funny, 'Will ye 's, darlint? Then sure I 'll be afther tryin'.'"

Teddy's unconscious imitation of the brogue was

fell down again, an' he said: 'Ye 's 'll have to leave me, darlints; I can't go iver another step.' So we got him on the sled again, an' I gave Larry my mittens to put over his, 'cause his hands was cold; but he was awful heavy comin' up from the gate, an' Larry could n't pull much you know, an' I saw you by the fire, an' I could n't make you hear, my throat was so dry." And a bravely suppressed sob finished the sentence. "An' now, auntie, after we 'd splored such a long time it is n't him," he said, presently.

"That is true, dear," I said, quietly; "but it will do you good all your life long to remember that you have saved this poor man's life, my brave little Teddy; for do you know, dear, the lane you went

on is a very lonely one; hardly a person goes over that road all winter long, the snow drifts so there, I only wonder how my poor little boys found their way back."

"Oh! we stuck branches in the snow, where we were sploring, case any survivors should come along. I could n't have found the way only for that."

These two had had a narrow escape after all, and involuntarily I drew him closer to me.

"Please don't hold my hand so tight, Aunt Kittie," he said, apologetically; "something hurts."

"Let me see. Why, Teddy!"

All across both little hands there was a row of

cruel blisters. Teddy looked at them with equal wonder.

"Why, it must have been when I gave my mittens to Larry; the rope did feel awful hard."

I stooped and bound the burning little fingers.

"Uncle Ned was right, Teddy; you have been a hero after all."

Teddy opened his eyes wide.

"Have I? Wont he be glad! Why, Auntie Kittie, is n't it funny?—When I tried, something always nappened wrong. and now, when I was n't thinkin' 'bout it, it all just came itself."

"Bless your dear child-heart!" I thought; "that is generally the way it comes."

THE NEST ON WHEELS.

(A True Story.)

By C. B.



THEY were married early one fine April morning at the railroad station. Her father had a home on the top of a rafter, close under the eaves, and his parents lived in a niche of the cornice that ran round the ladies' waiting-room. They had been born and brought up under the shelter of the great iron roof that spanned the tracks, and, now they were married, the proper thing for them to do was to start out in the world and build a new home for themselves.

He had looked about the neighborhood and had found an excellent place for their new house, and

as soon as the ceremony was over, he took her to see it.

There were no cards sent out for the wedding, but they were not needed, as every one knew them as Mr. and Mrs. Citysparrow.

The moment the bride saw the location the groom had selected she said she was charmed. It was out-of-doors in the top of a long yellow building that stood near the railroad station. There was a platform for the passengers, and a little way off, there was an engine; but he assured her that they had nothing to fear from these things.

"And it is so much pleasanter than living in the station. The air is delightful and there is a beautiful view of the town."

"I am glad you are pleased, my dear," said he. "And now let us go over into that field and look for straws."

Never did young couple have such a charming time in gathering materials for a house. They looked here and they looked there, and at last, they found just the right thing, and returned with their bills laden to the site of their new home.

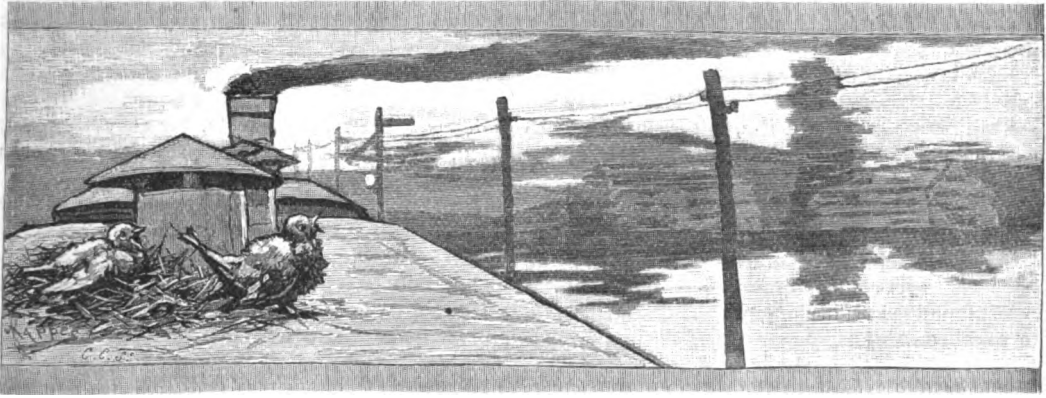
Was there ever anything more surprising? The site had disappeared! The long yellow building on which they had intended to build had flown away. There was nothing left but the platform and the rails.

The young people were greatly perplexed at this remarkable event, and sat down on the fence to talk it over.

"Never mind, my dear, these men do very

remarkable things at times. We can soon find another place for our house, and, if we do not, we can go home to your mother's, and to-morrow, I am

and away he flew to find them. He looked at several choice bits, but did not find exactly the right thing, and he went on into the next field



THE HOUSE CROSSES A RIVER.

sure, we can find a better spot. This was not a very good place, after all."

So they put the straws in a safe place and started out on a prospecting tour. They went up and they went down; they flew here and they flew there. Some places seemed too windy and exposed, and others too shady, and others too sunny. At last, they became very tired from the long search, and the bride said:

"I am sure there is nothing so nice as the place you selected. It is nearly luncheon time. Let us go back to the station and tell mother about it, and hear what she says."

So they set out for the station by the way they had come, and past the spot the groom had chosen for their home. As they came in sight of the place, they were astonished to see the long yellow building just where it stood in the morning.

"These men are truly remarkable creatures, my dear. They do the strangest things in the world. I don't pretend to understand them. No sensible person ever did."

"Never mind," replied she. "There's the very spot you selected for our house. We have not seen anything so nice, and perhaps, if we hurry, we can build enough of the house to live in before dark, and we can finish it to-morrow."

So they set to work at once to bring sticks and straws for the new house. How swiftly the hours flew away while they were both busy! He brought the things and she put them in place, arranging everything in the most solid and substantial manner, for the house was to last as long as they lived. Already it began to assume a shapely appearance, and he mounted the fence to admire the truly elegant structure. It needed just a few more pieces.

hoping to see something better. At last, he found a beautiful piece, just the thing for the floor of the house. Picking it up, he went slowly back to the house, taking the straw with him. As he came to the fence and was about to cry out joyfully to his wife to see the nice straw he had found, he suddenly dropped it and uttered a cry of despair.

Oh! oh! This was terrible! The long, yellow building had again flown away. Home and wife were gone. Poor, poor little bridegroom! On his wedding day, just as the sun was going down, to lose all,—wife, house, everything!

Suddenly he heard a cry, and looking off in the distance he saw her coming toward him as fast as she could fly. He was so overjoyed to see her that he thought no more of the unfinished house that had again so strangely disappeared.

"Oh!" cried she, as soon as she came up, "I had such an experience! Those men pulled the yellow building away while I was in the house. I did not notice it at first, and before I knew it they were taking me away from you."

"And what did you do?"

"I sprang out at once and flew back as fast as I could. I was dreadfully afraid you would return and find me gone. Ah! what! is it not a pity to lose that fine site for our house?"

"Never mind that, my dear; I am so glad to see you safe again that I don't care for the house. Come! it is getting dark; we must go to your mother's, and to-morrow we will find another and a better place."

Of course, the old folks were glad to give the young people a shelter for the night, and listened with the greatest interest to their account of the wonderful experiences of the day. Early the next

morning, the bride and groom set out once more to find a place for a home. On the way, they passed the spot they had chosen the day before, and, to their surprise, there stood the long yellow building and their unfinished house, safe and sound. Not a straw or feather had been disturbed, and the bride joyfully went inside to see how it looked.

"Do you think it safe to try this place again?" asked he. "Something might happen, you know."

"Oh! my dear," said she, "it is such a pity to lose all our labor. Perhaps it will not happen again."

"Oh! you can never tell. These men are such peculiar creatures."

"Well, let us try it once again. Look! If I had one straw about so long it would fit in there nicely."

"I found just the thing yesterday. Let us go to get it, and let us keep together all the time, for there is nothing those stupid men may not do."

She readily consented to this, and they both went to work in good earnest to finish the house. While thus engaged, a number of men and women gathered on the long platform, but the young couple had been accustomed to see crowds of people all their lives, and they paid no attention to them. They found a large straw for the house, and, as it was heavy, they went off together to bring it back. As they were returning, they were astonished to find the site of their house, and the house itself, had again flown away.

"This is certainly vexatious," said he.

"I declare I am almost discouraged," cried she. "These men are perfectly unbearable."

"It is rather disheartening. But you must remember it came back yesterday. Perhaps it will return at the same hour to-day. These men do the strangest things; yet we must give them the credit of being very regular. Nobody can remember when they ever changed their habits."

It was a serious matter to have two days' labor thrown away, and in her heart the poor little bride was very sad. Perhaps she was never to have a home, after all? However, she did not say so to her husband, and cheerfully agreed with him in his plan of waiting to see if their house would come back again.

Wonderful to tell, in about three hours, it actually came back. They were sitting on the fence and saw it arrive. There was some noise and confusion among the people when the long yellow building stopped. But there was nothing alarming in that, and they went at once to examine their runaway home. Everything was in perfect order, and they felt they could now settle in earnest.

"Suppose we finish the house and sleep in it to-night?"

"Oh, certainly," said she; "we shall have just time to move in before dark."

So they worked with a will and finished the house, and moved in just as the sun went down. It was a charming home; the most comfortable ever seen, and never were two young hearts more happy than these as they entered their new house.

They retired rather early, for they were very tired, and slept soundly till past eight o'clock in the evening, when the bride awoke with a start.

What had happened? The house was shaking and trembling in the strangest manner.

"It is nothing, my love. These dreadful men are doing something; but the house seems quite safe."

"Oh! do look out and see what has happened."

He went to the door and looked out, and found, to his surprise, that all the world was flying away like mad. The trees were racing along in furious haste. The hills and woods were spinning past like birds, and all the buildings were performing a kind of fancy dance. Really, it was very singular; but the house was safe, though it shook dreadfully.

He was vastly astonished and somewhat alarmed at this performance. But he resolved not to tell his wife anything about it. She would only be frightened. So he crept back to her side and said, bravely:

"Oh! these men are doing something. They are strange creatures. I presume it is all right, and we may as well go to sleep again."

The next morning they awoke and found themselves just where they were the night before. This seemed to be perfectly natural, and they began their housekeeping, and felt glad they had built their house in such a delightful neighborhood, even if the place did have occasional fits of running away. As they stood at their door in the bright morning sunshine, they saw a little girl stop before their house and look up at them.

"Oh!" said she, "how funny! Those birds have built their nest on top of the car."

And so they had; and there they lived, spring, summer and winter. There was even a whole brood of little Citysparrows born in that nest on wheels, and the entire family rode free ten miles to the city and back twice every day, once in the morning and once in the night. At first, it was a trifle awkward for Mr. Citysparrow to have his wife and little ones carried away at 11.30 A. M.; but he waited about the station or sat comfortably on the fence till they returned at 2.45 P. M. At night, of course, he went with them, and then their nest on wheels was really and truly a sleeping-car.

THE ORIGIN OF THE JUMPING-JACK.

BY I. L. BEMAN.

COME with me to the park this fair day, for I wish to show you a certain carriage and its occupants, and tell you a story.

In pleasant weather, the scene is gay and grand with multitudes hieing thither for recreation amid country sights, odors and surroundings. The rich and the poor of all ages and classes, afoot, on horseback and in carriages, make a living panorama of the shaded walks and graded drives.

Yonder rolls the grand equipage of a millionaire; here goes the buxom family of a groceryman, as happy in their market-wagon as Cæsus in his gilded chariot. Here flies a pair of gay young men in a "fancy gig, driving like Jehu;" and following at sober pace a phaëton containing a sad-eyed widow in weeds, with her auburn-tressed little daughter by her side. There gallops, on high-bred steed, a young and handsome officer of the U. S. A.; here limps along a forlorn wreck of a man, once as spirited as the officer, but now ragged, weary and hopeless.

But here comes the "turn-out" for which we have been waiting: a magnificent span of dapple-grays, by far the most powerful team we have seen; a carriage to match, roomy and costly, but not gaudy; a driver not in livery, as many are, but looking just the man for his work; and such a load as are making merry within,—every one of them a hunchback! Yes, from the crooked gentleman on the back seat to the little fellows up by the driver, all are hunchbacks; well dressed, happy-seeming, but with a wistful look,—and, as they roll by, you see in them the introduction to my little story.

Something like twenty years ago, a miserable brick house in a back alley was the home of Archibald Ramsey, a Scotch carpenter. He worked down-town in a shop, making cornices, moldings, mantels, and a variety of the more elaborate parts employed in finishing houses. Every evening he took home pocketfuls, and often handfuls also, of bits and ends from the shop.

These oddly shaped fragments of soft, sweet-smelling pine furnished amusement for poor little Alec, Mr. Ramsey's hunchback boy; and when they had served this purpose, they were used as kindlings in the kitchen stove.

There was a houseful of little Ramseys, of whom Alec was the oldest, and when he was amused, so were the others, thus giving the overworked mother time for other duties.

Alec was sixteen years old, and not taller than

an average boy of ten. He was very much deformed, and had he lived in an age and country of kings seeking dwarfs and human oddities for "court fools" or "jesters," he would have been a prize to some iron-handed tyrant. His shoulders were almost as high as his head, his arms hung out loose and dangling, and the rest of his body was shrunken and slender to a most pitiable degree. But whoever, with a tender heart, looked into his great, questioning eyes and noted his broad, fair forehead and his clean, delicate hands, would soon forget the sad shade in the nobility of the face.

I need not linger to speak of his studies, which, all unaided, he pushed along with success; nor of his constancy in the Sunday-school, where he was a universal favorite. It is about his play with the bits of pine from the shop I wish to tell you.

Many a droll pile he built on the kitchen-floor; many a funny thing he whittled out to amuse the little ones; many a comical toy he made and gave away to neighboring children. Often he said, and oftener thought, "What can I whittle that will sell?" For only money seemed likely to bring him the changed life for which he longed. Once, when he sold for a few pennies a queer little pine trinket, his father stroked his silken hair and said:

"Ah, me puir bairnie, I dinna ken but ye may mak' your fortn wi' your knife."

How that little piece of encouragement rang in his ears and stimulated him to think and whittle, whittle and think!

One genial afternoon in May, Alec crept out to enjoy the balmy air, and, by the noise of a crowd of urchins on a vacant lot at a little distance, was drawn in that direction. Here he saw a colored boy, named Jack, attempting, for the amusement of the party, all sorts of pranks in imitation of circus performers. Bareheaded and clothed in striped red and yellow garments of coarse quality, the negro lad almost seemed made of India rubber.

Alec watched his capers in amazement. Never before had he seen such antics, or even thought them possible. It was no wonder that the frail, stiff-jointed little hunchback dreamed it all over again, as he did that night.

The next morning his whittling genius took shape from this event, and before noon he had produced a rude pine image of the negro,—head, arms and legs loosely hung with bits of broom-wire, and the whole curiously arranged, so that by working a string, it would jump, nod, turn somersaults, and

go through quite a series of contortions. With colored pencils, of which he had some cheap specimens, he blacked its head, neck, hands and feet, reddened its lips, whitened its eyes, and rudely striped in yellow and red the body, all in imitation of the little negro gymnast. Before it was completed, his younger brother, who had been with him the day before, named it "Jumping-Jack." And in the afternoon, when he went to the vacant lot and exhibited it to the youngsters there, it was not only universally but boisterously hailed by the same name. When he returned home, he brought, instead of the Jumping-Jack, a silver half-dollar, for which he had sold the toy to an eager, well-dressed lad of his own age. And not only this, but he had orders from the boys for half a dozen more, to be made as soon as possible.

Oh, what a proud, glad heart beat within that deformed little body of Alec's! How his temples throbbed! How elastic his step! What flashing eyes! What a skein of wild and hopeful talk he unwound to his mother! So much money for his whittling, and a chance for more and more! Castles, sky-high and star-bright!

Never a great hero felt a victory more than Alec felt his success. To you who are not deformed, who are not wretchedly poor, who never longed for advantages and comforts utterly beyond your reach, it may seem absurd that a Jumping-Jack, sold for half a dollar, should cause so much rejoicing. But you cannot judge of the case. Alec was loving, brave, ambitious and capable, and yet a mere weakling. He was the eldest child; his parents were poor and growing old; there were several younger children, and these points he had often thought over and over, weeping bitterly at his helpless state. He longed fiercely to help in some way, to do something useful, to earn even a small part of his own living. To his eager desire, money was everything, because it would buy everything. Money meant enough to eat, a soft bed and an easy chair for his crooked, pain-full shoulders, a better house and easy circumstances for the family. Money meant comfort, education, good clothes, an honorable position and the means to do good to others. But, above all, the silver half-dollar he had earned seemed like a key to unlock the gates of dependence behind which he chafed so constantly. Besides, it was the first

Jumping-Jack ever made, and a voice seemed to whisper dreamily that in some way it would carry him thereafter, instead of his being left to creep so wearily around. And the boys had hailed it with such uproarious delight that he could not help feeling he had whittled out a triumph. Who shall wonder, then, at his elation?

But I have not told you all.

That evening he whittled, and the next day he whittled, and before night had added to his capital three more shining half-dollars. The next day he doubled his money. The demand for Jumping-Jacks increased. Boys came to the door, silver in hand, to get what he had not time to make.

His grave Scotch parents began to hold serious counsel over the matter. If Alec could find such sale for these pine images in that neighborhood, why, the whole city would require thousands; and what would sell to delighted children in one city, would sell elsewhere also. If they could supply the market, a fortune might readily be made.

Scotch blood, once aroused and challenged, is sanguine and venturesome.

But it would be uninteresting to repeat all the details; so the rest of my story shall be brief.

Alec's Sunday-school teacher, who was a lawyer, procured for him a patent on Jumping-Jacks of every description; a rich old uncle of Alec's mother built him a factory and started him in business; and, within a year from the afternoon when the poor lad wondered at the pranks of the colored boy, Jumping-Jacks from the Ramsey factory were selling in great numbers all over America.

Truly Alec did "mak' a fortoun wi' his knife."

To school he went; into a better house, all their own, the family moved; easier circumstances, better health, less weariness, and ample means for doing good, came to the Ramseys.

But the best point in my story is that a fine asylum and school for hunchbacks, free to the poor, is one of the noble enterprises to which Alec has been chief contributor.

Those deformed lads in the carriage yonder are from the "Ramsey Asylum for Hunchbacks."

That was Alec's carriage, and that "crooked gentleman on the back seat" was Alec himself. Every fair afternoon he is out in this way, taking a load of "his boys," as he calls them, and thus, as often as once a fortnight, he gives every inmate of the asylum a turn in the park.





WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

IV.

THE three children were a good deal frightened when they saw where the ball had gone, and well they might be; for it was Rumpty-Dudget's ball, and Rumpty-Dudget himself was hiding on the other side of the hedge.

"It is your fault," said Princess Hilda to Prince Frank; "you threw it over."

"No, it 's your fault," answered Prince Frank; "I should n't have thrown it over if you and Henry had not chased me."

"You will be punished when Tom the cat comes home," said Princess Hilda, "and that will be in one minute, when the sun sets." For they had spent one minute in being frightened, and another minute in disputing.

Now, all this time, Prince Henry had been standing directly in front of the round opening in the hedge, looking through it to the other side, where he thought he could see the black ball lying beside a bush. The north wind blew so strongly as almost to take his breath away, and the spot on his chin burnt him so that he was ready to cry with pain and vexation. Still for all that, he longed so much to do what he had been told not to do, that by and

by he could stand it no longer; but, just as the last bit of the sun sank out of sight beneath the edge of the world, he jumped through the round opening against the north wind, and ran to pick up the ball. At the same moment, Tom the cat came springing across the lawn, his yellow eyes flashing, his back bristling, and the hairs sticking straight out on his tail until it was as big round as your leg. But this time he came too late. For, as soon as Prince Henry jumped through the hedge against the north wind and ran to pick up the black ball, out rushed Rumpty-Dudget from behind the bush, and caught him by the chin, and carried him away to the thousand and first corner in the gray tower. As soon as the corner was filled, the north wind rose to a hurricane and blew away the beautiful palace and the lovely garden, and nothing was left but a desert covered with gray stones and brambles. The mischievous Rumpty-Dudget was now master of the whole country.

Meanwhile, Princess Hilda and Prince Frank were sitting on a heap of rubbish, crying as if their hearts would break, and the cat stood beside them wiping its great yellow eyes with its paw and looking very sorrowful.

"Crying will do no good, however," said the cat at last; "we must try to get poor little Henry back again."

"Oh, where is our fairy aunt?" cried Princess Hilda and Prince Frank. "She will tell us how to find him."

"You will not see your fairy aunt," replied Tom, "until you have taken Henry out of the gray tower, where he is standing in the thousand and first corner with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back."

"But how are we to do it," said Princess Hilda and Prince Frank, beginning to cry again, "without our fairy aunt to help us?"

"Listen to me," replied the cat, "and do what I tell you, and all may yet be well. But first take hold of my tail, and follow me out of this desert to the borders of the great forest; there we can lay our plans without being disturbed."

With these words, Tom arose and held his tail straight out like the handle of a saucepan; the two children took hold of it, off they all went, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were on the borders of the great forest, at the foot of an immensely tall pine-tree. The cat made Princess Hilda and Prince Frank sit down on the moss that covered the ground, and sat down in front of them with his tail curled round his toes.

"The first thing to be done," said he, "is to get the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Water-drop. After that, the rest is easy."

"But where are the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Water-drop to be found?" asked the two children.

"One of you will have to go down to the kingdom of the Gnomes, in the center of the earth, to find out where the Golden Ivy-seed is," replied the cat; "and up to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits, above the clouds, to find out where the Diamond Water-drop is."

"But how are we to get up to the Air-Spirits, or down to the Gnomes?" asked the children, disconsolately.

"I may be able to help you about that," answered the cat. "But while one of you is gone, the other must stay here and mind the magic fire which I shall kindle before we start; for if the fire goes out, Rumpty-Dudget will take the burnt logs and blacken Henry's face all over with them, and then we should never be able to get him back. Do you two children run about and pick up all the dried sticks you can find, and pile them up in a heap, while I get the touch-wood ready."

In a very few minutes, a large heap of fagots had been gathered together, as high as the top of Princess Hilda's head. Meanwhile, the cat had drawn a large circle on the ground with the tip of

his tail, and in the center of the circle was the heap of fagots. It had now become quite dark, but the cat's eyes burned as brightly as if two yellow lamps had been set in his head.

"Come inside the circle, children," said he, "while I light the touch-wood."

In they came accordingly, and the cat put the touch-wood on the ground and sat down in front of it with his nose resting against it, and stared at it with his flaming yellow eyes; and by and by it began to smoke and smolder, and at last it caught fire and burned famously.

"That will do nicely," said the cat; "now put some sticks upon it." So this was done, and the fire was fairly started, and burned blue, red and yellow.

"And now there is no time to be lost," said the cat. "Prince Frank, you will stay beside this fire and keep it burning, until I come back with Princess Hilda from the kingdoms of the Gnomes and Air-Spirits. Remember that, if you let it go out, all will be lost; nevertheless, you must on no account go outside the circle to gather more fagots, if those that are already here get used up. You may, perhaps, be tempted to do otherwise; but if you yield to the temptation, all will go wrong; and the only way your brother Henry can be saved will be for you to get into the fire yourself, in place of the fagots."

Though Prince Frank did not much like the idea of being left alone in the woods all night, still, since it was for his brother's sake, he consented; but he made up his mind to be very careful not to use up the fagots too fast, or to go outside the ring. So Princess Hilda and Tom the cat bid him farewell, and then the cat stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan. Princess Hilda took hold of it, and away! right up the tall pine-tree they went, and were out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

v.

AFTER climbing upward for a long time, they came at last to the tip-top of the pine-tree, which was on a level with the clouds. The cat waited until a large cloud sailed along pretty near them, and then, bidding Princess Hilda hold on tight, they made a spring together, and alighted very cleverly on the cloud's edge. Off sailed the cloud with them on its back, and soon brought them to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits.

"Now, Princess Hilda," said the cat, "you must go the rest of the way alone. Ask the first Spirit you meet to show you the way to the place where the Queen sits; and when you have found her, ask her where the Diamond Water-drop is. But be careful not to sit down, however much you may be

tempted to do so ; for if you do, your brother Henry never can be saved."

Though Princess Hilda did not much like the idea of going on alone, still, since it was for her brother's sake, she consented ; only she made up her mind on no account to sit down, no matter what happened. So she bid the cat farewell, and walked off. Pretty soon, she met an Air-Spirit, carrying its nose in the air, as all Air-Spirits do.

"Can you tell me the way to the place where the Queen sits ?" asked Princess Hilda.

"What do you want of her?" asked the Air-Spirit.

"I want to ask her where the Diamond Water-drop is," answered Princess Hilda.

"She sits on the top of that large star up yonder," said the Air-Spirit ; "but unless you can carry your nose more in the air than you do, I don't believe you will get her to tell you anything."

Princess Hilda, however, did not feel so much like carrying her nose in the air as she had felt at any time since the black spot came upon her forehead ; and she set out to climb toward the Queen's star very sorrowfully ; and all the Spirits who met her said :

"See how she hangs her head ! She will never come to anything."

But at last she arrived at the gates of the star, and walked in ; and there was the Queen of the Air-Spirits sitting in the midst of it. As soon as she saw Princess Hilda, she said :

"You have come a long way, and you look very tired. Come here and sit down beside me."

"No, your Majesty," replied Princess Hilda, though she was really so tired that she could hardly stand, "there is no time to be lost ; where is the Diamond Water-drop ?"

"That is a foolish thing to come after," said the Queen. "However, sit down here and let us talk about it. I have been expecting you."

But Princess Hilda shook her head.

"Listen to me," said the Queen. "I know that you like to order people about, and to make them do what you please, whether they like it or not. Now, if you will sit down here, I will let you be Queen of the Air-Spirits instead of me ; you shall carry your nose in the air, and everybody shall do what you please, whether they like it or not."

When Princess Hilda heard this, she felt for a moment very much tempted to do as the Queen asked her. But the next moment she remembered her poor little brother Henry, standing in the thousand and first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back. So she cried, and said :

"Oh, Queen of the Air-Spirits, I am so sorry for my little brother that I do not care any longer to carry my nose in the air, or to make people mind me, whether they like it or not ; I only want the

Diamond Water-drop, so that Henry may be saved from Rumpty-Dudget's tower. Can you tell me where it is ?"

Then the Queen smiled upon her, and said :

"It is on your own cheek !"

Princess Hilda was so astonished that she could only look at the Queen without speaking.

"Yes," continued the Queen, kindly, "you might have searched throughout all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious Drop, had you not loved your little brother Henry more than to be Queen. That tear upon your cheek, which you shed for love of him, is the Diamond Water-drop, Hilda ; keep it in this little crystal bottle ; be prudent and resolute, and sooner or later Henry will be free again."

As she spoke, she held out a little crystal bottle, and the tear from Princess Hilda's cheek fell into it, and the Queen hung it about her neck by a coral chain, and kissed her, and bid her farewell. And as Princess Hilda went away, she fancied she had somewhere heard a voice like this Queen's before ; but where or when she could not tell.

It was not long before she arrived at the cloud which had brought her to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits, and there she found Tom the cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached, and when he saw the little crystal bottle hanging round her neck by its coral chain, he said :

"So far, all has gone well ; but we have still to find the Golden Ivy-seed. There is no time to be lost, so catch hold of my tail and let us be off."

With that, he stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan. Princess Hilda took hold of it ; they sprang off the cloud and away ! down they went till it seemed to her as if they never would be done falling. At last, however, they alighted softly on the top of a hay-mow, and in another moment were safe on the earth again.

Close beside the hay-mow was a field-mouse's hole, and the cat began scratching at it with his two fore-paws, throwing up the dirt in a great heap behind, till in a few minutes a great passage was made through to the center of the earth.

"Keep hold of my tail," said the cat, and into the passage they went.

It was quite dark inside, and if it had not been for the cat's eyes, which shone like two yellow lamps, they might have missed their way. As it was, however, they got along famously, and pretty soon arrived at the center of the earth, where was the kingdom of the Gnomes.

"Now, Princess Hilda," said the cat, "you must go the rest of the way alone. Ask the first Gnome you meet to show you the place where the King works ; and when you have found him, ask him

where the Golden Ivy-seed is. But be careful to do everything that he bids you, no matter how little you may like it; for, if you do not, your brother Henry never can be saved."

Though Princess Hilda did not much like the idea of going on alone, still, since it was for her brother's sake, she consented; only she made up her mind to do everything the King bade her, whatever happened. Pretty soon she met a Gnome, who was running along on all-fours.

"Can you show me the place where the King works?" asked Princess Hilda.

"What do you want with him?" asked the Gnome.



PRINCESS HILDA BEFORE THE
QUEEN OF THE AIR-SPIRITS.

"I want to ask him where the Golden Ivy-seed is," answered Princess Hilda.

"He works in that great field over yonder," said the Gnome; "but unless you can walk on all-fours better than you do, I don't believe he will tell you anything."

Princess Hilda had never walked on all-fours since the black spot came on her forehead; so she went onward just as she was, and all the Gnomes who met her said:

"See how upright she walks! She will never come to anything."

But at last she arrived at the gate of the field, and walked in; and there was the King on all-fours in the midst of it. As soon as he saw Princess Hilda, he said:

"Get down on all-fours this instant! How dare you come into my kingdom walking upright?"

"Oh, your majesty," said Hilda, though she was a good deal frightened at the way the King spoke,



"there is no time to be lost; where is the Golden Ivy-seed?"

"The Golden Ivy-seed is not given to people with stiff necks," replied the King.

"Get down on all-fours at once, or else go about your business!"

Then Princess Hilda remembered what the cat had told her, and got down on all-fours without a word.

"Now listen to me," said the King. "I shall harness you to that plow in the place of my horse, and you must draw it up and down over this field until the whole is plowed, while I follow behind with the whip. Come! There is no time to lose."

When Princess Hilda heard this, she felt tempted for a moment to refuse; but the next moment she remembered her poor little brother Henry standing in the thousand and first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back; so she said:

"O King of the Gnomes! I am so sorry for my little brother that I will do as you bid me, and all I ask in return is that you will give me the Golden Ivy-seed, so that Henry may be saved from Rumpty-Dudget's tower."

The King said nothing, but harnessed Hilda to the plow, and she drew it up and down over the field until the whole was plowed, while he followed behind with the whip. Then he freed her from her trappings, and told her to go about her business.

"But where is the Golden Ivy-seed?" asked she, piteously.

"I have no Golden Ivy-seed," answered the King; "ask yourself where it is!"

Then poor Princess Hilda's heart was broken, and she sank down on the ground and sobbed out, quite in despair :

"Oh, what shall I do to save my little brother !"

But at that the King smiled upon her and said :

"Put your hand over your heart, Hilda, and see what you find there."

Princess Hilda was so surprised that she could say nothing ; but she put her hand over her heart, and felt something fall into the palm of her hand, and when she looked at it, behold ! it was the Golden Ivy-seed.

"Yes," said the King, kindly ; "you might have searched through all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious seed, had you not loved your brother so much as to let yourself be driven like a horse in the plow for his sake. Keep the Golden Ivy-seed in this little pearl box ; be humble, gentle and patient, and sooner or later your brother will be free."

As he spoke, he fastened a little pearl box to her girdle with a jeweled clasp, and kissed her, and bade her farewell. And as Princess Hilda went away, she fancied she had somewhere heard a voice like this King's before ; but where or when she could not tell.

It was not long before she arrived at the mouth of the passage by which she had descended to the kingdom of the Gnomes, and there she found Tom the cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached, and when he saw the pearl box at her girdle, he said :

"So far, all goes well ; but now we must see whether or not Prince Frank has kept the fire going ; there is no time to be lost, so catch hold of my tail and let us be off."

With that, he stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan ; Princess Hilda took hold of it, and away they went back through the passage again, and were out at the other end in the twinkling of an eye.

(To be continued.)





LITTLE NICHOLAS; AND HOW HE BECAME A GREAT MUSICIAN.

BY JAMES H. FLINT.

THE violin is a wonderful instrument in the hands of a master. In its power of expression, its purity and fineness of tone, it ranks next to the cultivated human voice. There have been many famous performers on this instrument, but Paganini stands alone the most wonderful violinist the world has ever heard. And he had won this fame before he was sixteen years old.

Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, Italy, February 18, 1784. When Nicholas was four years old he had the measles. But this usually mild disease took, in his case, a very violent form, so that the poor little fellow was thought to be dying, and even, at one time, dead. For a whole day he lay motionless, and to all appearance lifeless. But the world was not to be deprived of his wonderful genius; although, if he had died then, he would have been spared a life of great suffering.

Before he was well over this sickness, and before he could speak plainly, his father—who was very severe with him—put a violin into his tiny hands, and made him practice upon it from morning till night. Sitting at his parent's feet on a little stool, Paganini obediently scraped away, learning his scales and intervals. He entered into the work cheerfully, and took great interest in his studies, but this did not lessen his father's rigor. The slightest fault was punished severely. Sometimes, food was denied the little fellow, in punishment for a mistake which any learner might have made. The delicate, sensitive constitution of the child was injured beyond repair by such treatment.

His mother, also ambitious for her son, worked upon his imagination and excited him to ever-renewed exertions by telling him that an angel had appeared to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should outstrip all competition as a performer on the violin.

Even at this early age the bent of Paganini's mind was toward the marvelous and extraordinary,—that is, he did not merely imitate those who before his time had played the violin, but struck out new ways for himself, making his instrument a greater puzzle to the unlearned than ever it had been before; and he astonished his parents, and received their hearty plaudits when, in departing from the common methods, he produced entirely new effects. His musical instinct seemed to have been only sharpened and strengthened by the close application imposed upon him.

Soon, the musical knowledge of the elder Paganini became insufficient for the growing abilities of his son, and other teachers were procured.

At eight years of age the little Nicholas performed in the churches, and at private musical parties, "upon a violin that looked nearly as large as himself." He also composed, at this time, his first "Violin Sonata." A year afterward he made what was considered his first public appearance, or *debut*, in the great theater of Genoa, at the request of two noted singers,—Marchési and Albertinotti.

Paganini's father took him, about this time, to see the celebrated composer, Rolla, who lived at Parma, hoping to obtain for the boy the benefit of

Rolla's instruction for a little while. But the composer was sick, and could not see his visitors. The room in which they were seated was next to the sick man's bed-chamber, and it so happened that he had left his violin there, together with the copy of a new work he had just finished. Little Nicholas, at his father's request, took up the violin to see what the music was like. He began at the beginning and executed the entire work at sight without a single mistake, and so well that the sick composer arose from his bed that he might see what master-hand had given him so agreeable a surprise. Rolla,

with an elder brother, and at fifteen he ran away and began to travel on his own account. Relieved from the control of his too-exacting father, his mind reacted from its long slavery, and he fell into bad ways of living. But after a while his affection for his father led him to return home. Having saved a sum of money equal to about fifteen hundred dollars, he now offered a portion of it to his parents. But his exacting father demanded the whole, and Paganini, to keep peace, gave up the greater part of the hard-earned money.

The young man now began another tour, visiting



PAGANINI.

on hearing the object of their visit, assured the father that he could add nothing to the young artist's acquirements, and recommended other noted teachers.

Nicholas and his father then went about the country through the principal cities of Lombardy, after which they returned to Genoa, where the youthful performer was again subjected to those daily toils which had been forced upon him before with such heartless rigor; but this bondage was not to be prolonged.

At fourteen he was allowed to go on a short tour

many parts of Italy, and everywhere meeting with unbounded success. But I am very sorry to say that he allowed his great popularity to turn his head, so that he became very arrogant, head-strong, and, in various ways, led an unworthy life. Intemperance soon was added to his infirmities, and he was even imprisoned for a time on account of troubles caused by his wild excesses.

Paganini possessed a generous and sympathetic nature, as the following anecdote plainly proves: One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, Paganini saw a poor boy playing upon a violin,



PAGANINI IN PRISON.

and, on entering into conversation with him, learned that he maintained his mother and a number of little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as a traveling musician. Paganini at once gave him all the money he had about him; and then, taking the violin, began to play, and, when a great crowd had gathered and become spell-bound by his wonderful playing, he pulled off his hat and made a collection, which he gave to the poor boy amid the acclamations of the multitude.

There are four strings on a violin, as every one knows, and ordinary players find it necessary to use them all; but Paganini astonished the world by his performances on only one string,—the fourth, or largest. Upon this he could produce three perfect octaves, including all the harmonic sounds, and from it he brought forth the sweetest melodies.

After traveling through many countries, creating the greatest wonder and admiration wherever he went, he returned to his native land. He suffered all his life from ill health, and although he had become a very wealthy man, his last days were sad enough; for he was greatly troubled with law-suits and ill-health.

As one of his biographers says: the precious flame of life was too dearly expended on a perfection that allowed nothing else to be perfected. In becoming the absolute master of his instrument, he became its slave. But the success of his life's purpose was complete. He accomplished his one object, and history declares him to have been the greatest of all violinists, past or present. He died at Nice on the 27th of May, 1840, leaving a fortune equal to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

HEIMDALL.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

[The Elder Edda is a collection of ancient ballads containing an account of the gods of Scandinavian and German mythology. It was made by the native priests of Iceland, who embraced Christianity about the end of the tenth century. Asenheim was the country of the gods, and Asgard was its principal city. Odin was the chief of the gods. Thor was the strongest of all the gods, and fought and conquered the giants with his great hammer. Baldur was the beautiful god of light and summer who was slain by the malice of Loki, an evil spirit. Hænir was sometimes the companion of Odin and Loki on their clandestine visits to the earth.]

In the Elder Edda I read it,
That volume of wonder lore
How Heimdall, a god of credit,
Was watchman at Heaven's door.

The sight of his eye was keenest
Of all in Asgard's towers,
For he saw, when earth was greenest,
Pale Autumn amid the flowers.

His ear was the best at hearing
Of all above or below;
When the Spring-time's step was nearing,
He heard the grasses grow.

He heard the talk of the fishes
Deep down in the silent sea,
And even the unbreathed wishes
Of chick in its shell heard he.

He heard the feathers growing,
And wool on the old sheep's back,
And even the light cloud snowing
Far off on the sunbeam's track.

He knew what birds are thinking
That brood o'er the crowded nest,
Ere their fledgeling's eyes are blinking,
And the song is warm in the breast.

And why were his senses keener
Than all in that magic clime,
Than Odin, and Thor, and Hænir,
And Baldur of Asenheim?

I think—it is only guessing—
Heimdall was loving as wise,
And Nature who bent in blessing
Anointed his ears and eyes.

And should we but love undoubting,
Perchance, ah! who can tell,
We might hear the corn-blade sprouting,
And the tiny leaf-bud swell.

JOTTINGS VERSUS DOINGS.

BY MARGARET H. ECKERSON.



MARGY sat beside the west window of her room, a large atlas upon her lap, and on it a book made of twenty-four sheets of letter-paper sewed together. On the outer page was written, "My Journal, 186—," and opening it, page after page of closely written, cramped lines could be seen, in which Margy had detailed various scenes and incidents of her

daily life and chronicled sundry impressions.

Little Miss Margy, aged twelve, was not an unpleasing object as she sat there with her bonny brown hair and pink cheeks, and her room was neat and inviting after a fashion, although the carpet was only rag, the chairs were cane-seated, and the wash-stand was old-fashioned, with just enough space on it for bowl and pitcher, soap-dish and water-mug. Then there were an ancient rocking-chair, and two white-counterpaned beds,—one for the occupancy of Margy and her year-older sister, Bib; the other, the nest where Flaxie and Frizzle, the two smaller children, slept nightly; and a red-covered table, strewn with books and papers, stood in the center of the room. Margy, who had a fondness for scribbling, used oftentimes to sit up here and write. She could express her thoughts quite fluently with the pen, for a little girl, and therefore cherished the idea that she was literary, and confidently expected to write a book, or a dozen of them, some day.

Meanwhile, she composed rhyming lines, which she called poetry, about "trees and bees, clouds and shrouds, blows and snows, plumes and flumes," and so on, which effusions she read and re-read with great satisfaction, and then locked up in her drawer. Other times, descending to plainer prose, she linked together a profusion of adjectives, and told of glancing, dancing sunbeams; roaring, rushing cataracts; rustling, whispering leaves; and depicted characters quite different from any in real life.

Bib, who knotted her forehead, and fretted over her school compositions, listened with jealous admiration to Margy's stories, and tender-hearted Flaxie wept sorely as she listened eagerly to the pathetic adventures of some of the characters.

However, for the past couple of months, Margy had taken to writing something which she concealed determinedly from Bib's prying eyes, and which she grandly told Flaxie "she could not read aloud, for it was her journal."

She had read several memoirs, the fair subjects of which had kept journals, and these diaries, after their deaths, had fallen into the hands of their friends, and had been read and wept over, the lovely characters of the lost ones so shining forth from every page that, too late, it was known that they had never been truly appreciated.

Well, probably, Margery would die young,—she sometimes felt as if she would,—and in that case what a precious legacy her family would consider her journal!

Therefore, with such ideas in her curly pate, it is no wonder she wrote as if for survivors to read, and instead of keeping a sensible diary, good for reference, if she needed it, scribbled away in a bombastical, adjective-y manner, and never made herself on paper the real faulty Margy she actually was.



"HUSH!" WHISPERED MARGY, WITH A WARNING GESTURE.

Looking over her shoulder, we can see what she is writing.

"June 6th.—O, what a lovely, balmy day! The

air is full of the fragrant scent of roses; the oriole chants dulcet strains in the maples; fleecy clouds float in the cerulean blue; the whole world is a poem. I have half a mind to write a little poem here, but, dear Journal, it would only blot your snowy pages. I wrote a poem on Baby Pearl yesterday. Mother liked it so much that she put it away and said 'she meant to keep it'; and father

patted my head and said 'I was a rhymers.' 'It's jingle-dingle, is n't it, Peggy?' he said. But who could help being inspired by Baby Pearl? She is such a cherub! Such delicate tints and charming curves, such violet, long-lashed eyes! Such innocence and tender trustfulness!"

Just here the pen, traveling from the ink-stand, remained suspended, for mother's voice was heard at the foot of the stair calling "Margy!" and, sad to tell, Margy's answering "Ma'am!" was snapped out in a very cross way.

"I want you to come down for a while and rock Pearl to sleep."

"Oh, dear," said Margy, vexedly, "it's always 'tend that baby,'" and putting her journal in the atlas, and the atlas under the feather-bed,—for Bib would, when chance offered, prowl around to find the mysterious journal,—she ungraciously obeyed the summons.

After all, the June morning was n't so delightful as she had imagined.

It was the weekly wash-day, and Mrs. Finnigan was rubbing away in the kitchen, from which came the penetrating odor of soap-suds. Mother was hurried and tired, and Pearl lay wide-awake in her cradle, undecided whether to break out into a rebellious wail, or resign herself to the course of events.

"I would not have called you down, dear," said mother, "but I must get the dinner, and Pearl has to be put to sleep."

"Why could n't Bib rock her, or Flaxie?" asked Margy.

"Bib is practicing," dear.

Margy rocked the cradle very discontentedly. She quite failed to be inspired by Pearl's long lashes or delicate tints and charming curves, now. Pearl was only a painfully wide-awake baby, who complained in unintelligible murmurs of the numerous trials of infant life, and amused herself by stretching forth fat fists and dimpled arms, and vainly trying to reach the cradle-top.

It seemed a long, long time before she showed the slightest inclination to close her eyes on outer scenes, and just as she did, who should

come trotting heedlessly in but three-year-old Frizzle.

"Hush!" whispered Margy, with a warning gesture; but Frizzle always failed to heed admonitions. "Ba-bye! ba-bye!" she called, lovingly, and Baby, just on the verge of dream-land, heard the call, and opened sudden, bright eyes to the little sister's face.



"SHE LEANED OVER THE BANISTERS AND CALLED BIB."

Margy wanted to cry, out of sheer annoyance.

"You are a naughty, bad girl!" she cried, hotly. "Mother, here's Frizzle, who came in and woke Pearl on purpose. I wish you would punish her."

"Me never waked Ba-bye on purpose," protested the indignant Frizzle. "Margy's cross, ugly girl. Baby is so glad I come, and I just called her pretty."

Mother, seeing how matters stood, made peace by coming in and leading away Frizzle, who trotted contentedly off, willing to go off anywhere with "her good, nice mamma," and Margy was left to brood over the new annoyance.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, petulantly; "that hateful Frizzle! And now I'll have to begin all over again. Shut your eyes, Baby. By-low, Baby; by-low!"

Oh, how disagreeable that soap suds odor was! How faded and worn the carpet looked now that the sun shone full upon it! And the bureau had not been dusted this morning, and some one had dragged the table-cloth all to one side! It was too bad that mother never made Bib tidy up things.

"Everything of that sort is left for me to do," complained Margy, finding fresh cause for ill-feeling, and then, looking down at Baby, she saw to her relief that she was actually asleep. Therefore, fastening the gauze netting carefully over her, she stole softly away up to her sanctum, as she was fond of calling her room. Once there, she took her journal from its repose under the bed, and again began her jottings.

"—— Dear Journal, that dash stands for half an hour's absence, during which time I have been down rocking Pearl to sleep. Mother thinks I have more patience than Bib to 'tend her, and always calls me to do it. And, of course, one must 'tend to duty. Pearl was n't one bit sleepy, but was just in the mood for a grand frolic. She must have thought it a hardship to be allowed no will of her own in the matter. However, sleep at last conquered the citadel, the blue-veined lids closed and their long lashes swept the downy cheeks, and she lay a sweet picture of unconscious innocence. Darling Pearl!

"I cannot keep my eyes from wandering from this page, the sunshine rests so brightly on the hills. There are spots, however, on the mountains, shadows of clouds.

"Alas! everything has its shadows. 'Into each life some rain must fall.' Mrs. Finnigan is down in the yard, hanging out the clothes. Poor woman, her husband is very unkind to her, and her boys are wild, dissolute creatures! I do pity her. I feel so sorry for any one whose life is checkered. It must be terrible to be unkindly treated. Love ought to be the ruling spirit of our lives. Kindness should mark our deeds to all about us, unselfishness crown with its garlands our acts."

Just here, the door came open with a bang, and Bib came flying in like a small whirlwind.

"O, Margy, I am going to Mrs. Tozzle's with Pa, and I must change my dress, and put on a clean collar! Dear me! Where's my other dress and clean skirt? Hurry, and hook me up; Pa's 'most ready!" Bib was looking in the top bureau drawer, now, and energetically tossing things about.

"Dear me, I have n't one clean collar here! What's become of mine? Oh, I know, I never put my soiled ones in the wash last week! Lend me one, Marge. Here, I'll take this one with lace on!"

Margy, standing at Bib's shoulder, looked vexed enough.

"You do muss things up so," she said, sharply.

"You are too careless to live, and you might keep your own collars. You have more than I have, but you never know where to find your things."

Above all things Bib hated reproof, especially from her younger sister, and the flavor of truth in the speech touched her.

"Don't trouble yourself to find fault, missie," she said, tossing her curly head; "we all know who thinks herself a paragon and gives 'pieces of her mind' away every chance she can get. If there's one thing I hate, though, it is mean stinginess. Keep your old collar! If Pa asks why I wear a dirty one, I'll tell him why."

Margy's face flushed hotly as she tossed her the collar. "There, take it!"

"Give a dog a bone," chanted Bib, pinning it on with alacrity. "Where's my gloves? There, I forgot, my parasol is broken! Will you let me take yours?"

"No," snapped Margy.

Bib did not insist.

"Sit and hold it over your own head in the room," she called as she ran down the stairs.

Margy walked slowly over to the closet, and took from behind a pile of sheets on the shelf a blue-silk parasol. Then, as if going to her own execution, went out into the hall, and leaning over the banisters, called "Bib!"

But no answer came, and, a moment after, she heard the rattle of wheels down the road.

"Very well," she said; "like as not she would have broken it, and faded it all out."

Mother had bought them each a new one only a fortnight before, and Bib had carelessly left hers on a chair where it had been sat upon and broken, since which accident Margy had been in a state of chronic expectation that she would ask for the loan of hers. Well, she had asked it and been refused; but Margy did not feel exactly comfortable as she put it away. Hot tears fell from her eyes as she tidied up both her own and Bib's half of the drawer.

"Bib musses up everything so," she said. "It's just carelessness that makes her lose and break her things. If I lend once, I might a dozen times. Let her call me mean and stingy, and tell Pa, too! — Flaxie, what do you want?" — six-year-old Flaxie, with her sunny hair and sweet blue eyes, had come in and was looking contentedly into the drawer.

"Fixing your things?" said Flaxie, mildly. "Will you please give me a picture?" pointing to a pasteboard box, filled with engravings and all sorts of pictures that Margy had cut out and was hoarding up.

She meant to decorate a table with them some day after a fancy of her own. She intended to paste them on it and varnish them over, and thought she would then possess a work of art equal to a mosaic.

"No, I can't give you one, Flaxie, for I want them."

"Well, just let me look at them, please, Margy," pleaded patient Flaxie; "I'll be very careful; I won't tear them!"

"No, not now," answered Margy, who hated to have them disturbed. "Why *can't* you run downstairs and play with Frizzle, like a good girl!"

this morning. Another mortal gone! Out under the grasses and the daisies and the blue sky they will soon lay her to rest. The winds will chant a requiem over her grave; the stars will keep nightly watch above her.

"How sweet to be thus at rest! When I die, and my pale hands are folded calmly over a pulseless heart, I want them to bury me in a sunny spot,



NOT IN THE JOURNAL

The disappointed child turned meekly away, and again Margy was free to take up her journal.

"Dear, dear!" she wrote; "it is all interruption this morning! Bib just rushed in to fix to go with father to Mrs. Tozzle's! I do wish Bib was more orderly. I lent her a collar, and I would have loaned her my parasol, but she was gone when I called her. But these things are too unimportant to write about. There goes Mr. Morrell, the undertaker, to Mrs. Riggs's. Her mother died

where the birds trill sweet melodies and green branches wave. Over my head I want them to plant stainless roses, and on the marble head-stone I want graven the simple words, 'At Rest!'"

"Ding-dong!" sounded the dinner-bell, and Margy, not displeased to hear its summons, sprang up with alacrity, laid her journal on the table, as Bib was not there to peep within it, and started hastily for the stairs. But, somehow or other, she never knew how, her foot slipped on the top step,

and she went rolling and bumping down the long, narrow flight, and then lay, a little, quiet heap at the bottom !

"Oh," cried her affrighted mother, hastening with colorless face into the hall, "what is the matter?"

Flaxie and Frizzle, filled with consternation, appeared on the scene and lifted up wailing voices, and Mrs. Finnigan, all soap-suds and alarm, picked up the still form.

"Margy is killed!" sobbed Flaxie.

"Gone deaded!" screamed Frizzle.

"Hush, hush!" said mother, as she helped Mrs. Finnigan bear the hurt child to the lounge.

A few moments after, Margy opened bewildered eyes on the frightened group. The pungent smell of the camphor with which her mother was bathing her head, the children's cries, the pale faces of the women, terrified her, and a sudden, woful thought smote her like a dagger!

"Oh, mother," she cried, wildly, "I fell! Did I kill myself? Will I die? Oh, I don't want to die! I can't die, mother!"

The dear mother-arms pressed her closely; the mother-voice, hopeful and cheery, re-assured her.

"No, Margy dear, you are not badly hurt, only stunned somewhat, thank the Lord."

"Yes, yees may well say 'thank the Lord,'" said Mrs. Finnigan, wiping her eyes. "Ef it hadent bin for his mercy, the swate darlin' might have been kilt entirely," and the good-hearted woman went thankfully back to her toil.

After this, Flaxie and Frizzle ceased their outcries; mother bathed Margy's swollen shoulder, and in a short time she felt able to eat her dinner, and reply in the negative to the children's solicitous remark, "Is she hurted very much now?"

She limped stiffly up to her room a while later, intent on finishing a sack for Baby Pearl, and, going to the table for her work-basket, could not fail to see the open journal, lying beside it. She read her last sentimental effusion with a burning blush and an impatient ejaculation. She remem-

bered now that in her moment of agonizing fear she had had no thoughts of green grasses waving over a sunny hillock, or stainless roses pressing a white head-stone, or being "at rest!" She remembered only the awful pang that smote her when she thought she must go away from father and mother, from Flaxie and Frizzle and Pearl,—go away all alone out of her warm, breathing life into the presence of her Maker!

"I have n't written the real truth about anything," she said, leaning over the pages, and glancing contemptuously over her "dear journal." "Now, to-day, I never said I was mad about putting Pearl to sleep. Did n't want to lend Bib anything; was selfish to Flaxie, and—that stuff about dying! I know one thing, I sha' n't keep a journal any more,—not such a one, anyway,—and Bib can hunt around for this now until she is tired!"

"What is burning?" asked the mother, a little anxiously, as she came upstairs a while later to see how Margy fared.

"Nothing; I've only been making a bonfire of my journal," answered Margy, looking with a blush toward some charred remnants in the wash-bowl.

"I was sorry to-day when Margy told me she had burned her journal," said the minister's wife to him as they sat alone that evening, all the children, from Bib down, being tucked securely into bed. "She once or twice read me some pretty extracts from it, one especially, about a sunset. I always thought if anything happened to her I should like to keep the book as a memento."

The minister smiled a queer little smile. Perhaps he might have kept a journal once, but of that we are not presumed to know.

"Margy's burnt journal is no loss to her, dear," he said, mildly, "for sometimes there is a vast difference between jottings and doings."

The mother actually looked puzzled as she touched the cradle-rocker with her foot; but I think that Margy, had she heard, would have understood. Don't you?





"WHY, HOW DO YOU DO?"

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. CHIPPERTON.

I TOOK hold of the boat, and pulled the bow up on the beach. Mr. Chipperton looked around at me.

"Why, how do you do?" said he.

For an instant I could not answer him, I was so angry, and then I said:

"What did you ——? How did you come to take our boat away?"

"Your boat!" he exclaimed, "Is this your boat? I did n't know that. But where is my boat? Did you see a sail-boat leave here! It is very strange! remarkably strange! I don't know what to make of it."

"I know nothing about a sail-boat," said I. "If we had seen one leave here, we should have gone home in her. Why did you take our boat?"

Mr. Chipperton had now landed.

"I came over here," he said, "with my wife and daughter. We were in a sail-boat, with a man to manage it. My wife would not come otherwise. We came to see the light-house, but I do not care for light-houses,—I have seen a great many of them. I am passionately fond of the water. Seeing a small boat here which no one was using, I let the man conduct my wife and Corny—my daughter—up to the light-house, while I took a little row. I know the man. He is very trustworthy. He would let no harm come to them. There was a pair of oars in the sail-boat, and I took them, and rowed down the creek, and then went along the river, below the town; and, I assure you, sir, I went a great deal farther than I intended, for the tide was with me. But it was n't with me

coming back, of course, and I had a very hard time of it. I thought I never should get back. This boat of yours, sir, seems to be an uncommonly hard boat to row."

"Against a strong tide, I suppose it is," said I; "but I wish you had n't taken it. Here I have been waiting, ever so long, and my friend ——"

"Oh! I'm sorry, too," interrupted Mr. Chipperton, who had been looking about, as if he expected to see his sail-boat somewhere under the trees. "I can't imagine what could have become of my boat, my wife and my child. If I had staid here, they could not have sailed away without my knowing it. It would even have been better to go with them, although, as I said before, I don't care for light-houses."

"Well," said I, not quite as civilly as I generally speak to people older than myself, "your boat has gone, that is plain enough. I suppose, when your family came from the light-house, they thought you had gone home, and so went themselves."

"That's very likely," said he,— "very likely, indeed. Or, it may be that Corny would n't wait. She is not good at waiting. She persuaded her mother to sail away, no doubt. But now, I suppose you will take me home in your boat, and the sooner we get off the better, for it is growing late."

"You need n't be in a hurry, said I, "for I am not going off until my friend comes back. You gave him a good long walk to the other end of the island."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chipperton. "How was that?"

Then I told him all about it.

"Do you think that the flat-boat is likely to be there yet?" he asked.

"It's gone long ago!" said I; "and I'm afraid Rectus has lost his way, either going there, or coming back."

I said this as much to myself as to my companion, for I had walked back a little, to look up the path. I could not see far, for it was growing dark. I was terribly worried about Rectus, and would have gone to look for him, but I was afraid that if I left Mr. Chipperton, he would go off with the boat.

Directly Mr. Chipperton set up a yell.

"Hi! hi! hi!" he cried.

I ran down to the pier, and saw a row-boat approaching.

"Hi!" cried Mr. Chipperton, "come this way! Come here! Boat ahoy!"

"We're coming," shouted a man from the boat.

"Ye need n't holler for us."

And in a few more strokes the boat touched land. There were two men in it.

"Did you come for me?" cried Mr. Chipperton.

"No," said the man who had spoken, "we came for this other party, but I reckon you can come along."

"For me?" said I. "Who sent you?"

"Your pardner," said the man. "He came over in a flat-boat, and he said you was stuck here, for somebody had stole your boat, and so he sent us for you."

"And he's over there, is he!" said I.

"Yes, he's all right, eatin' his supper, I reckon. But is n't this here your boat?"

"Yes, it is," I said, "and I'm going home in it. You can take the other man."

And without saying another word, I picked up my oars, which I had brought from the bushes, jumped into my boat, and pushed off.

"I reckon you're a little riled, aint ye?" said the man, but I made him no answer, and left him to explain to Mr. Chipperton his remark about stealing the boat. They set off soon after me, and we had a race down the creek. I was "a little riled," and I pulled so hard that the other boat did not catch up to me until we got out into the river. Then it passed me, but it did n't get to town much before I did.

The first person I met on the pier was Rectus. He had had his supper, and had come down to watch for me. I was so angry, that I would not speak to him. He kept by my side, though, as I walked up to the house, excusing himself for going off and leaving me.

"You see, it was n't any use for me to take that long walk back there to the creek. I told the men of the fix we were in, and they said they'd send somebody for us, but they thought I'd better come along with them, as I was there."

I had a great mind to say something here, but I did n't.

"It would n't have done you any good for me to come back through the woods, in the dark. The boat would n't get over to you any faster. You see, if there'd been any good at all in it, I would have come back—but there was n't."

All this might have been very true, but I remembered how I had sat and walked and thought and worried about Rectus, and his explanation did me no good.

When I reached the house, I found that our landlady, who was one of the very best women in all Florida, had saved me a splendid supper—hot and smoking. I was hungry enough, and I enjoyed this meal, until there did n't seem to be a thing left. I felt in a better humor then, and I hunted up Rectus, and we talked along as if nothing had happened. It was n't easy to keep mad with Rectus, because he did n't get mad himself. And, besides, he had a good deal of reason on his side.

It was a lovely evening, and pretty nearly all the people of the town were out-of-doors. Rectus and I took a walk around the "Plaza,"—a public square planted thick with live-oak and pride-of-India trees, and with a monument in the center with a Spanish inscription on it, stating how the king of Spain once gave a very satisfactory charter to the town. Rectus and I agreed, however, that we would rather have a pride-of-India tree, than a charter, as far as we were concerned. These trees have on them long bunches of blossoms, which smell deliciously.

"Now, then," said I, "I think it's about time for us to be moving along. I'm beginning to feel about that Corny family as you do."

"Oh, I only objected to the girl," said Rectus, in an off-hand way.

"Well, I object to the father," said I. "I think we've had enough, anyway, of fathers and daughters. I hope the next couple we fall in with will be a mother and a son."

"What's the next place on the bill?" asked Rectus.

"Well," said I, "we ought to take a trip up the Oclawaha River. That's one of the things to do. It will take us two or three days, and we can leave our baggage here and come back again. Then if we want to stay, we can, and if we don't, we need n't."

"All right," said Rectus. "Let's be off to-morrow."

The next morning, I went to buy the Oclawaha tickets, while Rectus staid home to pack up our hand-bags, and, I believe, to sew some buttons on his clothes. He could sew buttons on so strongly

that they would never come off again, without bringing the piece out with them.

The ticket-office was in a small store, where you could get any kind of alligator or sea-bean combination that the mind could dream of. We had been in there before to look at the things. I found I was in luck, for the store-keeper told me that it was not often that people could get berths on the little Oclawaha steamboats without engaging them some days ahead; but he had a couple of state-rooms left, for the boat that left Pilatka the next day. I took one room as quick as lightning, and I had just paid for the tickets when Mr. Chipperton and Corny walked in.

"How d'ye do?" said he, as cheerfully as if he had never gone off with another fellow's boat. "Buying tickets for the Oclawaha?"

I had to say yes, and then he wanted to know when we were going. I was n't very quick to answer; but the store-keeper said:

"He's just taken the last room but one in the boat that leaves Pilatka to-morrow morning."

"And when do you leave here to catch that boat," said Mr. Chipperton.

"This afternoon,—and stay all night at Pilatka."

"Oh father! father!" cried Corny, who had been standing with her eyes and ears wide open, all this time, "let's go! let's go!"

"I believe I will," said Mr. Chipperton,—"*I believe I will.* You say you have one more room. All right. I'll take it. This will be very pleasant, indeed," said he, turning to me. "It will be quite a party. It's ever so much better to go to such places in a party. We've been thinking of going for some time, and I'm so glad I happened in here now. Good-bye. We'll see you this afternoon at the depot."

I did n't say anything about being particularly glad, but just as I left the door, Corny ran out after me.

"Do you think it would be any good to take a fishing-line?" she cried.

"Guess you'd better," I shouted back, and then I ran home, laughing.

"Here are the tickets!" I cried out to Rectus, "and we've got to be at the station by four o'clock this afternoon. There's no backing out, now."

"Who wants to back out?" said Rectus, looking up from his trunk, into which he had been diving:

"Can't say," I answered. "But I know one person who wont back out."

"Who's that?"

"Corny," said I.

Rectus stood up.

"Cor——!" he exclaimed.

"Ny," said I, "and father and mother. They took the only room left,—engaged it while I was there."

"Can't we sell our tickets?" asked Rectus.

"Don't know," said I. "But what's the good? Who's going to be afraid of a girl,—or a whole family, for that matter. We're in for it now."

Rectus didn't say anything, but his expression saddened.

We had studied out this trip the night before, and knew just what we had to do. We first went from St. Augustine, on the sea-coast, to Tocoï, on the St. John's River, by a railroad fifteen miles long. Then we took a steamboat up the St. John's to Pilatka, and the next morning left for the Oclawaha, which runs into the St. John's about twenty-five miles above, on the other side of the river.

We found the Corny family at the station, all right, and Corny immediately informed me that she had a fishing-line, but did n't bring a pole, because her father said he could cut her one, if it was needed. He did n't know whether it was "throw-out" fishing or not, on that river.

There used to be a wooden railroad here, and the cars were pulled by mules. It was probably more fun to travel that way, but it took longer. Now they have steel rails and everything that a regular grown-up railroad has. We knew the engineer, for Mr. Cholott had introduced us to him one day, on the club-house wharf. He was a first-rate fellow, and let us ride on the engine. I did n't believe, at first, that Rectus would do this; but there was only one passenger car, and after the Corny family got into that, he did n't hesitate a minute about the engine.

We had a splendid ride. We went slashing along through the woods the whole way, and as neither of us had ever ridden on an engine before, we made the best of our time. We found out what every crank and handle was for and kept a sharp look-out ahead, through the little windows in the cab. If we had caught an alligator on the cow-catcher, the thing would have been complete. The engineer said there used to be alligators along by the road, in the swampy places, but he guessed the engine had frightened most of them away.

The trip did n't take forty minutes, so we had scarcely time to learn the whole art of engine-driving, but we were very glad to have had the ride.

We found the steamboat waiting for us at Tocoï, which is such a little place that I don't believe either of us noticed it, as we hurried aboard. The St. John's is a splendid river, as wide as a young lake; but we did not have much time to see it, as it grew dark pretty soon, and the supper-bell rang.

We reached Pilatka pretty early in the evening, and there we had to stay all night. Mr. Chipperton told me, confidentially, that he thought this whole arrangement was a scheme to make money

out of travelers. The boat we were in ought to have kept on and taken us up the Oclawaha; "but," said he, "I suppose that would n't suit the hotel-keepers. I expect they divide the profits with the boats."

By good luck, I thought, the Corny family and ourselves went to different hotels to spend the night. When I congratulated Rectus on this fact, he only said:

"It don't matter for one night. We'll catch 'em all bad enough to-morrow."

And he was right. When we went down to the wharf the next morning to find the Oclawaha boat, the first persons we saw were Mr. Chipperton, with his wife and daughter. They were standing, gazing at the steamboat which was to take us on our trip.

"Is n't this a funny boat?" said Corny, as soon as he saw us. It was a very funny boat. It was not much longer than an ordinary tug, and quite narrow, but was built up as high as a two-story house, and the wheel was in the stern. Rectus compared her to a river wheelbarrow.

Soon after we were on board, she started off, and then we had a good chance to see the St. John's. We had been down to look at the river before, for we got up very early and walked about the town. It is a pretty sort of a new place, with wide streets and some handsome houses. The people have orange groves in their gardens instead of potato-patches,—as we have up north. Before we started, we hired a rifle. We had been told that there was plenty of game on the river, and that most gentlemen who took the trip carried guns. Rectus wanted to get two rifles, but I thought one was enough. We could take turns, and I knew I'd feel safer if I had nothing to do but to keep my eye on Rectus while he had the gun.

There were not many passengers on board, and indeed there was not room for more than twenty-five or thirty. Most of them who could find places sat out on a little upper deck, in front of the main cabin, which was in the top story. Mrs. Chipperton, however, staid in the saloon, or dining-room, and looked out of the windows. She was a quiet woman, and had an air as if she had to act as shaft-horse for the team, and was pretty well used to holding back. And I reckon she had a good deal of it to do.

One party attracted our attention as soon as we went aboard. It was made up of a lady and two gentlemen-hunters. The lady was n't a hunter, but she was dressed in a suitable costume to go about with fellows who had on hunting-clothes. The men wore long yellow boots that came ever so far up their legs, and they had on all the belts and hunting fixings that the law allows. The lady wore yellow gloves to match the men's boots. As we

were going up the St. John's, the two men strode about, in an easy kind of a way, as if they wanted us to understand that this sort of thing was nothing to them. They were used to it, and could wear that style of boots every day if they wanted to. Rectus called them "the yellow-legged party," which was n't a bad name.

After steaming about twenty-five miles up the St. John's River, we went in close to the western shore, and then made a sharp turn into a narrow opening between the tall trees, and sailed right into the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STEAMBOAT IN THE FOREST.

WE were in a narrow river, where the tall trees met overhead, while their lower branches and the smaller trees brushed against the little boat as it steamed along. This was the Oclawaha River, and Rectus and I thought it was as good as fairy-land. We stood on the bow of the boat, which was n't two feet above the water, and took in everything there was to see.

The river wound around in among the great trees, so that we seldom could see more than a few hundred yards ahead, and every turn we made showed us some new picture of green trees and hanging moss and glimpses into the heart of the forest, while everything was reflected in the river, which was as quiet as a looking-glass.

"Talk of theaters!" said Rectus.

"No, don't!" said I.

At this moment we both gave a little jump, for a gun went off just behind us. We turned around quickly and saw that the tall yellow-legs had just fired at a big bird. He did n't hit it.

"Hello!" said Rectus, "we'd better get our gun. The game is beginning to show itself." And off he ran for the rifle.

I did n't know that Rectus had such a blood-thirsty style of mind; but there were a good many things about him that I did n't know. When he came back, he loaded the rifle, which was a little breech-loader, and began eagerly looking about for game.

Corny had been on the upper deck; but in a minute or two she came running out to us.

"Oh! do you know," she called out, "that there are alligators in this river? Do you think they could crawl up into the boat? We go awfully near shore sometimes. They sleep on shore. I do hope I'll see one soon."

"Well, keep a sharp lookout, and perhaps you may," said I.

She sat down on a box near the edge of the deck and peered into the water and along the shore as

if she had been sent there to watch for breakers ahead. Every now and then she screamed out:

"There's one! There! There! There!"

But it was generally a log, or a reflection, or something else that was not an alligator.

Of course we were very near both shores at all times, for the river is so narrow that a small boy could throw a ball over it; but occasionally the deeper part of the channel flowed so near one shore that we ran right up close to the trees, and the branches flapped up against the people on the little forward deck, making the ladies, especially the lady belonging to the yellow-legged party, crouch and scream as if some wood-demon had stuck a hand into the boat and made a grab for their bonnets.

This commotion every now and then, and the almost continual reports from the guns on board, and Corny's screams when she thought she saw an alligator, made the scene quite lively.

Rectus and I took a turn every half-hour at the rifle. It was really a great deal more agreeable to look out at the beautiful pictures that came up before us every few minutes; but as we had the gun, we couldn't help keeping up a watch for game, besides.

"There!" I whispered to Rectus; "see that big bird! on that limb! Take a crack at him!"

It was a water-turkey, and he sat placidly on a limb close to the water's edge, and about a boat's length ahead of us.

Rectus took a good aim. He slowly turned as the boat approached the bird, keeping his aim upon him, and then he fired.

The water-turkey stuck out his long, snake-like neck and said:

"Quee! Quee! Quee!"

And then he ran along the limb quite gayly.

"Bang! Bang!" went the guns of the yellow-legs, and the turkey actually stopped and looked back. Then he said:

"Quee! Quee!" again, and ran in among the thick leaves.

I believe I could have hit him with a stone.

"It don't seem to be any use," said Mr. Chip-perton, who was standing behind us, "to fire at the birds along this river. They know just what to do. I'm almost sure I saw that bird wink. It would n't surprise me if the fellows that own the rifles are in conspiracy with these birds. They let out rifles that won't hit, and the birds know it, and sit there and laugh at the passengers. Why, I tell you, sir, if the people who travel up and down this river were all regular shooters, there would n't be a bird left in six months."

At this moment Corny saw an alligator,—a real one. It was lying on a log, near shore, and just ahead of the boat. She set up such a yell that it made every one of us jump, and her mother came

rushing out of the saloon to see if she was dead. The alligator, which was a good-sized fellow, was so scared that he just slid off his log without taking time to get decently awake, and before any one but Rectus and myself had a chance to see it. The ladies were very much annoyed at this, and urged Corny to scream softly the next time she saw one. Alligators were pretty scarce this trip for some reason or other. For one thing, the weather was not very warm, and they don't care to come out in the open air unless they can give their cold bodies a good warming up.

Corny now went up on the upper deck, because she thought that she might see alligators farther ahead if she got up higher. In five minutes, she had her hat taken off by a branch of a tree, which swept upon her, as she was leaning over the rail. She called to the pilot to stop the boat and go back for her hat, but the captain, who was up in the pilot-house, stuck out his head and said he reckoned she'd have to wait until they came back. The hat would hang there for a day or two. Corny made no answer to this, but disappeared into the saloon.

In a little while, she came out on the lower deck, wearing a seal-skin hat. She brought a stool with her, and put it near the bow of the boat, a little in front and on one side of the box on which Rectus and I were sitting. Then she sat quietly down and gazed out ahead. The seal-skin cap was rather too warm for the day, perhaps, but she looked very pretty in it.

Directly, she looked around at us.

"Where do you shoot alligators?" said she.

"Anywhere, where you may happen to see them," said I, laughing. "On the land, in the water, or wherever they may be."

"I mean in what part of their bodies?" said she.

"Oh! in the eye," I answered.

"Either eye?" she asked.

"Yes; it don't matter which. But how are you going to hit them?"

"I've got a revolver," said she.

And she turned around like the turret of an iron-clad, until the muzzle of a big seven-shooter pointed right at us.

"My conscience!" I exclaimed, "where did you get that? Don't point it this way!"

"Oh! it's father's. He let me have it. I am going to shoot the first alligator I see. You need n't be afraid of my screaming this time," and she revolved back to her former position.

"One good thing," said Rectus to me in a low voice, "her pistol is n't cocked."

I had noticed this, and I hoped also that it was n't loaded.

"Which eye do you shut?" said Corny, turning suddenly upon us.

"Both!" said Rectus.

She did not answer, but looked at me, and I told her to shut her left eye, but to be very particular not to turn around again without lowering her pistol.

She resumed her former position, and we breathed a little easier, although I thought that it might be well for us to go to some other part of the boat until she had finished her sport.

I was about to suggest this to Rectus, when sud-

hammer and lets it down,—the most unsafe things that any one can carry.

"Too bad!" she exclaimed. "I believe it was only a log! But wont you please load it up again for me? Here are some cartridges."

"Corny!" said I, "how would you like to have our rifle? It will be better than a pistol for you."

She agreed, instantly, to this exchange, and I showed her how to hold and manage the gun. I



"BANG! BANG! BANG! ——— SEVEN TIMES."

denly Corny sprang to her feet, and began blazing away at something ahead. Bang! bang! bang! she went, seven times.

"Why, she did n't stop once to cock it!" cried Rectus, and I was amazed to see how she had fired so rapidly. But as soon as I had counted seven, I stepped up to her and took her pistol. She explained to me how it worked. It was one of those pistols in which the same pull of the trigger jerks up the

did n't think it was a very good thing for a girl to have, but it was a great deal safer than the pistol for the people on board. The latter I put in my pocket.

Corny made one shot, but did no execution. The other gunners on board had been firing away, for some time, at two little birds that kept ahead of us, skinning along over the water, just out of reach of the shot that was sent scattering after them.

"I think it's a shame," said Corny, "to shoot such little birds as that. They can't eat 'em."

"No," said I; "and they can't hit 'em either, which is a great deal better."

But very soon after this, the shorter yellow-legged man did hit a bird. It was a water-turkey, that had been sitting on a tree, just as we turned a corner. The big bird spread out its wings, made a doleful flutter, and fell into the underbrush by the shore.

"Wont they stop to get him?" asked Corny, with her eyes open as wide as they would go.

One of the hands was standing by, and he laughed.

"Stop the boat when a man shoots a bird? I reckon not. And there is n't anybody that would go into all that underbrush and water only for a bird like that, anyway."

"Well, I think it's murder," cried Corny. "I thought they ate 'em. Here! Take your gun. I'm much obliged; but I don't want to kill things just to see them fall down and die."

I took the gun very willingly,—although I did not think that Corny would injure any birds with it,—but I asked her what she thought about alligators. She certainly had not supposed that they were killed for food.

"Alligators are wild beasts," she said. "Give me my pistol. I am going to take it back to father."

And away she went. Rectus and I did not keep up our rifle practice much longer. We could n't hit anything, and the thought that if we should wound or kill a bird, it would be of no earthly good to us or anybody else, made us follow Corny's example, and we put away our gun. But the other gunners did not stop. As long as daylight lasted a ceaseless banging was kept up.

We were sitting on the forward deck looking out at the beautiful scenes through which we were passing, and occasionally turning back to see that none of the gunners posted themselves where they might make our positions uncomfortable, when Corny came back to us.

"Can either of you speak French?" she asked.

Rectus could n't; but I told her that I understood the language tolerably well, and asked her why she wished to know.

"It's just this," she said. "You see those two men with yellow boots and the lady with them? She's one of their wives."

"How many wives have they got?" interrupted Rectus, speaking to Corny almost for the first time.

"I mean she is the wife of one of them, of course," she answered, a little sharply, and then

she turned herself somewhat more toward me. "And the whole set try to make out they're French, for they talk it nearly all the time. But they're not French, for I heard them talk a good deal better English than they can talk French; and every time a branch nearly hits her, that lady sings out in regular English. And, besides, I know that their French is n't French French, because I can understand a great deal of it, and if it was, I could n't do it. I can talk French a good deal better than I can understand it, anyway. The French people jumble everything up so, that I can't make head or tail of it. Father says he don't wonder they have had so many revolutions when they can't speak their own language more distinctly. He tried to learn it, but did n't keep it up long, and so I took lessons. For when we go to France, one of us ought to know how to talk, or we shall be cheated dreadfully. Well, you see over on the little deck, up there, is that gentleman with his wife and a young lady, and they're all traveling together, and these make-believe French people have been jabbering about them ever so long, thinking that nobody else on board understands French. But I listened to them. I could n't make out all they said, but I could tell that they were saying all sorts of things about those other people, and trying to settle which lady the gentleman was married to, and they made a big mistake, too, for they said the small lady was the one."

"How do you know they were wrong?" I said.

"Why, I went to the gentleman and asked him. I guess he ought to know. And now, if you'll come up there, I'd just like to show those people that they can't talk out loud about the other passengers, and have nobody know what they're saying."

"You want to go there and talk French, so as to show them that you understand it?" said I.

"Yes," answered Corny; "that's just it."

"All right; come along," said I. "They may be glad to find out that you know what they're talking about."

And so we all went to the upper deck, Rectus as willing as anybody to see the fun.

Corny seated herself on a little stool near the yellow-legged party, the men of which had put down their guns for a time. Rectus and I sat on the forward railing near her. Directly she cleared her throat, and then, after looking about her on each side, said to me, in very distinct tones:

"*Voy-ezz vous cett hommy ett ses ducks femmys seelah?*" *

I came near roaring out laughing, but I managed to keep my face straight, and said: "*Oui.*"

"Well, then,—I mean *Bean donk lah peetit*

* "*Voyez-vous cet homme et ces deux femmes celà?*"—Do you see that man and those two women there?

*femmy nest pah lah femmy due hommy. Lah oter femmy este sah femmy."**

At this, there was no holding in any longer. I burst out laughing, so that I came near falling off the railing; Rectus laughed because I did; the gentleman with the wife and the young lady laughed madly, and Mr. Chipperton, who came out of the saloon on hearing the uproar, laughed quite cheerfully, and asked what it was all about. But Corny did n't laugh. She turned around short to see what effect her speech had had on the yellow-legged party. It had a good deal of effect. They

she knew. Her mother held her back a good deal, no doubt; but her father seemed more like a boy-companion than any thing else, and if Corny had n't been a very smart girl, she would have been a pretty bad kind of a girl by this time. But she was n't anything of the sort, although she did do and say everything that came into her head to say or do. Rectus did not agree with me about Corny. He did n't like her.

When it grew dark, I thought we should stop somewhere for the night, for it was hard enough for the boat to twist and squeeze herself along the



"VOY-EZZ VOWS CETT HOMMY ETT SES DUCKS FEMMYS SEELAH?"

reddened and looked at us. Then they drew their chairs closer together and turned their backs to us. What they thought, we never knew; but Corny declared to me afterward that they talked no more French,—at least when she was about.

The gentleman who had been the subject of Corny's French discourse called her over to him, and the four had a gay talk together. I heard Corny tell them that she never could pronounce French in the French way. She pronounced it just as it was spelt, and her father said that ought to be the rule with every language. She had never had a regular teacher; but if people laughed so much at the way she talked, perhaps her father ought to get her one.

I liked Corny better the more I knew of her. It was easy to see that she had taught herself all that

river in broad daylight. She bumped against big trees that stood on the edge of the stream, and swashed through bushes that stuck out too far from the banks; but she was built for bumping and scratching, and did n't mind it. Sometimes, she would turn around a corner, and make a short cut through a whole plantation of lily-pads and spatter-docks,—or things like them,—and she would scrape over a sunken log as easily as a wagon-wheel rolls over a stone. She drew only two feet of water, and was flat-bottomed. When she made a very short turn, the men had to push her stern around with poles. Indeed, there was a man with a pole at the bow a good deal of the time, and sometimes he had more pushing off to do than he could manage by himself.

When Mr. Chipperton saw what tight places we

* "*Bien donc, la petite femme n'est pas la femme du homme. La autre femme est sa femme.*"—Well then, the little woman is not the wife of the man. The other woman is his wife. [Of course, the French in this, and the preceding, foot-note is Corny's.—THE AUTHOR.]

had to squeeze through, he admitted that it was quite proper not to try to bring the big steamboats up here.

But the boat did n't stop. She kept right on. She had to go a hundred and forty miles up that narrow river, and if she made the whole trip from Pilatka and back in two days, she had no time to lose. So, when it was dark, a big iron box was set up on top of the pilot-house, and a fire was built in it of pine-knots and bits of fat pine. This blazed finely, and lighted up the river and the trees on each side, and sometimes threw out such a light that we could see quite a distance ahead. Everybody came out to see the wonderful sight. It was more like fairy-land than ever. When the fire died down a little, the distant scenery seemed to fade away and become indistinct and shadowy, and the great trees stood up like their own ghosts all around us; and then, when fresh knots were thrown in, the fire would blaze up, and the whole scene would be lighted up again, and every tree and bush, and almost every leaf, along the water's edge would be tipped with light, while everything was reflected in the smooth, glittering water.

Rectus and I could hardly go in to supper, and we got through the meal in short order. We staid out on deck until after eleven o'clock, and Corny staid with us a good part of the time. At last, her father came down after her, for they were all going to bed.

"This is a grand sight," said Mr. Chipperton. "I never saw anything to equal it in any transformation scene at a theater. Some of our theater-people ought to come down here and study it up, so as to get up something of the kind for exhibition in the cities."

Just before we went into bed, our steam-whistle began to sound, and away off in the depths of the forest we could hear every now and then another whistle. The captain told us that there was a boat coming down the river, and that she would soon pass us. The river did not look wide enough for two boats; but when the other whistle sounded as if it were quite near, we ran our boat close into shore among the spatterdocks in a little cove, and waited there, leaving the channel for the other boat.

Directly, it came around a curve just ahead of us,

and truly it was a splendid sight. The lower part of the boat was all lighted up, and the fire was blazing away grandly in its iron box, high up in the air.

To see such a glowing, sparkling apparition as this come sailing out of the depths of the dark forest, was grand! Rectus said he felt like bursting into poetry; but he did n't. He was n't much on rhymes. He had opportunity enough, though, to get up a pretty good sized poem, for we were kept awake a long time after we went to bed by the boughs of the trees on shore scratching and tapping against the outside of our state-room.

When we went out on deck next morning the first person we saw was Corny holding on to the flag-staff at the bow and looking over the edge of the deck into the water.

"What are you looking at?" said I, as we went up to her.

"See there!" she cried. "See that turtle! And those two fishes! Look! look!"

We did n't need to be told twice to look. The water was just as clear as crystal, and you could see the bottom everywhere, even in the deepest places, with the great rocks covered with some glittering green substance that looked like emerald slabs, and the fish and turtles swimming about as if they thought there was no one looking at them.

I could n't understand how the water had become so clear; but I was told that we had left the river proper and were now in a stream that flowed from Silver Spring, which was the end of our voyage into the cypress woods. The water in the spring and in this stream was almost transparent,—very different from the regular water of the river.

About ten o'clock, we reached Silver Spring, which is like a little lake, with some houses on the bank. We made fast at a wharf, and, as we were to stop here some hours, everybody got ready to go ashore.

Corny was the first one ready. Her mother thought she ought not to go, but her father said there was no harm in it.

"If she does," said Mrs. Chipperton, "she'll get herself into some sort of a predicament before she comes back."

I found that in such a case as this Mrs. Chipperton was generally right.

(To be continued.)

LA CHANSON DE L'HIVER: WINTER SONG.

BY MARIANA B. SLADE.

No more the birds, *les oiseaux*, sing:
 The trees, *les arbres*, their leaves have lost;
 See snow, *la neige*, o'er every thing,
 And feel *la gelée*, or the frost.
L'Hiver, the Winter, now has come,
 Bringing us *Noël*, Christmas day.
Les ruisseaux, brooks, with ice are dumb,
 And in the snow *les enfants* play.

Décembre, December, *Janvier*,
 Or January, these are two
 Of Winter's months, then *Février*,
 The short month, and our Winter's through.
 So let the leaves, *les feuilles*, fly;
 Southward, *au Sud*, the birdlings go;
 They'll back again come, by and by,
 When Spring, *le Printemps*, melts the snow.

POLLY HERSEY'S PET.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

It was Polly's,—whatever anybody may say,—for she baited the trap and set it, and caught the little fellow, and fed him afterward, and named him John Henry.

He was a young rat, not much bigger than—well, not much bigger than a goose's egg, which everybody knows the size of, of course. He was soft and silky, delicate shades of slate color losing themselves in the tenderest shades of gray, and a tail about the size of a bran, span, new slate-pencil,—and such ears! They looked like little brown shells, in which was the daintiest shade of pink, and they were so thin that Polly could see the light shining through them. As for John Henry's eyes, they were no better looking than two jet black—no, black jet beads, and they twinkled, and twinkled, and twinkled. Such hands as John Henry had! Delicate little fingers, about as big around as fine zephyr needles, and about as long as Polly's eyelashes.

I have drawn John Henry's portrait carefully, because he was for some time quite an important member of our family, and Polly's chief pet. He was a baby rat when she caught him in the cage-like trap, but he grew wonderfully, and became very tame. He must have been in the trap for some time when Polly discovered him, for he was nearly starved; his hunger made him lose all fear and take food directly from Polly's hand, and Polly fed him with all sorts of nice things,—bits of cake, pieces of meat, scraps of cheese, and finally topped off the fine meal with a thimble-full of milk,

which he drank so greedily that we could see him "swelling wisely before our very eyes."

And from that day—when sitting up on his hind-legs and washing his dainty little hands with his pink little tongue, he looked into Polly's face and saw the goodness there—he and she became fast friends. Polly was n't afraid of him,—not a bit. She would put her hands into the trap and stroke his ratship's back, and even tickle his ears with his tail, without remonstrance. John Henry grew tamer and tamer. He would run and find Polly in any part of the house if she called him, and he would search Polly's pockets for sweetmeats, and sometimes he would crawl into the depths of her cloak pockets, nestle down there among the gloves and the handkerchief, and take a nap. You see Polly's cloak hung just over the hall register, and was always warm and comfortable.

One Sunday morning, just as Polly was starting for Sunday-school in all the glory of her new seal-skin cloak, it began to rain, and as a wetting is rather bad for fur, Aunt Elinor was forced to insist on Polly's changing her new cloak for her old one.

"The idea," said Polly, "of anybody wearing an every-day cloak to Sunday-school! Nobody ever heard of such a thing. I shall be ashamed all the time."

But Aunt Nell insisted, and so Polly made the best of it, and off she went, brushing a great tear-drop from her eye as she shut the door.

It was late when Polly reached the Sunday-

school, and the services had begun. They were just singing. Polly took her place in her class as quickly as she could, and got settled just in time for the Superintendent's prayer. The school was very quiet; it was a very good school, and you might have heard a pin drop while Mr. ——— was praying. Polly had bowed her head with the rest, and was trying to understand every word of the prayer, when the little girl next to her shrieked, and then another little girl shrieked, and then all the little girls of Polly's class jumped up on the

they were after, and what it all was about; and she opened her eyes very wide at such a confusion in Sunday-school. She had just made up her mind that it must be a rat, when he jumped right out from behind the book-case. Polly saw him, and gave a little cry.

"My, my," she said, "it is John Henry!"

And sure enough it was, and Polly caught him easily enough, poor little fellow, all bruised and bleeding, and frightened almost to death. And Polly rolled him up in her pocket handkerchief,



"SUCH CONFUSION IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL!"

benches, and then the teacher screamed, and then the boys in the next class began to say: "There he goes. Here he is—under this bench. No, he aint; he's out in the aisle,"—all speaking right out in Sunday-school, and flinging Sunday-school books and hats and anything else they could lay hands on, at something on the floor. They made such a rumpus that nobody knew when the Superintendent said "Amen;" but presently he was among them with a cane, jabbing it under settees and under the book-cases, and anywhere else that he could jab it under. Then the sexton came with a poker, and he and the Superintendent rattled and banged away like everything.

Polly was bewildered,—she did n't know what

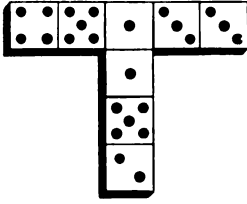
and walked out of school, with a sense of personal injury on her face such as I never saw before.

"The idea," she said, "of being afraid of John Henry!"

And poor John Henry was sick for a long time afterward. He never wanted to go to Sunday-school again, you may be sure. And you may be equally sure that the Superintendent did n't want him there. Polly bandaged him, and bathed his bruised nose, and fed him on spoon-food for some days, and to the delight of her dear little heart, John Henry recovered. He is now a very dignified and gray old rat, and Polly says he winks knowingly, as much as to say "Rather not," whenever he hears Sunday-school mentioned.

NEW DOMINO GAMES.

BY ARLO BATES.



THE game of dominos has never had very great popularity in America, and, indeed, has not received the attention that it deserves. Less laborious

than chess, and less exciting than cards, it still has a very pleasant mingling of the skill and chance of both. In Prussia, grave old gentlemen will sit for hours over a game of dominos, playing each piece with as much deliberation as if they were handling chess-men.

Happening to be boarding, through a long convalescence, with some friends who had somewhere learned the game of "Bid," we invented two others, and all three of the games we played are described below. All are founded upon the principles of different games at cards, and vary considerably from the old "Muggins," "Bergen Game," etc.

"BID."

This game may be played by not less than two or more than five persons. The dominos are reckoned in suits from the doublet downward. Thus, in the suit of sixes, the double-six is the highest, the six-five next, the six-four, six-three, etc., to the six-blank. In fives, the double-five, five-six, five-four, etc. In blanks the double-blank, blank-six, blank-five, etc. Observe that all the pieces excepting the doublets count in two suits.

The game is thirty-two,—one being counted for each trick taken when a bid is successful,—and five tricks make a hand.

The dominos having been properly shuffled, five are dealt to each player. The one at the dealer's left then "bids" for tricks. That is, out of the five tricks which make the hand he offers to take a certain number. If he bids for less than five, the player on his left has the privilege of overbidding him. Whoever bids for the highest number of tricks chooses the trumps, and leads. All dominos excepting trumps call suit to the end having most spots, all trumps being played and called in the suit of trumps instead of their own. A player is obliged to follow suit when he has it. Doublets, being the highest in their respective suits, if led, can only be taken by trumps. If played, however, they do not take a trick, unless in suit to the larger end of the piece led. Trumps and dominos led are taken by a piece higher in their respective suits.

The person making trumps must take all the

tricks for which he bids, and can count no more; if he fails to take them, his score is to be set back as much as he has bid; except when the game is between two persons only, in which case the number bidden for by the loser should be added to the score of his opponent. Thus, if a player bids for four tricks, he can count but four although he take all the hand. If he fail to take four, his score is diminished by that number; or, if two play, his adversary's is increased by four.

The policy of the game is only to be learned by experience, but a few suggestions to beginners may not be amiss. In deciding how many tricks to bid for, it is usually safe to count all the dominos in the same suit (that suit to be made trumps), and the doublets held. Care must, however, be taken not to depend too much on trumps which are low in their suits; though the smaller the number of players, the greater the risks one may run. It is an advantage to have the lead, so that it is usually best in bidding for any less than five, while playing trumps or doublets first, to retain a trump with which to recover the lead, if lost.

As illustration, suppose two persons, A and B, to be playing. A deals, and in his own hand finds the six-four, five-one, six-blank, five-blank and double-blank. B has the six-five, four-two, three-one, three-blank and double-two. It is B's first "bid," and he says, "I will bid for three tricks."

"I will bid for four," A replies, "and I make blanks trumps."

He then plays the double-blank. B follows with the three-blank, as he must match a trump with a trump if possible. A leads the six-blank, and B, having no trump, puts down his lowest piece, the three-one. A plays the six-four, to which B must give his six-five as "suit" to the larger end. This wins the trick for B who leads double-two, his best domino. Fortunately for A he has no two, and so is at liberty to take the doublet with his trump, five-blank. He then lays down his five-one, which B cannot take as he has no suit. Thus A wins his four tricks and scores four points. If B had not been over-bid he would have named twos as trumps, playing double-two, six-five and four-two in succession.

"DRAW BID"

differs from the plain game only in allowing bids to run above the five tricks which make the original hand. A player may bid for as many tricks as he chooses, his only limit being that there must be

dominos dealt to each player to equal the bid. Thus, when two play, the bids cannot run above fourteen; when four play, not above seven. The bids above five must be made blindly—that is, before the extra dominos for that bid are dealt. Thus, holding five in hand, a player bids seven, and then two dominos are dealt to each player. If then another player bids eight, another piece is dealt to each, and so on.

“WESTPHALIAN GAME.”

Played by two or three players. The suits count as before, except that the double-blank is always the highest trump, no matter what suit is turned for trumps. The doublet next below the doublet of trumps is third in the game, but is called and played in its own suit. After this, dominos of the suit of trumps come in order. Thus, if fives are trumps, the double-blank is highest, then double-five, double-four, five-six, five-four, etc. If ones are trumps, double-blank, double-one, double-six, one-six, one-five, etc.

The counts are as follows, the game being thirty-two: The first trick played counts one; the last two tricks count one each; one is scored for any three tricks taken without the introduction of a trump. [There is one exception to this,—if the doublet below trumps which is the third in the game takes a trick *by its power as third in the game*, the trick is not to be counted as one of the three by suit.] At the end of a hand, the excess of doublets held by any player is added to his score.

Five dominos are dealt as in “Bid,” the dealer ending by turning up a domino, the larger end of which indicates the suit of trumps. If the double-blank is turned, sixes are trumps. The player on the left of the dealer has the liberty of rejecting any one of his own dominos, and taking the turned trump in its stead. If he passes, the next player has the same right. If it comes to the dealer and he passes also, he must turn it down, and turn a fresh trump, which, however, must not be in the suit rejected. The choice of discarding for the new trump belongs as before to the player at the dealer's left; and the person taking up the trump has the lead. As fast as a player plays a piece, he draws one from the pool, keeping five constantly in hand until all the dominos are distributed.

As in “Bid,” suit must be followed. The main points are to secure as many doublets as possible, securing the first and last two points, and while, if possible, getting “three by suit” yourself, to prevent this in your opponent. Use small trumps if you can in taking doublets and third tricks.

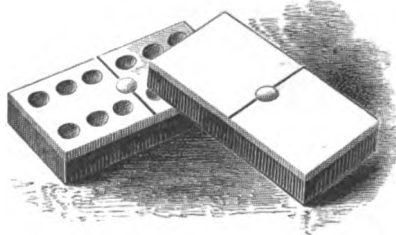
“ST. GEORGE'S GAME.”

This game, which is somewhat more complicated than the two former, is played by two or four persons. The blank-one, the blank-two, the blank-four, and the double-one, are not used in the game. The one-two, blank-three, and double-blank, are all counted in the suit of trumps, whatever it happens to be. The double-three is always highest in the game, but is played and called in its own suit; it will, however, take either the double-blank or doublet of trumps if played to them. The order of value is double-three, double-blank, doublet of trumps, the suit of trumps in order, the blank-three, the one-two.

Five are dealt and pieces drawn as in “Westphalian.” The dealer turns the trump, which must be taken by the player on his left, who rejects one piece of his own. The double-blank or a double-three turned makes sixes trumps.

A “hand” is all the play between one deal and the next. The tricks of each hand are divided into sets of three each. A “set” consists of three tricks in succession, beginning with the first, fourth, seventh, etc. Thus the first set would be the first, second and third tricks; the next, the fourth, fifth and sixth. With two players, a hand will consist of four sets; with four of but two. Each set scores one. If the side that takes the first trick of a set takes also the two remaining tricks, it scores one. If it fails to take the whole set, one point is scored for the other side. The double-three, the double-blank, and the doublet of trumps, score one each for the side holding them at the end of a hand. It follows that, with two players, seven points will be scored for every hand, and with four players five points.

The main objects in the game are to force the first point of each set upon your opponent, and afterward secure the second or third. If a player is forced to take the first of a set, he must use every endeavor to secure the two others. The game is twenty-seven.



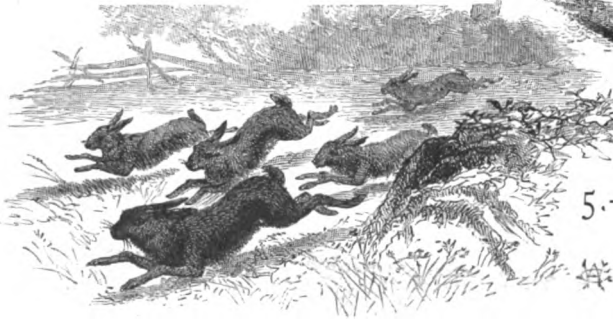
COUNTERS.

BY AUNT SUE.

1.—ONE



little lady, very nicely dressed.

2.—Two little dickey-birds,
perched upon a nest.3.—THREE little chickies,
feeding from a plate.4.—FOUR little children,
swinging on a gate.5.—FIVE little rabbits,
frightened by a gun.

6.—SIX little piggies, running
like fun.

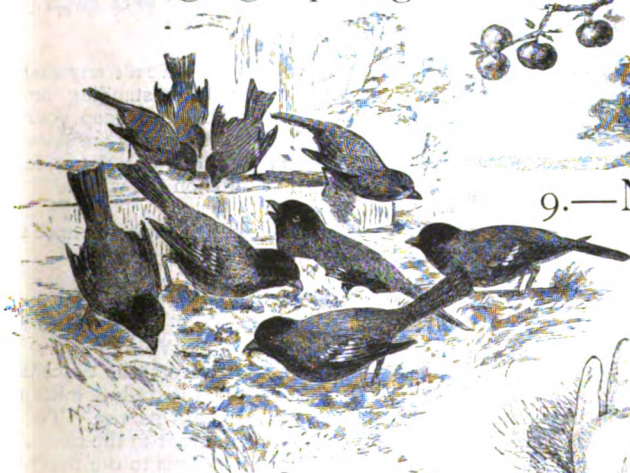


7.—SEVEN pretty swal-
lows, crossing the sky.

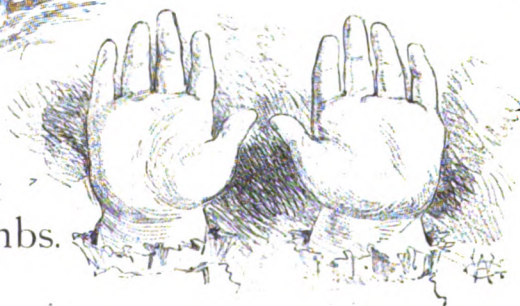
8.—EIGHT nice apples,
hanging up high.



9.—NINE little sparrows,
picking up crumbs.



10.—TEN little fingers, but
two of them are thumbs.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SOMEHOW, your Jack never says to himself as the months come around: "What *shall* I talk to my youngsters about, this time?" No, indeed. It's always "What can I bear to withhold of all that I wish to tell them?" And the ST. NICHOLAS echo invariably answers:

"Confine yourself to two pages, by the clock!"

Think of that, now, for a pulpit speaker! Two pages, indeed! Why, it does n't even give you time to fall asleep!

Did you have a merry Christmas, my holiday-keepers? Were your stockings full, your trees loaded?

Oho! Talking of "loaded" reminds me to pass over to you something from

SILAS GREEN, ON PISTOLS.

DEACON GREEN has sent me a few remarks about boys who carry loaded pistols,—none of my boys, of course.

Here are some of them,—the remarks, not the boys,—and I'll leave all sensible fellows to draw their own conclusions therefrom.

"I never could understand," the Deacon says, "why a boy should carry a pistol. A pistol is a very peculiar fire-arm; it is made for a very peculiar purpose. It is quite natural for some boys to want rifles or shot-guns, with which they may kill game; but a pistol is intended to kill human beings, and this is about all it is good for. There are very few boys in this country who could shoot a bird or a rabbit with a pistol, and any one who should go out hunting with a pistol would be laughed at. This being the case, why should a boy want a pistol? What human beings would he like to kill?"

"It is useless to say that he may need his pistol for purposes of defense. Not one boy in a thousand is ever placed in such a position that he need defend himself with a pistol. But it often has happened that boys who carried loaded pistols thought that

it would be a manly thing, under certain circumstances, to use them, and yet, when the time came and they killed somebody, they only brought down misery on themselves and their families. And this, too, in many a case where, if no one present had had a pistol, the affair would have passed off harmlessly, and been soon forgotten.

"But the way in which boys generally take human life with pistols is some accidental way. They do not kill highwaymen and robbers, but they kill their school-mates, or their brothers, or their sisters, or, in many cases, themselves. There is no school where boys are taught to properly handle and carry loaded pistols, so they usually have to learn these things by long practice. And, while they are learning, it is very likely that some one will be shot. I saw in a newspaper, not long ago, accounts of three fatal accidents, all of which happened on the same day, from careless use of fire-arms. And one of these dreadful mishaps was occasioned by a lad who carried a loaded pistol in his overcoat pocket, and who carelessly threw down the coat.

"And then, again, a boy ought to be ashamed to carry a pistol, especially a loaded one. The possession of such a thing is a proof that he expects to go among vicious people. If he goes into good society, and has honest, manly fellows for his companions, he will not need a pistol. A loaded pistol in a boy's pocket is not only useless and dangerous, but also it almost always stamps him as a bad boy, or one who wishes to associate with bad boys and vicious men."

A HINT CONCERNING OLD SKATES.

BOYS! which of you has a pair of old skates lying around, besides the new ones given to you this last Christmas?

Lots of you, of course.

But, may be, some of you have n't any skates at all. Poor fellows! you'll be standing around, shivering, or stamping about to keep your toes warm, all the time the other fellows are skimming and cutting over the ice on their new skates, feeling as happy and warm as birds on the wing!

And the old skates?

Well, it does n't seem just right to have them lying idle at home, does it?

ECCENTRIC RIVERS.

A FRIEND, named Sarah Kellogg, writes me a curious thing about two of our Western rivers. On Wisconsin's northern line, a river—the Wisconsin—starts on its long journey. Hundreds of miles away to the south-east, the Fox has its rise. The one sweeps with broad direct current to the south; the other, deep and narrow, hastens to the north-west with seeming intent of emptying itself to swell the Wisconsin's flood. Through hundreds of miles they draw toward each other till an eye on the site of old Fort Winnebago could see between them scarce earth enough, as it were, for a wagon track. At the real divide of three miles, the streams, as in petulance, or sudden change of plan, turn from each other, one to the south-west to give its stained and bitter flood to the tropic Gulf, the

other to pour its sweet and limpid waters through the great linked lakes, the terrific cataract, and the thousand-isled river, into the Atlantic. Perhaps in the coral groves about the feet of the wading Flower State,—Florida,—the waters, so nearly united, so widely parted, may finally mingle.

At high water, the divide between the rivers is overflowed, and a wisp of straw thrown where the two currents meet is parted, one portion to be floated to the northern sea, the other to the southern.

GABRIELLE'S VALENTINE.

SOMEBODY, with the romantic name of "Gabrielle," sends this beautiful little picture to your Jack,



"SO APPROPRIATE FOR VALENTINE'S DAY!"

and says: "Be sure to show it to the children in the February ST. NICHOLAS, as it is so appropriate for Valentine's Day!"

Now, why is it appropriate, I should like to know? and who ever heard of a boy with wings,—that is, on this earth? And, if it is suited to February, why is he dressed so coolly, or not dressed at all? And why are the flowers growing around him in that ridiculous way for the season? And what is he shooting? And if he hits, what is he going to do about it? And, if he does n't hit, what is the use of his shooting at all?

Your Jack does n't know what in the world to do with this picture; but perhaps some of you smart young folk will understand it.

If it were only a bird, now, or a kind of butterfly, there would be no trouble; but then, birds and

butterflies don't go around shooting among the flowers in February.

THE "UNFATHOMABLE" LAKE.

DEAR JACK: I think when I have told you what our young "Columbus" did, you will think he was persevering as well as brave. Six miles from our home in South Wales, high up on the mountains, was a dark, gloomy-looking lake, about two miles around. It was called Lake "Van Hit" from the mountain that overshadows it, and the people living near believed that it had no bottom.

"Why, it had been sounded with miles and miles of line without finding any bottom!" said these country-folk.

But our Columbus did n't believe everything the Welshmen told him, even if they did add, "Indeed, indeed, it is true." So he made up his mind to build a boat and carefully try the depth of the lake in every part.

This was easier said than done. The nearest point at which a boat or boat-builder could be found was twenty-two miles off! But

connected with our out-buildings were a carpenter's shop, blacksmith's forge, etc., and there was plenty of lumber lying about. So our young explorer began, and, single-handed, built a trim, sea-worthy boat, large enough to carry twelve men, fitting her with anchor, chain and all. But she had to be carried on the shoulders of men six miles to the lake! Then she was launched, and all but one of the men got in, with at least an assumed confidence in their Columbus. Rowing along and across the lake in every direction, the greatest depth was found to be forty-nine feet, with a bottom of soft brown mud! Feeling pretty safe now, the crew gave vent to their feelings in song and the drinking of much Welsh ale, so that a jollier set of adventurers surely never was afloat!

Their work accomplished, the crew—knowing that the superstitious mountaineers would not allow the boat to remain afloat—loaded her with stones and sank her in the deepest part of the lake. But the natives, not long afterward, built out a jetty and fished her up. Then they knocked her into splinters, but dared not carry them away; "For," said they, "Mother Shipton foretold that there would be a ship on Proll Van Hit, and then the world would come to an end!" So these brave natives thought, I suppose, that by destroying the "ship," which had fulfilled the first part of the prophecy, they could put off the evil day a while longer. Anyhow, I guess the boat our brave Columbus built was the first that ever floated on the "unfathomable" lake. B. P.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR magazine for November, page 28, contained a picture—"The Young Hunter"—to which, in the "Letter-Box" of the same issue, we invited our young readers to write stories, promising to print the picture again in our "Young Contributors' Department" with the best one of all the stories that should be sent in. The length of the story was limited to five hundred words.

Very many contributions came, to our gratification, some good, some poor, but all showing interest and painstaking, though a few were too inappropriate to the picture to enter into competition. Finally, after taking the ages of the writers and all other points into consideration, the examining committee united in giving the place of first merit to the story printed below. It was, however, very difficult to decide, for many of the contributions were very nearly equal to F. E. T's, especially one from M. A. L., a little girl of Southampton, England, and another from E. P. D., a Buffalo boy only nine years of age. Therefore, thanking all of the children for their efforts, and for the many delightful notes that accompanied the MSS., we print a list of all the boys and girls who sent in stories deserving mention:

THE YOUNG HUNTER.



"BURYING HIS NOSE IN THE GROUND NEAR AN OLD STUMP."

KARL lived in the far West near the mountains. One November day, he sat by the fire, watching his grandmother mix the bread, when a rap came at the door of the little cabin.

"Those tramps!" said the old lady. "Karl, you go."

Karl obeyed; and, as he opened the door, started back much surprised, for there stood the tall figure of an old Indian.

He wore a dark leathern jacket, with trousers to the knees, ornamented with beads and feathers; moccasins on his feet and rings in his ears. Although his arms were filled with bows and arrows, he had not come for war, for he held one out, saying pleasantly,

"Wantee shoot? Wantee buy?"

"Oh, Grandmother," said Karl, "look at these!"

"But you have no money, Karl," said the grandmother.—"How much are they?"

Karl's face fell as the Indian answered:

"One dolla, bow and arrow."

"I have no money," said Karl.

"Is there nothing else you would take for one?" asked the old lady.

The Indian replied: "Me hungry, me want dinnee."

The old Indian went in and sat down by the log fire and warmed himself, while the grandmother placed upon the table some bread, milk and venison. When he had finished, he gave Karl a fine bow of ash, and three arrows, and then left.

Karl's eyes sparkled as he asked his grandmother to let him go out to shoot.

"I'll bring home a deer," said he.

He then left the house, and called to his dog Snyder.

He shot at several birds, but they all escaped him; and it became evident that it would take a great deal of practice for him to become a skillful archer. He was tired of shooting with such poor success, and so decided to go home, when he heard Snyder barking loudly.

On turning, he saw him burying his nose in the ground near an old stump. He ran hastily to it, looking eagerly to see what the dog was

barking at. It was a poor little bird which had not flown south early enough, and seemed frozen. He took it up and carried it carefully home, wrapped it in cotton and put it beside the fire, to see if it would revive. He then sat down to watch it, but soon, getting tired, he fell asleep.

He had not slept long when he heard a chirp, and looking up he saw the bird hopping about the floor. Karl spent the rest of the afternoon in keeping Snyder away from the bird, for the dog was very anxious for it.

That night, Karl told his father the whole story, and he was very much pleased. Karl then took the bird and opened a window so that it might be free again. It flew out in the moonlight, over those cold bleak mountains toward the sunny south.

So, good came of the young hunter's first trial after all.

FLORENCE E. TYNG. (Age, 13 years.)

BOYS AND GIRLS WHOSE STORIES DESERVE MENTION.

Louise P. Russell—Mary Crosby White—Margaret Annis Lichfield—Mary Fitzgerald—Jessie Deane Brooks—Eben Pearson Dorr—Katie S. Jacquelin—Mattie Hering—Grace Johnson—Clara Small—J. Maurice Thompson—Cornie May Benton—Katie Kolin—Fred L. Blodgett—W. A. King—Frank H. and Josie M. Nichols—Bertha Fleming—George R. Thoms—Nellie Stivers—Emma M. Kent—Carrie Crum—Pierson Durbrow—Myrta Howe—"Chub"—Kate M. Ogden—Hittie Chittenden—George W. Pepper—Gertrude Medcott—Lennie March Jewitt—Isabella S. Baldwin—Fred Betts Wright—Jane Thumith—Thomas Hunt—Mary Howells—Mary H. Himes—Willie Curtis—Lou M. Andrews—Mary F. Child—May Wight—Eleanor Cox—Mary S. Holt—Mary Anna Winston—Harrie Humphreys—Inez Hilton—Bertha Bohun Devereux—Carrie Johnson—Carrie F. Beach—Frank G. Myers—Florence Read—Eddy H. Mason—Gertie C. Busby—Fannie Manniere—Clara Smith—Bessie C. Boney

—Bessie M. Martin—Louise P. Winsor—Charlie Tracie—James W. Thompson—Mildred E. Scuffe—Lucy L. Cooke—Annie Dale Jones—William Pettinos—Annie L. Bailey—Clara L. Kellogg—Robert L. Winn—Matie Twitchell—Harrie Humphreys—Louise Holloway—Lizzie Gilman—Hortens—Keables—Frances H. Catlin—Daisy Dugdale—Mary Hough—Pansy Murray—Mary Graham Hanks—Louise J. Stone—George P. Hitchcock—Fordyce Aimée Warden—Henry O. Fetter—Maud L. Smith—Clara Glynn—Ernest Thurston Capen—Wm. Gaston Hawks—Kate E. Hobart—Henry M. Hobart—Willie Leonard—Dexter W. Rice—Ruth R. Wheeler—Courtenay H. Fenn—Alex. Cameron, Jr.—Julian A. Hallock—Violet Beach—Lucy D. Waterman—Mary C. Hall—Pauline Phillips—Jessie Forsyth—Charles W. C. Townsend—Adele M. Fonda—Sadie G. Carrington—Minnie Smith—Nellie Emerson—Mamie Belle Taylor—Harold B.

Smith—Sadie B. Pritchett—Carita Preston—K. G. R.—L. Clements—Wm. A. Buckland—Lizzie Harris—Sherdie Maginnis—Katie Hamilton—Robert Henry Gay—Hattie Jacobs—Kitty Armstrong—Clarance Merrill Humes—Linda C. Hedell—Willie F. Thorpe—Jack Bennett—Carrol Squier—Halvo Jacobsen—Annie A. Schall—A. L. Brockway—Harlan Wellman—Beamy Johnson—Flavel S. Mines—Belle G. Stone—Ina Boynton—Horace F. Walker—Flora Melendy—Augustine McClear—Charles P. Kellogg—Eddie A. Perkins—H. C. Williams—Lena—Lily Bean—Clara F. Hyde—Ada M. Stephens—Grace Crum—Harry Kelley—Geo. S. Brown—Saidie Morrison—Bertram L. Wenman—Geo. D. Fennin—Grace P. Taintor—Augusta Wicker—Adelia G. McNamee—Daisy B. Hodgson—Julia Abbey—Kate M. Carrington—Grace Farr—Jacob S. Robeson—Amos Kent Amacher—Fannie A. Mathews.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE STORY OF A CHEESE.

BY MAUD CHRISTIANI.

[We print below, by request, the original "Story of a Cheese," written by Mrs. Maud Christiani. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's version of this story will be found in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1878, under the title "King Cheese."]

FOUR-AND-TWENTY Burghers fat
In solemn convocation sat,
And wagged their heads, and talked and planned,
In the town-hall of Buhl, in Switzerland.
Their intentions were these,
To send a big cheese,
To the great Exposition in Paris.

They must build a large vat,
And a press, for all that,
The like as had never been made before,
For Cheshire or Stilton, Dutch or Rochefort;
For the prime idea
Of the Burghers, 't was clear,
Was the *dimensions* in which they prided.

'Twas a great undertaking,
But well worth the making.
And 't would tickle the pride of the people there
To astonish the world with their big *gruyères*.
So they bothered their heads,
And scarce saw their beds,
Until the matter was quite decided.

The farmers, highly pleased with the plan,
Gladly consented, every man
To second the views of the corporation,
And gave in their votes of co-operation.
So rosy milk-maids,
In caps and long braids,
Milked the bonniest cows in the fields.

In their nice peasant dress,
They stood at the press,
And, though they got up with the rising sun,
They never stopped till their task was done;
But every day
Pressed out the whey,
Enjoying the pleasure industry yields.

When the work was done,
Then commenced the fun,
And the mayor of the place made a proclamation
Which went the length and breadth of the nation,
That arrangements were made
For a grand parade
Of the cheese, through the streets of the town.

So when the day came,
A magnificent train,
The Mayor at its head, with keys and mace,
Silk stockings, cocked hat, and lots of gold lace,
Passed with pompous gait
And an air of state
Through crowds of people, in holiday gown.

And there *was* such a noise
With the shouts of the boys,
The playing of bands and rolling of drums!
The hurrahs of the crowd and booming of guns,
Made such an uproar,
As never before
Was heard in that quaint little town of Buhl.

After parading the streets all day,
The cheese, at evening, went on its way.
The train puffed on and made no long tarries,
But carried its burden safely to Paris.
It reached in good time
That city so fine
Where nothing but pleasure reigns as a rule.

The Parisians, sprightly and all alive,
Were waiting to see the cheese arrive.
Besides a fine team of six Normandy horses
Accustomed to pull with all their forces,
It took at least ten
Strong porters and men
To get it off safe to the great Exposition.

They rolled it into a prominent place,
Where it stared the visitors straight in the face;
And all the world wondered and talked of the Swiss,
For sending so wondrous a present as this
The *bouquet* was prime
And shed, all the time,
A perfume, that sure, was a great acquisition.

Now it happened one night
When the moon shone bright
And the Seine was rippling in silver sheen,
That sauntering along its quays might be seen
A fine French rat,
All glossy and fat,
Bewhiskered and jaunty as he could be,
Out seeking adventures was *Monsieur Rattie*.

He sniffed the fresh air,
Saw the shimmer and glare
Of thousands of lamps, in the trees suspended,
Of every shade and color blended,
Still shining bright,
Though past midnight.
And the Parisians had talked and graced themselves weary,
With their shrugs and "*Mon Dieu!*" and manners so airy.

He strolled about to the left and the right,
When, all of a sudden, there burst on his sight
The largest and strangest conglomeration
Of buildings and temples of every nation.
And there in the middle,
Like "*Hi diddle diddle*,"
Stood the great Exposition of sixty-seven,
Containing 'most everything under the heaven.

This *was* an adventure,
And well worth the venture,
So he sought for a crevice through which he could squeeze,
And view all the wonderful things at his ease.

Much bewildered was he
By all he did see,
And wandered on, quite lost and amazed,
His head in a whirl and his senses dazed.

At length it was morning,
For the day was dawning,
And the sun was shedding his golden beams
On the city of Paris, still in its dreams.
So he looked round about
For a hole to creep out,
And began to feel hungry, when, lo! he smelt cheese,
The thing of all things, that most him did please.

So he followed his nose,—
A member, that shows
A vast deal of keenness and penetration,
In delectable titbits for mastication—
Nor did it mislead,
But brought him, indeed,
To the realm of cheeses of every size,
In the midst of which stood the great Swiss prize.

No Arabian dream
Could equal the scene,
For it rarely occurs in the life of a rat
To see such a *tasty* collection as that.
Without loss of time
He sought the most prime,
Town-bred as he was, it will not amaze
To find he selected the great *Schweitzer Käse*.

And now my young friends
Our story soon ends.
The last of all things comes sooner or late,
And the French Exposition shared the like fate.
For September's last days
Saw the sun's mellow rays
Glance pale and obliquely on the Rotunda
Which, so many months, had made the world wonder.

We will add, if you please,
With regard to the cheese,
That it won great renown, and you'll easily surmise,
Received, as its due, the first French prize.
And the pride of the Swiss
Was so flattered by this,
That they voted the cheese in their gratification
To the poor of Paris, by way of donation.

Then commissioners four,
In behalf of the poor,
And Normandy horses, harnessed and strong,
Came trotting the banks of the Seine along.
And the same burly men,
Not fewer than ten,
Pulled off their jackets to push with more ease,
And lent their best shoulder to move the big cheese.

They shouted, "Now ready!"
"Look out there!"—"Steady!"
And pushed with a will (being all in their places),
When, lo! with a thud they fell flat on their faces!
Dumbfounded they were,
To see the *gruyère*
Most lightly and gingerly spin itself round,
While they were left sprawling about on the ground.

Oh! sad ridicule,
On the Burghers of Buhl!
No wonder the cheese rolled so lightly about,
For the rats had quite eaten the inside out.
The world when it heard
This *dénouement* absurd,
Smiled at the gift of the Burghers, so kind,
For the rats got the cheese and the poor got the rind.

"UNNATURAL HISTORY" PICTURES.

Did any of you ever see any of those curious creatures shown in the "Unnatural History" pictures, by our funny artist, on pages 260 and 261?

Did you ever meet with the "*Rabbaticus Mudturtlosis*," who has the body of a turtle and the head of a rabbit,—a head with which to wish he could run and jump, and a body that can only crawl and swim? He looks as if he were the celebrated Hare and Tortoise, and were always running a race with himself.

Then there is the "Entomological Humbug," a very strange bug, indeed, with a chicken's bill and a beetle's body. Did you ever see him crawling around?

The "Great American Takeiteezee" appears to be a very remarkable animal. He is harnessed to a curious kind of street-car, but as he seems to be part ox and part snail, the car does not go very fast. The next time you are in a street-car which is rolling along quite slowly, look out of the front window, and see if one of these Takeiteezes is drawing it.

Now, of course, you would not care to have the "Web-footed Hop-pergrass" in your garden. If his head is as large as an elephant's head ought to be, his legs must be so long that he could jump over a house. As his feet are web-footed, he must swim, sometimes, but he looks as if wading would suit him better.

As for the "Jub-jub Bird," with the rhinoceros head, he laughs to think how ridiculous he is. If you were to meet him and laugh, he would not mind.

The "Cat-fish" is a regular water-pussy. Look at her head! To be sure, she has a fish's body and fins, but then she could not swim under water with a cat's body. The bait on the hook which she is looking at must be a mouse. That is about the only thing she would bite at. Unless, indeed, you could bait a hook with milk.

As for the "Submarine Diver," with his duck's head, his lobster-claws and his fish's tail, he seems to require a good deal of help to get himself down to the bottom. A hundred-pound weight seems just about enough to sink him. He is not much of a diver. Almost anybody could go to the bottom of the very deepest river, with the help of a hundred-pound weight.

But perhaps none of you ever studied Un-natural History! We feel quite sure of it, and are certain that these animals, which Mr. Hopkins has drawn, are not to be found in any of our menageries or aquaria, where they might be seen and examined. We are also of the opinion that none of them are to be seen running wild. They are the kind of creatures which might be made, if people were to go into the business of inventing animals. They are very queer, and scarcely one of them could manage to live comfortably. They would probably give up living, in despair.

And yet there have been creatures in this world, almost as strange and curious as these. Get some pictures of the beasts, birds and fishes, which existed in the times before Noah's flood, and see if you do not think so.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send a curious and interesting item for the "Letter-Box." It was told me as being true, and I have no reason to doubt it. I have never seen it in print.

In the town of Yreka, California, there formerly lived a baker, S. Gilligs by name. His shop bore the following sign:

"S. GILLIGS' YREKA BAKERY."
Nothing very curious about that, is there? But one day an inquisitive individual thought of reading it backward, and made a singular discovery. Try it. AN OLD BOY.

MANY of our readers will remember the beautiful little poem, "Ashes of Roses," written by Elaine Goodale, at thirteen years of age, and printed in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877. Soon after its publication, there appeared in *The Louisville Courier-Journal* some verses entitled "Attar of Roses," which closely resembled Elaine's pretty lines. The resemblance was intentional, however, and was explained in a heading. The *Journal's* poem was widely copied, but, in going the rounds of the press, the heading must have been overlooked or omitted by some of the papers, since a comparison of the two poems was recently published in a prominent Boston daily, with an editorial item crediting "Attar of Roses" to the English poet, F. W. Bourdillon, and condemning Elaine's verses as "precocious plagiarism." We therefore print the following letter and extract, which, we think, effectually refute this charge against little Elaine:

Louisville, Dec. 14, 1878.
Editor of ST. NICHOLAS: The "Attar of Roses" published in the *Courier-Journal* was written by a member of the staff of the paper. The verses never appeared in the *Courier-Journal* with Bourdillon's name, and they were written after the pretty poem from little Miss Goodale had been published in ST. NICHOLAS. An explanation was printed in the *Courier-Journal* and sent to ST. NICHOLAS, and that explanation, which was strictly true, has lately been given again in the *Springfield Republican*. (Signed) D. PADMAN,
for *Courier-Journal*.

Here is the explanation alluded to in the above letter:

"In answer to a note from the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, it should be said that the poem 'Attar of Roses,' published in the *Courier-Journal*, was written after the appearance of little Elaine Goodale's 'Ashes of Roses.' It was merely a bit of pleasantry which the heading explained.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*."

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES, published by Houghton, Osgood & Co.—This latest edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies" is so finely bound and printed, and so exquisitely illustrated, that it will be sure to delight everybody, young and old, who sees it. It contains the most complete collection of the famous Nursery Songs that we ever have seen, also an interesting account of Mother Goose and her Family, and a great number of "Notes" telling all that is known about the history of the dear old rhymes we big and little children love so well, and just where the *real* Jack Sprats and Bobby Shaftoes and King Coles lived, and who they were, and what they did. So it is meant for the older members of the family as well as for the little folk, and with its handsome cover and superb colored illustra-

tions by Mr. Kappes, is really a fine addition to the library table, and a beautiful household book.

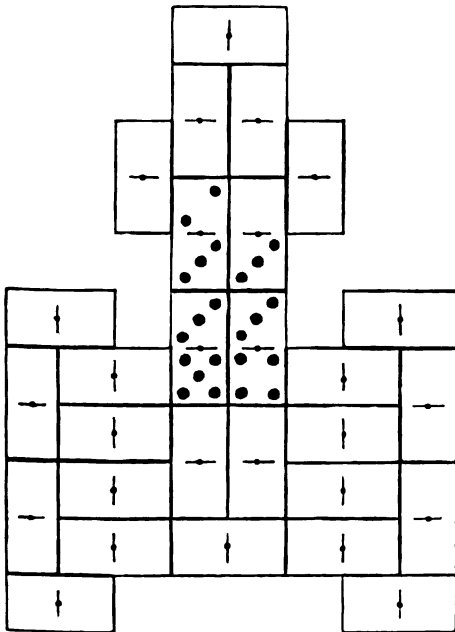
PRANG'S NATURAL HISTORY SERIES FOR CHILDREN is a collection of bright, entertaining talks about Animals and Birds, by Professor Norman A. Calkins and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, issued in pamphlet form, but with brilliantly colored pictures, and bound in soft covers of beautiful colors and designs. Each book is devoted to some one family or order of Natural History,—“The Cow Family,” “The Cat Family,” “The Birds of Prey,” etc.,—and the reading matter is so simple, clear and interesting, and the pictures are so numerous and striking, that we can commend the books heartily to all our young friends who wish to learn about common animals and birds.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a title of honor, and leave hours of darkness. 2. Behead to delay, and leave a small island. 3. Behead to twist, and leave a kind of vase. 4. Behead a part of the face, and leave a pleasant outdoor exercise. 5. Behead thoroughly searched, and leave dressed. 6. Behead to strip, and leave a fish. 7. Behead a shoe, and leave a felled tree. 8. Behead articles used in games of chance, and leave a thing in which boys delight. 9. Behead a punctuation mark, and leave a tree. 10. Behead an insect, and leave a metallic pin of a certain kind. 11. Behead congealed vapor, and leave an adverb. 12. Behead one European country, and leave another. 13. Behead a helmet, and leave a constellation. 14. Behead a kind of sloth, and leave a personal pronoun. 15. Behead an adjective, and leave a way.

NEW DOMINO PUZZLE.



ARRANGE the dominos of a full set of twenty-eight in the outline of the diagram, and in such a way that each half-domino shall appear as one of the quarters of a square containing three other half-dominos having each the same number of spots as itself,—just like the four *trés* in the diagram,—and, also, so that, in the completed arrangement,

there shall be two such squares, each containing four half-dominos marked alike. Of course, to accord with this last condition, two squares of *trés* should have been shown in the diagram; but that would have made the solution too easy, so the second square was omitted. Still, the dominos actually given are part of an arrangement such as is required, and the way to lay the remaining twenty-four pieces of the set is indicated,—whether up-and-down or across; but there are other arrangements beside this.

If, however, the given outline is preserved in the solutions sent in, they will be accepted as correct, provided they show the two sets of squares; and the number of each person's successful solutions will be mentioned with the name.

EASY ACROSTIC.

My first is in "Scribner," but not in "Harper;" my second in "Times," but not in "Ledger;" my third is in "Nation," but not in "Observer;" my fourth is in "Independent," but not in "Post;" my fifth is in "Churchman," but not in "Presbyterian;" my sixth is in "Harper," but not in "Scribner;" my seventh is in "Observer," but not in "Times;" my eighth is in "Ledger," but not in "Nation;" my ninth is in "Agriculturist," but not in "Tribune;" my tenth is in "Standard," but not in "Churchman;" my whole was a well-known light of his times and a lover of children. L. G. H.

RIDDLE.

O who can wonder at the sadness of my eyes,
Or who can wonder at my mournful, piteous cries,
For chains are ever most familiar things to me,—
And, tho' to letters given, I 'm made to swim the sea? H.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.

THE square is of three letters; so, of course, the foundation words have five letters each.

Reading Across: 1. Pure and easily seen through. 2. Dreads. 3. Pies.

Reading Down: 1. Gather. 2. Rends. 3. Portions.

H. H. D.

WORD-SQUARE.

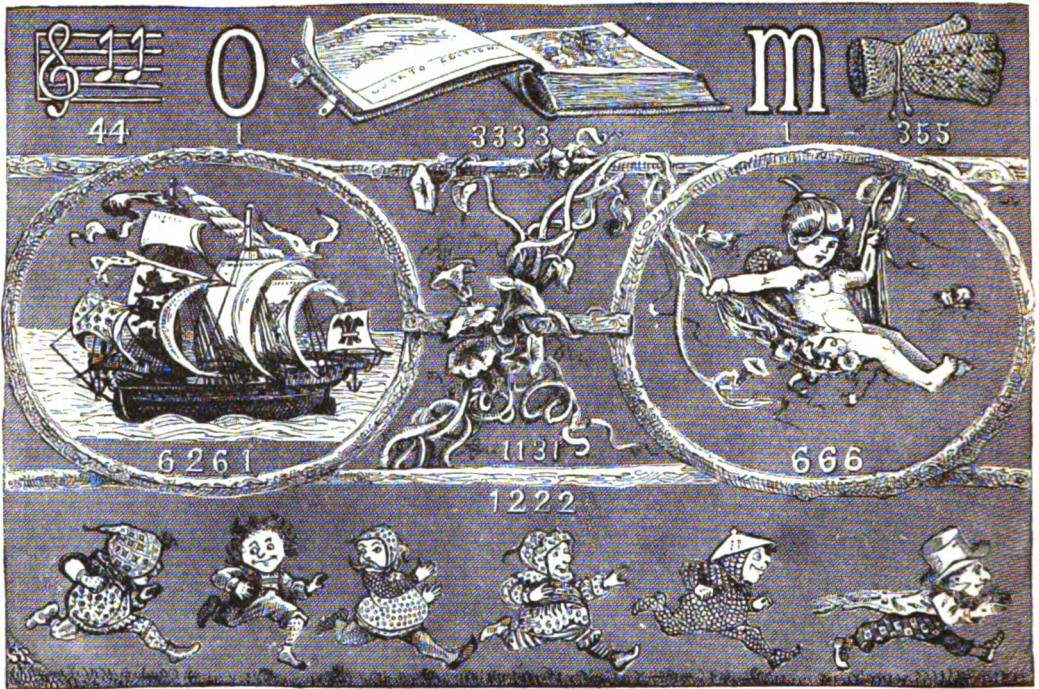
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. It makes no difference
Under the sun,
Whether you count me twelve
Or only one. | 3. These should be grandly high
For heart or brain.
'T is not by looking low,
That Heaven we gain. |
| 2. This is the pretty name
Of a fair lake,
On which you would delight
A sail to take. | 4. The last a blessing is
To weary one;
To us may it remain
When life is done. L. W. H. |

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of thirty-four letters, is a well-known line quoted from a poem written by Thomas Gray.

1. The 1, 26, 34, is sport or merriment. 2. The 3, 16, 25, 8, is a beautiful flower. 3. The 10, 6, 13, 30, is a young wild animal. 4. The 15, 23, 27, 33, is a fragrant flower. 5. The 18, 2, 7, is a small cake. 6. The 20, 29, 17, 32 is a trick or artifice. 7. The 24, 19, 12, 21, is a gift or favor. 8. The 28, 9, 4, 11, is a large public room. 9. The 31, 22, 14, 5, is the stalk of a plant. ISOLA.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



THE answer—a maxim often heard—contains six words. The picture in the upper left-hand corner is a rebus; and the rest of the puzzle is in the form of an anagram. Each numeral beneath the anagram-pictures denotes a letter in that word of the maxim whose place in numerical succession is indicated by that particular numeral. Thus: The numeral 1 under a picture denotes a letter belonging to the first word of the maxim; 3, that its letter is in the third word of the maxim; and so on. The fourth word of the answer, however, is wholly represented by the rebus-picture. To solve the puzzle:—Write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, to correspond with the words of the answer. Set down the solution of the rebus-picture under figure 4, and then, for the remainder of the problem: find a word, letters, or a letter, suitably descriptive of each picture, using as many letters for each description as there are numerals beneath its picture. Group beneath figure 1 all the letters denoted by the numeral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures. There will thus be in one group all the letters that go to form the first word of the answer, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the word itself. Repeat this process in finding the remaining words; and all the words, when read off in due order, will be the answer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

THREE ASSOCIATED SQUARE-WORDS.—I. 1. Happy; 2. Agree; 3. Proas; 4. Peart; 5. Yesty II. 1. New; 2. Eve; 3. Web. III. 1. Year; 2. Ezra; 3. Arts; 4. Rasp.

EASY MELANGE.—1. Teasel, Easel; 2. Teasel, Tease; 3. Teasel, Lease; 4. Easel, Least; 5. Least, slate; 6. Teasel, Ease; 7. Teasel, seal; 8. Easel, Sale; 9. Least, Teal; 10. Least, slat; 11. Least, Late; 12. Least, Salt; 13. Least, Tael; 14. Least, Tale; 15. Slate, Last; 16. Tease, Seat; 17. Tease, East; 18. Tease, Sate; 19. Easel, Lees; 20. Easel, Seel; 21. Teal, Lea; 22. Teal, Ale; 23. Tael, Tea; 24. Tael, Eat; 25. East, Sea; 26. Lees, Sea; 27. Lees, Eel; 28. Seel, Lee; 29. Tale, Let.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.—1. Fall, All. 2. Smart, Mart. 3. Crash, Rash. 4. Thigh, High. 5. Owl, Hip. 6. Ship, Hip. 7. Pledge, Ledge. 8. Task, Ask.

EASY PREFIX PUZZLE.—1. Trans-verse; 2. Trans-late; 3. Trans-port; 4. Trans-act; 5. Trans-act; 6. Trans-pose.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—On earth peace good-will toward men: 1. Lo now. 2. Hear the. 3. Peaceful. 4. Goodies. 5. Willing. 6. To wear-dyed. 7. Come nigh.

DIAGONAL, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS. Happy New Year.—1. Hiero-

glyphic; 2. Parsimonious; 3. RiP Van Winkle; 4. Stipulations; 5. Pachydermata; 6. Patronymical; 7. Corporal; 8. Earthen-ware; 9. Lepodactyls; 10. Multiloquent; 11. Metaphorical; 12. Manufacturer.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Shoe-maker: 1. CaSte; 2. EtHer; 3. SpOke; 4. ClEar; 5. CoMic; 6. FrAnc; 7. BaKer; 8. StEel; 9. PeRry.

DOUBLE AMPUTATIONS.—1. Crusty, rust, us. 2. Grated, rate, at; 3. Moment, omen, me; 4. Cringe, ring, in.

PICTORIAL QUINTUPLE ACROSTIC.—Perpendiculars: Coast-view; Fishermen; Schooners; Moonlight; Night-time.

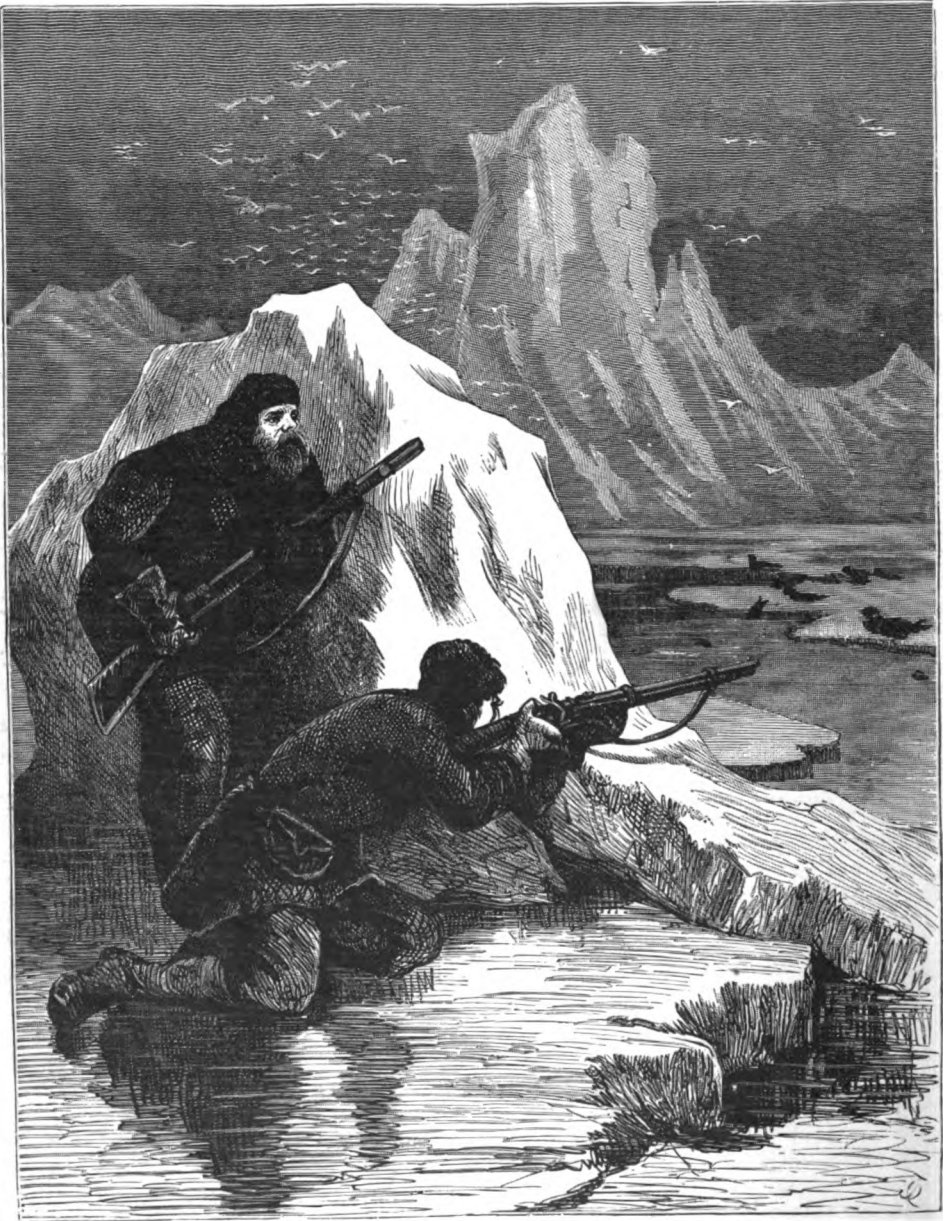
1. CufFS MeN; 2. OCOn; 3. AsS, HOG; 4. SOuTH, North; 5. TO LET; 6. VIRGiNia Snake-rooT; 7. IMaGEI; 8. Eas RHEuM; 9. WheTStoNE.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAM.—Myrrh, I come, Star, Stall: Merry Christmas to all. ANAGRAM PROVERB.—Make haste slowly.

SEVEN-LETTER FRAMED GREEK CROSS.—1. Ignoble; 2. Memoirs; 3. Payment; 4. Newsboy; 5. Pelican; 6. Sideway.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—In God we trust. CHARADE.—Pumpkin. CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.—1. Plaster; 2. Lasted; 3. Lasted; 4. Stem; 5. Ted; 6. Ed; 7. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 20, from "Fritters"—Estelle Jennings—Jennie A. Sey and Southwick C. Briggs—Evelyn Waters—Lulu Balcome—Bessie S. Worke—"Piccola Bedadly" and "Harry"—Brainard P. Emery—Susan T. Homans—Jeannie Kissam—E. S. King—"Trix" and "Octys"—"E. C. G." and G. H. G.—Florence Griffen—Edith G. White—C. H. Stout—"Citchfield"—"C. H. T."—Eddie and Sarah Duffield—Bernard C. Steiner—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain and "Fitz"—Anne H. Green—Ratie P. Allen—F. W. Siddall—Maggie J. Gemmill—J. R. S. and L. S.—F. A. O.—M. and K. H.—Nellie Emerson—Maud Vasburg—Cammie H. S. C.—"The Baby Morgan"—Margie J. Robling—Allan D. Wilson—"X. V. Z." and "I. O. O. F."—Harmon S. Preston—Charles N. Cogswell—"H. W." and "Euphonium, alias Baritone"—Howard Cresswell—"H. O. T. S. & Co."—Estella Lohmeyer—Bertha E. Keferstein—May Steele—Carrie—"Katy and Maud"—P. C. Bergell—Nellie Rodenstein—John V. L. Pierson—Bessie and her Cousin—Giles McAden—"H." of Stapleton—Florence L. Turrill—Edith B. Woods—Louisa Riedel—Arnold Guyot Cameron—Alice Lanigan—"Two Wills"—Lucy Mackville—Stock-broker—George J. Fiske—Esther L.—"Dyic."



"THEY INSTINCTIVELY RAISED THEIR GUNS AND FIRED."

(See Page 306.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AN ADVENTURE ON AN ICEBERG.

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

PETER ALSWIG was the government cooper in the little Danish colony of Upernavik, on the west coast of North Greenland. He had gone thither when a young man, intending to remain only a short time, but he married there during the very first year, and with a family growing up about him, it was not strange that he became a permanent colonist.

His first-born was a son, and he named him Carl Emile. Young Carl grew up to be a tall, bright-eyed, active fellow, and bleak and desolate as was his native Upernavik he loved it dearly. Had he wished, he could have gone to his father's old home in Denmark, where for a youth of his age there were many advantages that a wild Greenland colony does not possess; but Carl cared for none of them; he preferred the perfect freedom of his life, the cheery shop where he worked by his father's side, and the excitement of the seal-hunt. Besides, there was Nicholina. Nicholina was the daughter of the Governor's assistant, and it was said that in all that country round about, there was no one like her; no girl so pretty, no girl so kind, so generous or so good. Carl would have made sorry work of it had he tried to hide his feelings toward Nicholina; as it was, they seemed to be known to everybody but Nicholina herself. When he would fain talk seriously, her merry laughter forbade it; she would never listen to him. She seemed never to think of marriage. Some people said she was too proud, and that she thought there was nobody good enough for her. She was, however, never backward in promoting plans for

general pleasure. In all dances and festivals she took a leading part, and possessing a fine taste and great skill in needle-work, she was always conspicuous on such occasions, for her cunningly embroidered dress of cloth and seal-skin, trimmed with tender eider-down, and her jacket sparkling with beads.

So it came about that although Carl was always happy he was never quite contented. But he was a brave, manly fellow, who was not ashamed of his own thoughts, and he worked blithely at the barrels and tubs, with no fears for the future.

Perhaps all this made Carl care less for the public festivals and dances than the other young men. At any rate, although the Spring Festival was at hand, he went off to hunt seals with his father.

Seal-hunting in the Spring is a great event in Greenland life. There is one kind of seal that cuts holes in the ice with its sharp claws, and when the sun shines the animals come out of the water and sleep. While thus sleeping they are approached by the hunters, who conceal themselves behind white screens attached to little sleds which they push noiselessly over the ice.

Peter and Carl decided that they would go to Peverick, a little rocky uninhabited island about twenty-five miles to the northward of Upernavik. The ice, as seen from the hill behind the village, was firm all the way to the island; but, outside, it had been already a good deal broken up and drifted off by recent gales.

Not much time was needed for preparation. They would take the whole family, consisting of two boys and two girls beside Carl Emile and their

mother, and they would stay two weeks. Peter took three of the children and the family tent on his sledge, while Carl took his mother and one brother and all the camp fixtures. Each sledge was drawn by nine strong dogs, and the journey was quickly made. The tent was pitched on a level spot overlooking the sea, and, after a hearty supper and a good night's rest, the two hunters harnessed their dogs to their sleds, and drove at a lively pace far out upon the frozen sea.

After some time, they discovered a number of seals lying beside their holes, and the dogs were quickly made fast to a stake driven in the snow-drift, and each hunter was soon behind his white screen and sled, stealing cautiously upon the game. But though they moved very slowly for half an hour, the seals somehow became frightened and plunged into the water before Peter and Carl got within shooting-distance from them.

This was an unlucky failure, especially as no more seals were to be seen in any direction. A small iceberg in the distance, however, seemed to offer a better spot from which to survey the ice-field, and, having driven to it, the two hunters proceeded to climb it. They looked out over the great waste, but a few seals that they perceived far off did not tempt them, and as a strong wind had suddenly sprung up and a storm was threatening, they felt that there would be no luck on that day and they might as well go back to the camp at Peverick.

When they had descended the seaward side of the iceberg, they paused a little while, attracted by an immense flight of sea-gulls that came sailing about the icebergs, uttering wild, discordant screams. While watching the birds, they were startled by a noise sudden and appalling as of a tremendous discharge of artillery. A huge iceberg, not half a mile distant, had split in two, and, as it fell apart, it set in motion great waves which threatened to shatter the ice in all directions. Already, as they gazed bewildered, a long crack spread with a loud splitting noise between them and the shore!

Not a moment was to be lost! The dogs' heads were turned toward Peverick, the long lashes whistled in the air, and away they dashed as hard as they could go over the dark, treacherous ice. Too late! Too late! As they approached, they could see the black fissure grow wider and wider, and, when they reached the edge, the eddying water between forbade all hope of crossing.

They drove back to the iceberg and climbed it, hoping to find that to the northward the ice still held fast to the main-land. They were disappointed. On every side they saw the water. They were afloat upon a great raft of ice that was bearing them steadily away toward the south-west! In this, however, there was nothing very alarming, since the chances

were that the ice-field on which they stood would swing around and close in with the land again. But presently the iceberg grounded, and the shock caused the field to crack again. A great seam opened swiftly at their very feet, and before they could realize their danger a wide channel yawned between them and their dogs with the laden sleds. The ice-field adhering to the berg swung around as upon a pivot, and, as it did so, the berg became detached from the bottom, and the whole mass floated off into deep water. The field-ice broke away bit by bit, and finally the berg itself alone remained, with Peter and Carl upon it, drifting out toward the open ocean, utterly powerless to help themselves!

Their first thoughts were not for themselves, but for the helpless ones at Peverick.

"Carl, my boy," said Peter, "that last crack did the business for us; and unless God wills it otherwise, we are lost. But it is hard to think that those on shore must starve."

Peter's voice was husky, and tears trickled down his face.

Peter had scarcely spoken when a number of seals appeared upon the edge of the land ice. The hunters instinctively raised their rifles and fired, each killing his animal, although the distance was very great. A moment afterward they saw (for they were now right opposite the camp at Peverick) the whole family climbing up the hill-side over the snow as if to look for them.

"They see us, and they must see the seals we shot," exclaimed Carl. "They won't starve now, though we may drift away, and, if they never see us again, somebody will find them before the two seals are eaten."

Up to this time the wind had been blowing quite fresh, but now it suddenly burst into a gale, with occasional spurts of snow. The clouds became dark and heavy, and after a while the snow-fall was constant. The hunters were in a most wretched condition. Everything around them was obscured, and they were drifting they knew not whither, nor in what direction. Waves broke against the iceberg, and the spray wet them to the skin; and, as it grew colder, they became covered with icicles. They spoke but little. One could hardly comfort the other in such an emergency, but both prayed fervently. Peter thought of his wife and children, Carl of his mother and Nicholina, neither of whom he ever expected to see again. And thus they drifted on through the angry sea and the gloomy, cold, and dreadful night, until at length they felt a heavy shock. The iceberg had grounded, and, to their great joy, it held fast. They knew now that they were in comparatively shallow water, and consequently could not be far out at sea; so, hope once

more inspired them. If their berg could hold until the storm should clear away, some means of escape might be discovered.

PART II.



the storm would but cease! The outlook, now, in spite of hopefulness, is dreary enough.

Meanwhile, how very different is it with the friends in Upernavik! While the angry sounds of the warring elements deafen the ears of the hunters, at Upernavik the lights are glimmering brightly, and the cheery fires on the village hearths defy the storm that howls without. It is the night of the Hunting Festival. Although it is night, it is not dark, but the heavy clouds and the thickly falling snow render everything obscure.

In the cooper shop, candles are burning above the merry crowd, and the storm vainly tries to drown the sounds of their music and laughter. Nicholina is there in all her glory, and her pretty dress of warm cloth trimmed with seal fur and delicate eider-down, her embroidered jacket, her raven tresses and bright ribbons, make her as pretty a picture as all Greenland ever looked upon. All are as happy as happy can be, and the governor and his officials are present aiding in the general enjoyment.

Some one enters, and says to the governor that down upon the shore he has heard strange noises coming in from the sea. Another presently runs in and says that he, too, has heard the sounds, and that they resemble the cries of dogs in distress. But all laugh at the idea and say: "It is the storm you hear! Dogs are not fish that they should take to the water." But a third running in to confirm the story, they are alarmed, and hastily make for the shore. As they run down to the rocks they hear distinctly a distant wail borne on the fierce blast. Dogs they are, undoubtedly; but whose dogs can they be?

They go down near the beach and peer into the gloom. They have not long to wait before the air lightens up a little, and vaguely they see a broad

ice-field, and upon it are the dogs. Nicholina is the first to discover them, and, quickly pushing her way through the crowd, she stands almost at the water's edge. The spray touches her, but she does not seem to heed it, and, for once, at least, does not appear to think of her fine clothes. Being lower down, she can see more plainly than the rest.

"Come back, Nicholina, or you'll be drowned!" cried her father. "Come back, Nicholina!" cried everybody; but she stood there motionless, looking from beneath her hand. There is an intense earnestness about her manner that overcomes all remonstrance, and her father, forgetting his command that she shall come back, now eagerly asks: "What is it, Nicholina?" All the men crowd forward, and their faces wear a look of pain and anxiety as the possibility of some great calamity suggests itself. In a few minutes, they can all see the dogs and recognize them. They are, beyond question, Peter and Carl's dogs; but where are their masters? where are Peter's wife and his boys and girls? What has happened to them all?

The dogs, seeing the people on the shore, and knowing they are safe, whine joyfully, and as the ice-field comes crashing in and piling great fragments up against the rocks, they scamper gladly upon the land. There are eighteen of them; not one is missing; but of their masters the great ice-field gives no trace.

"They are lost!" cries everybody. But Nicholina, still standing by the surf, with trembling voice, says: "Oh, no! It cannot be. When it grows lighter we shall surely see them!"

Two dark objects come into view upon the drifting field, and every eye is strained toward them. But as they approach each heart sinks again. They are only the sleds.

The governor shakes his head sadly.

"Let a watch be kept and be relieved every hour, and let me know if anything is seen of them. All others go home; the morning may need all your energies."

The governor's order is obeyed, and Nicholina, distracted with her fears, is by sheer force made to go with her father.

The first to the beach in the morning is Nicholina. The brave girl is pale, and her bright eyes are dimmed with tears.

The sun mounts higher from the horizon, and little by little the clouds lift and the view becomes less obscured. The snow ceases to fall. By and by the keen eye of Nicholina detects the shimmer of a great iceberg as she scans the surface of the dark waters. She sees the ice clearly and the waves breaking against its sides. It grows more and more distinct, and presently its lofty crest is visible. Other bergs come into view one by one, and a ray

of sunlight falls upon Nicholina. She raises her heart to God in a silent prayer. To her the sun-beam is a good omen, and she watches it as it passes away over the waters. Her eyes follow it with an intense longing. It silvers the great iceberg; it blazes brightly upon the crystal sides of the group just beyond, and finally illuminates a low, white mass away out among the reefs and breakers. Nicholina sees for an instant a dark object near the summit. Her eyes dilate, her whole figure trembles with excitement, and she cries forth:

"It is he! It is Carl Emile! The boat!—the boat!"

The astonished people flock around her and ask, "Where? where?" for they cannot see. She only replies, with half-frenzied gestures: "It is Carl Emile! Come away! The boat! The boat!"

She leads the way to the little harbor, and seizing the line of the best sea-boat there, begins to haul it in, while the people stand around and stare at her in astonishment.

"I will rescue him!" she cries.

"Who?" they ask.

"Carl Emile! He is out there on the iceberg. I see him, and I will go to him and save him!"

By this time, Nicholina has sprung into the boat. She stands at the bow, and, with flashing eyes, she cries:

"Who will come with me? Who will rescue Carl Emile!"

In vain they expostulate and say that no boat can live in that sea. Nicholina is not to be daunted, and as she repeats her cry, a dozen young fellows leap forward. In a moment, six of them are in the boat, and in their places.

"We will go, Nicholina," they say; "but you must stay here!"

Nicholina's answer is to seize an oar, spring to the stern, shove the boat off, and begin to pull. The young men are quick to follow her irresistible example, and the boat shoots out of the sheltered harbor into the angry waves, on whose crests are tossing sharp fragments of ice, which, by striking one against the other, add to the tumult of the winds and waves.

The people on the shore watch the boat as at one moment it mounts a sea and again sinks away into the trough, and, for an instant, is lost to view. But steadily the distance between it and the shore widens, though it does not go a length without danger of being crushed by the tumbling ice.

The men try to persuade Nicholina to abandon her oar, but she will not.

"I brought you here, and while I share the danger I will share the labor," is her reply.

An anxious hour passes, and the boat disappears behind an island. A half hour more and it is seen

dancing between that island and another further up to windward. Behind this it vanishes again, and then the people say: "The boat is surely lost with all on board. Nicholina must have been mad."

But the boat is not lost, only it cannot be seen from shore. Beyond the second island it is headed toward the little iceberg where Nicholina first saw the dark object which she took for Carl Emile. But she does not see any dark object now. Perhaps it is the motion of the boat which is unfavorable to observation.

The water is very angry, and what with the fury of the wind and waves the boat often makes no headway for minutes at a time. "Give way, men! give way! pull for life!" cries Nicholina. "Give way! give way!" they shout in chorus after her, and the boat creeps on. They come among loose ice which strikes their oars, and they fall back. But "Give way!" the brave girl shouts again, "Give way!" is the responsive echo, and again the boat moves on.

They are among the boiling surf of the reef and are almost overwhelmed, but "give way" again, and they are safe from that danger, and nearing the stiller waters in the lee of the iceberg for which they steer. They reach that water, and make more rapid headway; they reach the berg, and are dashed against it, but the boat is not broken. Nicholina has dropped her oar, she has stood up in the bow, her long black hair flying in the winds, she has one foot upon the gunwale, and before the shock of contact with the berg has come she has leaped upon the ice.

She looks about her, but does not discover the object of her search. Her heart sinks within her. She goes a little to the left, and there lie two motionless figures locked in each other's arms. The younger is without a coat. He has taken it off and wrapped it about the other. They are partly sheltered from the wind, but only poorly from the surf. The girl seizes the younger man's hand, crying, with a voice of agony: "Carl! Carl Emile!"

The eyes of the young man open slightly; he moves a little, but he cannot speak. It is joy enough for Nicholina to know that he lives. Peter gives no sign, but she makes sure that his heart beats and she is thankful. In the shelter of the iceberg they are safely carried to the boat, and it starts on its perilous journey back to Upernavik. The whole village is assembled on the hill watching for the re-appearance of the boat, and a great shout of joy goes up as it is seen once more tossing on the waves between the islands. It comes along steadily and safely, and now they can count the figures of those in it. There are but seven.

"Alas!" they cry, "Nicholina was wrong. They have not found Carl Emile or Peter!"

Nicholina relieves their minds by crying out: "We have found them. They are here. They are alive." And then the people cheer. The men are carried to their home; the doctor comes and finds that they are not frozen, only numbed. The danger of reaction is great, but with careful nursing they both revive, and are found not to have suffered permanent harm.

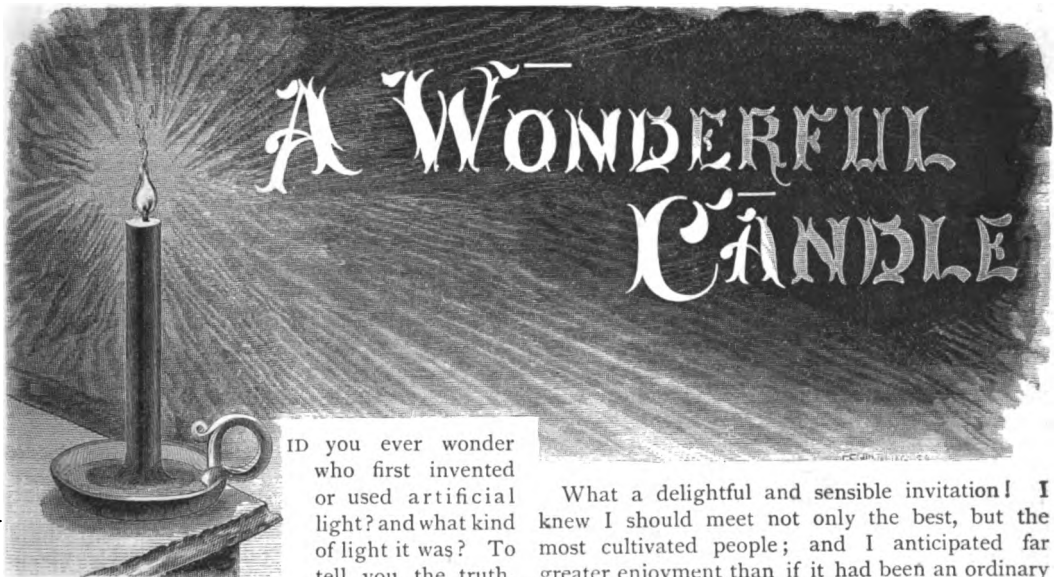
Within a week, Carl Emile is about as well and strong as ever; but it is fully a month before Peter is himself again, and it is doubtful if he will ever be quite the same strong man he was.

Carl's first thoughts were of his mother and brothers and sisters at Peverick. But the ice is completely broken up, and a boat could not for many days be either pulled through it or dragged over it. Those were days of agony to Carl. But at length Peverick was reached, and all was well. Carl's mother had given him and her husband up for lost from the moment she saw them being carried out

to sea on the iceberg. It was fortunate that those two seals, which Carl's brothers brought to camp, were shot by the two hunters drifting away upon the iceberg, for otherwise the whole family must have starved.

All are reunited and happy at Upernavik, and the pretty Nicholina is the heroine of the village. The people cannot say too much in praise of her courage and devotion. At last, Carl is well again and able to go out, looking not so much the worse for his adventure.

It is needless to say to whose house he went as soon as he did get out, or to narrate what he said to her or what she said to him. It is sufficient that you should know that not many days elapsed before there was a grand wedding in Upernavik, and that a handsomer, happier couple never lived in Greenland, nor indeed anywhere, than Carl and his brave, black-eyed Nicholina.



DO you ever wonder who first invented or used artificial light? and what kind of light it was? To tell you the truth,

I never thought about it at all; but it happened that one evening not long ago, I was made very much ashamed of my stupidity.

I received an invitation to spend the evening with a learned professor and his beautiful wife, who live in a large house on Madison avenue, in New York, and to witness some electrical experiments.

What a delightful and sensible invitation! I knew I should meet not only the best, but the most cultivated people; and I anticipated far greater enjoyment than if it had been an ordinary evening party. In this pleasant expectation I was not disappointed.

After the company had assembled, they were invited to go to the top of the house. We marched up the stairs in procession, the ladies having taken the arms of the learned men. We were ushered into a large room, from which all the furniture had

been removed. Camp-chairs were arranged in rows, and were quickly filled. This room opened into another, which also was filled with camp-chairs. Between the rooms was a high table, on which were mysterious scientific-looking jars, out of which came small copper wires in fine coils. The tops of these seemed to be connected together by finer wires. On the table, besides these, were a gas drop-light, a common tallow candle, a little bronze boat containing oil, with a wick at one end, a rather shabby-looking dark candlestick, or what looked like one, and some other things, the uses of which I did not know.

Fastened against the wall was a large square, made of three colors of silk, broad stripes of blue, red, and green, surrounded by a wide yellow border, and I wondered to myself if it were a banner, and to what nation it belonged.

After we were seated, there was a momentary silence of expectation, and I faintly heard something that sounded like the muffled beating of a steam-engine. I saw it afterward in the back room, a pretty little engine, hard at work,—not boiling water, to generate or make steam,—but a petroleum engine, burning petroleum oil, to generate or make an electric current which was carried through a pipe to the table between the rooms. The professor said that this cunning little engine consumed only one drop of oil a minute, and yet it was “a horse and a half power.” I called it a horse and a colt power. You all know that the power of all steam-engines is thus gauged or measured; that is, each one has the strength and can do the work of so many horses. The engine of an ocean steamer is of many hundred horsepower,—a giant in strength and resistance against the mighty winds and waves,—enabling the vessel, with almost resistless power, to

“Cleave a path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.”

And now that I have quoted this elegant compliment to the steam-engine, I will tell you what the professor said about light.

“In very old times,” he began, “people went to bed with the chickens when the sun had set. When they wanted to sit up a little later, all the light they knew how to make was from the blaze of burning wood. After a while, some observing old fellow noticed that when grease fell into the fire, the blaze became much brighter; so he dipped a reed or rush into oil and set one end on fire, and thus rush-lights came into fashion. Old books and songs tell about the farthing rush-lights. They were sold four for a penny, and a very dismal illumination they must have made. Then people began to put oil in cups, preparing a rind of pork

to set in the oil for a wick, and burned that. The great feasts of the Romans, in the old classical heathen times, before the birth of our Savior, must have been most dingy affairs, for all they had for lighting up their tables were these lamps.” And here the professor put out all the gas-lights, and applied a match to the wick at one end of the little bronze Roman boat.

It was highly classical and very elegant in shape; but the light it gave was so utterly dismal that all the company uttered a funny little groan, and a handsome old gentleman, who sat next to me, said:

“Well, after that specimen of old Roman brilliancy, I am quite reconciled to paying my big gas-bills.”

“After this,” continued the professor, “candles were invented. To show you what the first ones were like, I tried to get as bad a one as possible. It should evolve or unfurl the traditional ‘shroud’ in the light, and be otherwise disagreeable; but this one, I am afraid, will be far more respectable and well-behaved than the tallow candles of our ancestors.”

Here he lit the candle, and another dismal groan saluted the forlorn yellow light. It looked as if it had lost all its friends. It sputtered and guttered; tallow tears ran down its greasy sides, and very soon it became,—if not a broken-hearted, certainly a broken-backed, tallow candle.

“It was not so many years ago,” said the professor, “that candles were in general use, though greatly improved in quality; for the next invention—the argand burner, or astral lamp—could only be afforded by well-to-do people. The flame was fed by the oil made from the blubber of the sperm whale, which was rather expensive; but the lamp made a great improvement in artificial light. Many of us can remember the astral lamp, which gave a soft, pleasant, steady light under its glass shade, quite sufficient to render a room of ordinary size cheerful and cozy. Gas had been discovered, and utilized in places of business a long time before it was introduced into our better houses; and then it was that petroleum or kerosene took the place of candles in poorer localities, and it is still in universal use.

“You may think that there is nothing better to be desired than gas; but if the ladies present would consider how this light changes and injures many delicate colors, and how unbecoming it is, they would rejoice in that restless spirit of invention that is ever crying ‘Excelsior!’ and is now using all its resources to bring the exquisitely beautiful pure white electric light into common use. Let me show you the effect of light still more yellow than gas-light on those colors hanging up. It is a sodium

light, and sodium is only common salt prepared for burning."

Here the professor applied a match to one of the things on the table of which I told you I did not know the uses. A dull deep yellow flame sprang up. All the blue, red and green in what we will call the banner vanished utterly,—nobody knows where,—leaving three ugly gray and leaden-colored stripes, while the pale yellow border had an attack of yellow jaundice immediately, and became orange-color. The professor held his hand against the flame, and it changed to a ghastly gray hand, and as to us, we looked like dressed-up ghosts.

"You see now," said the professor, "how great an improvement a white light ought to be. I am told that when ladies purchase silk for an evening dress, they request to have it shown by gas-light. Some of the larger stores have a little room lighted only by gas for this purpose; and it is surprising to notice how a silk, beautiful in daylight, will alter and become dingy in color the moment the gas-light flashes upon it."

And now the professor, putting out the hateful sodium light, touched a hidden spring. In an instant—like the winking of an eye—a tiny, but most glorious, star, or, what it was still more like, or was really, a bit of imprisoned lightning, flashed out of the end of a coiled copper wire, with thousands of luminous silver rays emanating from it.

"A—h, how beautiful! how superb!" exclaimed everybody.

Instantly, all the colors in the banner on the wall became perfect and true; blue was blue, and green, green, and you know these colors are often mistaken one for the other at night. The colors of the ladies' dresses, soft lavender, blue, pink, and gray, were in lovely and harmonious contrast, and diamonds flashed like little electric points. Why, everybody looked handsomer than ever they had before. The fine dark eyes of the professor were sparkling, and his face beaming with pleasure, because he saw that he had given pleasure to others, which after all is the best, the purest happiness. Then he put a white porcelain shade over the electric light, and with the softened brightness, another delighted exclamation passed like a wave over the crowd; for you know that light like sound travels in waves, though light beats sound by an infinite number of times in speed. I might as well tell you here that while a sound would be traveling leisurely about thirteen miles in a minute, a flash of light can go the distance of four hundred and eighty times round the whole earth!

The porcelain shade over the electric light made it seem as if a moon, brighter than a hundred moons, had floated down upon us; and yet it was all the time that mere speck of lightning—chained up, bound down hand and foot by the professor.

Soon, by a mysterious turn of his hand, the light darted to another copper wire. This other was an English application of electricity, and has been used a good deal in England,—in dock-yards, iron-works, railway stations and manufactories. It was very bright, but it flickered a little. Then he made the light dart to the candlestick I mentioned, which was invented in Paris by a man whose funny name is Jablochkoff. I had to go to the professor's the next morning to get this name, for I wrote it first "Bobbleyjock," then "Bumperhausen," and then "Butthurpurtles," and none of them seemed right. This candlestick made a lovely light. A large number of them were used at the Paris Exposition, which must have been magnificent at night illuminated by this imprisoned lightning.

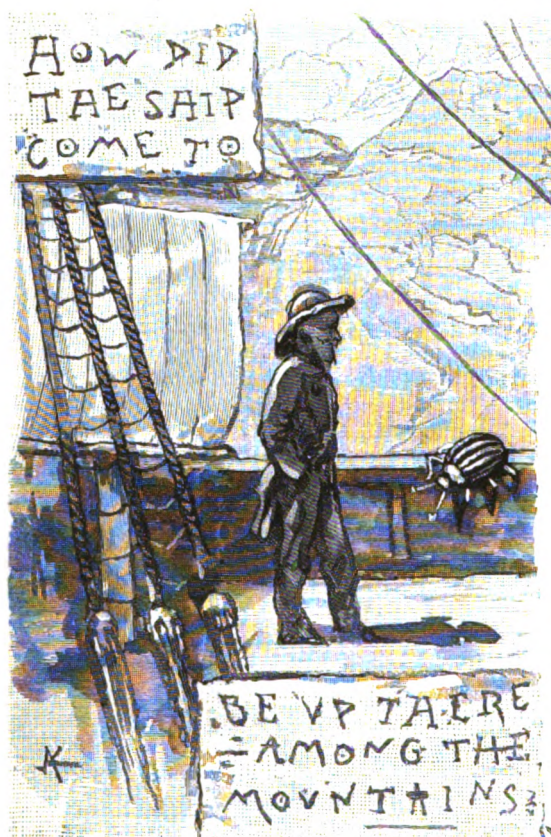
The professor said that he had tried to have Mr. Edison present, and tell us of his amazing inventions; but he was so overwhelmed with business connected with electric light, that he could not come. Let us all hope that Mr. Edison will succeed in making electricity the light that will, like the sun, "shine for all;" for, besides its being so beautiful, and so true, it will be far cheaper than any light we now have.

After the delightful little lecture was over, we went into the back room to see the one horse and colt engine—which was working away merrily—manufacturing the electric fluid. The professor was in some alarm lest the ladies, like children, should want to touch the engine. I did for one, and very likely would have had my hand chopped off if I had; so we concluded to leave it alone and go down-stairs, where—as if this delicious feast of reason and instruction had not been satisfying enough—we were regaled with the lightest, and sweetest, and best of eatable delicacies.

When I bade the professor and his lovely wife good-night, I thanked them most heartily for rousing me out of my stupidity, and making me think; for making me conscious that you, and I, and everybody, have great cause for gratitude that we live in an age of such wonderful applications of known powers, and of such amazing new inventions. Before very long we probably shall cease to wonder at anything in the way of discovery, but at each advance will say to each other, as a matter of course: "Well, what next?"

THE OBSTINATE WEATHERCOCK.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.



That no one could say; but everybody could see it upon the school-house belfry, and everybody did see it. "We shall have a storm to-day, the old ship is sailing east," the people would say, as they looked at it; or, "Fair weather to-day, the captain's looking westward." When the bell in the belfry rang the children into school the ship trembled, but it kept on its course. And what was its course? Always in the teeth of the wind.

It was a full-rigged ship, all sails set, and the captain standing on the poop. He always stood there, rain or shine, fair weather or foul, morning, noon, and night,—such a faithful captain was he. His hands were in his pockets, and his tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head. Captain Prim, the children called him. Captain Prim had always sailed this ship. He could not remember the time

when he had sailed any other. It was a long memory, too, that the captain had. He could remember the time when he lived in the same house with a golden cock and a galloping horse and a locomotive. Where were they now? Gone, no one knew where, while the captain—Captain Prim—was still sailing his ship. You may believe that the captain thought none the worse of himself for that.

Captain Prim was always ready to put his ship about whenever he saw a change of wind coming. At the slightest touch on his bronzed cheek, he would sing out: "Haul away on the main sheet! Belay there!" and round the ship would come, and the captain would look straight ahead and be ready for the next tack.

Whither was he bound? Ah, that's the question. You could not have got it from the captain, but I will tell you. Although he looked so sturdy and knowing, deep down in his brave little heart was his secret,—he wanted to get out upon the open sea. It vexed him to be always in sight of land. He could n't get away from the dreadful mountains all about him, and once in a great while, when there was a fog, he was terribly anxious lest his ship should go on the rocks. So it was that night and day he kept his post and sailed in the teeth of the wind, for those were his sailing orders. "Captain," said a man whom he had known in his early days, "always sail in the teeth of the wind and you'll do your duty."

One day he was startled by seeing a head looking at him over the rail.

"I say, there," said the head, "want a passenger?" and before the captain could answer, the stranger had climbed over the rail and stood on the deck, where he shook himself.

"Pretty dusty, eh!"

"Who are you?" growled the captain. "Land-lubber! dusty! out at sea!"

"Hear him!" laughed the passenger. "Why, captain, you have n't started yet."

"When you are as old as I am, young stranger —" began Captain Prim.

"When you've traveled as far as I have," began the passenger, "you'll know whether it's dusty or not."

Captain Prim longed to ask him where he had come from, but his pride prevented.

"May be it is n't dusty between here and Colorado. May be these hills are n't pretty rough climbing. I'm tired of it. I'm ready for a voyage. Pull up your anchor and weigh it. O, I know a thing or two about the sea; just weigh your anchor and tell me how heavy it is, cap'n."

"Who are you, any way?" asked the captain, his curiosity getting the better of his pride.

"I? Did n't you ever see one of my family before? Why, I'm a Potato Bug. I have had enough of this country. I'm going abroad."

Just then the wind veered a little.

"Haul away on the main sheet!" cried the captain, and the Potato Bug, not seeing anybody at work, put his head down the hatchway and repeated the order.

"I say, chambermaid, the cap'n wants you;" but no one answered.

"Well, this is a ghostly ship," said the Potato Bug. "I'm not going to work my passage."

"Belay there!" cried the captain, as the ship swung round and was still again.

"O, we're going now, are we?" asked the passenger; "this is comfortable," and he crossed his legs. "But I say, cap'n," he began again, pretty soon, "we don't get ahead. I've been watching that meeting-house and it does n't move a particle. It ought to. It ought to look as if it was moving. O, I know something about motion."

"Mind your business," said the captain, badly

frightened. He, too, had always had an eye on that meeting-house, when the wind was in the west, and it bothered him that he should never seem to get by it.

"Well, I think I will. I'll get out of this Flying Dutchman," said the Potato Bug, getting up and climbing over the rail again. "I'm a live passenger, I am. I'm used to getting ahead in the world. You may stay and sail to nowhere, if you want to. Good-bye!" and he dropped over the side.

"He's an ignorant land-lubber," said Captain Prim, breathing a little more freely, but not daring yet to look at the meeting-house again. He could see the Potato Bug, a distant speck out on the end of the school-house, and then the Potato Bug was gone. But Captain Prim, now that he was alone again, kept firmly to his post. His hands were in his pockets, the tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head, and he kept his ship head on to the wind. Obstinate fellow!

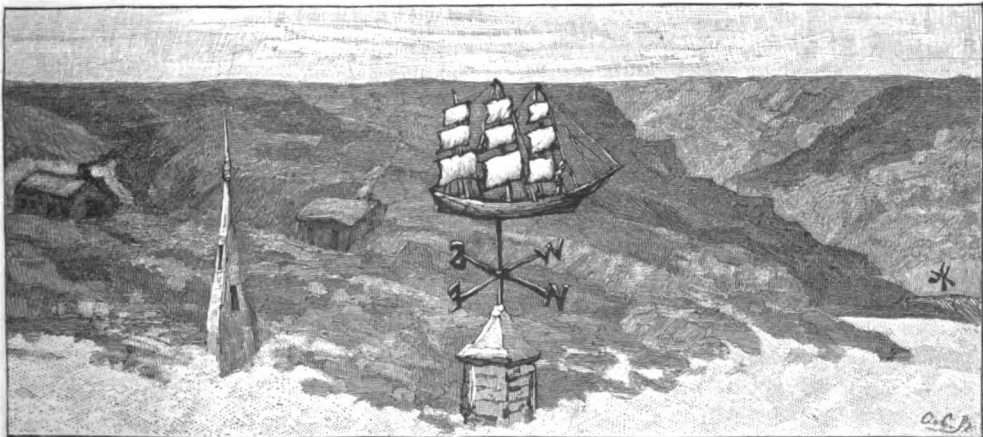
And what became of the Potato Bug? He had more traveling to do. He thought he would just look off over the roof of the school-house, and make up his mind where to go next, but it made him dizzy, and down he dropped to the ground. Young McPherson found him there lying on his back.

"That's a fine specimen!" said he. "I'll send him home to the old folks."

But the old folks lived in Scotland, and so Potato Bug had to travel in an envelope across the ocean. In the darkness of that sealed envelope he thought of Captain Prim.

"Perhaps he knew what he was about. Perhaps he was doing his duty," Potato Bug said faintly to himself. "If ever I go to sea again, I'll go in Captain Prim's ship."

But he never went to sea again. He died of too much travel.





RED RIDING-HOOD AND THE WOLF.—DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE RENAISSANCE.

BY MARY LLOYD.

How many young folk—or old folk either for that matter—when they meet with the word Renaissance in their reading know exactly what it means? They have a vague idea, probably, that it refers to something “artistic” or “old time-y”; perhaps even the pretty head-dress of Anne Boleyn, or Michael Angelo’s battered face, rises dimly before them; or perhaps some queer high-backed piece of furniture; but that is about all that they really know about it. Is it not so?

The Renaissance is a term generally applied to the period of time embraced in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the first quarter of the sixteenth; or, to be quite definite, from the fall of the Greek or Byzantine empire in 1453 to the sacking of Rome in 1527. But it may, with pro-

priety, be made to apply to the time extending from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. The word “Renaissance” means a new birth. Another form of the word, “Renascence,” lately used by some English writers, shows more clearly its Latin origin.

During the long night of the Middle Ages ignorance and superstition had lain like an iron weight upon the human mind; but now some mighty forces seemed to be at work, and there was a great awakening in every direction.

Gunpowder, which came into use about the middle of the fourteenth century, caused a great change in the art of carrying on war, and put an end forever to the feudal system, which was one distinguishing characteristic of the Middle Ages.

Then there was the invention of the compass in 1302 by Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi, a village near Naples. By this it was made possible for sailors to venture further out to sea, and it eventually led to the discoveries in America and the East Indies. The account of these brilliant achievements reads almost like a page from a fairy-tale.

The Portuguese were the foremost in all the grand maritime enterprises of the latter part of the fifteenth century. They discovered the Madeira Islands, the Azores, the Cape Verd Islands, and points on the western coast of Africa. It was in the service of the Portuguese king that the brave Bartholomew Dias discovered the southern point of Africa; and afterward, in 1497, that Vasco di Gama first rounded this cape, which proved, indeed, to be one of Good Hope, for it was from here that he sailed to discover the eastern sea-route to that land of silks and spices, of gold and diamonds, the East Indies.

You all know that these bold exploits of the Portuguese navigators fired the heart of Columbus with daring to set sail on an unknown sea in order to find a westward passage to the Indies. But his story is so well known to you all that I need make no more than this passing allusion to him.

Not only were there great discoveries made on this lower world of ours, but more marvelous revelations still were made in the realm above us. It had long been believed that "this little round of the earth" was the center of all created things; but Copernicus proved, a short time before his death, in 1543, that the sun was the center of the solar system. He was aided in his studies by the description of the telescope, which Roger Bacon had written in 1250. It is supposed that some of these inventions were known at a much earlier date in Asia. The telescope and gunpowder were known to the Arabians, and from them, no doubt, had Friar Bacon derived his knowledge. It is certain, too, that the compass in some rude shape was known to the Chinese in very early times. They attributed the invention to Hong-ti, grandson of Noah, 1115 B. C.

But still we have to speak of the most wonderful invention which, more than any other, helped on the progress of the Renaissance,—the noble art of printing. The Dutch claim it for their countryman, Laurence Koster of Haarlem, while it is generally agreed that Guttenberg of Mayence rightfully divides it with his associates, Faust and Schaeffer. It was the last named who brought metal types into use about the year 1452.

After the fall of the Greek empire in 1453, numbers of Greek scholars left their homes in the

imperial city of Constantine, where the barbarous Turks had established themselves.

They carried with them all their worldly wealth,—their precious manuscripts concealed under the folds of their robes. The poor exiles found a warm welcome and a congenial home in Italy, where a taste for classical literature had lately been awakened.

We cannot help thinking how Petrarch, who had died three-quarters of a century before, would have enjoyed the society of these learned Greeks,—he who had loved learning so intensely, and had done so much to cultivate a taste for it in others. He died as he had lived, among his books, for he was found dead with his head resting upon an open volume.

Now every one seemed smitten with a passionate desire for learning, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of profiting by the instruction of these "wise men from the east." Princes, ladies and courtiers were alike enthusiastic. Like a boy with a new toy, they were filled with delight over some newly discovered fragment of an old Greek or Latin author. Now the lately invented art of printing came into requisition. Paper had been made from rags since about the year 1300, and, with these new facilities, copies of the classic authors were rapidly multiplied and came into the possession of those who had never dared to hope to own one. Aldus Manutius set up a printing-press in Venice in 1488, and sent forth edition after edition of those splendid classics, called, after him, the Aldine editions, which are to this day the delight and envy of all lovers of rare and costly books.

It was not long before the results of this revival of learning were plainly to be seen. New ways of thinking had come into fashion; a more correct and refined taste had begun to prevail, and thus was effected a complete revolution in the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture.

The new learning was called the "Humanities," and those who cultivated it were called "Humanists;" and rightly, too; for the new learning worked a reform in morals, and so a refinement of manners. The Greek studies of the Humanists led to the translation of the Bible into many of the modern languages, and a purer and more enlightened Christianity was the result.

And so, this movement, the Renaissance, went on. New ideas of religion, new ideas of politics, and of government came into being, and prepared the way for what is called the Modern Epoch. All that is best and sweetest and noblest; all that is most worth having in the life of the present day we owe to it,—the "new birth" that came in the fifteenth century.



THE WASP AND THE BEE.

BY PALMER COX.

IN a garden sweet and fair,
Once a bright and busy pair
Held a brief conversation on a lily.
"Mr. Wasp," remarked the Bee,
"Your maneuvers puzzle me,
You must either be a lazy rogue, or silly."

"In the school where you were taught,
Was the fact before you brought
That our time is equivalent to money?
Now for days and days we've met
'Mid the pinks and mignonette,
But you never seem to carry any honey!"

Said the Wasp: "You make me smile
With your blunt, outspoken style,
You have many things to learn, I must declare;
For a thousand sunny hours
You've been pumping at the flowers,
And you never dreamed of poison being there."

"From the phlox and columbine,
Bleeding-heart and eglantine,
Soon your treasury of honey-comb you fill;

While I, coming in your wake,
From the self-same blossoms take
All the rankest sort of poison by the gill."

"Let me whisper in your ear:
I have found while roaming here
Over garden, over orchard, over field,
That the fairest growth of flowers
Which adorn these haunts of ours,
The most deadly kind of poison often yields."

"Bless my sting!" exclaimed the Bee,
"Every day we live to see
Will some wonder carry with it, I suppose.
Who would think a nauseous drug
Could be stored away so snug,
In the heart of such a blossom as a rose?"

And, with that it flew away,
To a field of blooming hay,
On the buttercup and clover to alight;
While the Wasp set out to find
Something suited to his mind,
And was soon in a camelia out of sight.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER III.

MR. JOYCE.

WEALTHY was waiting at the kitchen-door, and pounced on Eyebright the moment she appeared. I want you to know Wealthy, so I must tell you about her. She was very tall and very bony. Her hair, which was black, streaked with gray, was combed straight, and twisted round a hair-pin, so as to make a tight round knot, about the size of a half-dollar, on the back of her head. Her face was kind, but such a very queer face that persons who were not used to it were a good while in finding out the kindness. It was square and wrinkled, with small eyes, a wide mouth, and a nose which was almost flat, as if some one had given it a knock when Wealthy was a baby, and driven it in. She always wore dark cotton gowns and aprons, as clean as clean could be, but made after the pattern of Mrs. Japhet's in the Noah's arks,—straight up and straight down, with almost no folds, so as to use as little material as possible. She had lived in the house ever since Eyebright was a baby, and looked upon her almost as her own child,—to be scolded, petted, ordered about and generally taken care of.

Eyebright could not remember any time in her life when her mother had not been ill. She found it hard to believe that mamma ever was young and active, and able to go about and walk and do the things which other people did. Eyebright's very first recollections of her were of a pale, ailing person, always in bed or on the sofa, complaining of headache and backache, and general misery,—coming down-stairs once or twice in a year perhaps, and even then being the worse for it. The room in which she spent her life had a close, dull smell of medicines about it, and Eyebright always went past its door and down the entry on tiptoe, hushing her footsteps without being aware that she did so, so fixed was the habit. She was so well and strong herself that it was not easy for her to understand what sickness is, or what it needs; but her sympathies were quick, and though it was not hard to forget her mother and be happy, when she was rioting out-of-doors with the other children, she never saw her without feeling pity and affection, and a wish that she could do something to please or to make her feel better.

Tea was so nearly ready that Wealthy would not let Eyebright go upstairs, but carried her instead

into a small bedroom, opening from the kitchen, where she herself slept. It was a little place, bare enough, but very neat and clean, as all things belonging to Wealthy were sure to be. Then, she washed Eyebright's face and hands and brushed her hair, retying the brown bow, crimping with her fingers the ruffle round Eyebright's neck, and putting on a fresh white apron to conceal the ravages of play in the school frock. Eyebright was quite able to wash her own face, but Wealthy was not willing yet to think so; she liked to do it herself, and Eyebright cared too little about the matter, and was too fond of Wealthy beside, to make any resistance.

When the little girl was quite neat and tidy,—

"Go into the sitting-room," said Wealthy, with a final pat. "Tea will be ready in a few minutes. Your Pa is in a hurry for it."

So, Eyebright went slowly through the kitchen,—which looked very bright and attractive with its crackling fire and the sunlight streaming through its open door, and which smelt delightfully of ham-and-eggs and new biscuit,—and down the narrow, dark passage, on one side of which was the sitting-room, and on the other a parlor, which was hardly ever used by anybody. Wealthy dusted it now and then, and kept her cake in a closet which opened out of it, and there were a mahogany sofa and some chairs in it, upon which nobody ever sat, and some books which nobody ever read, and a small Franklin stove, with brass knobs on top, in which a fire was never lighted, and an odor of mice and varnish, and that was all. The sitting-room on the other side of the entry was much pleasanter. It was a large, square room, wainscoted high with green-painted wood, and had a south window and two westerly ones, so that the sun lay on it all day long. Here and there in the walls, and one on either side of the chimney-piece, were odd unexpected little cupboards, with small green wooden handles in their doors. The doors fitted so closely that it was hard to tell which was cupboard and which wall; anybody who did not know the room was always a long time in finding out just how many cupboards there were. The one on the left-hand side of the chimney-piece was Eyebright's special cupboard. It had been called hers ever since she was three years old, and had to climb on a chair to open the door. There she kept her treasures of all kinds,—paper dolls and garden seeds, and books, and scraps of silk for patch-work; and the top

shelf of all was a sort of hospital for broken toys, too far gone to be played with any longer, but too dear, for old friendship's sake, to be quite thrown away. The furniture of the sitting-room was cherry-wood, dark with age; and between the west windows stood a cherry-wood desk, with shelves above and drawers below, where Mr. Bright kept his papers and did his writing.

He was sitting there now as Eyebright came in, busy over something, and in the rocking-chair beside the fire-place was a gentleman whom she did not recognize at first, but who seemed to know her, for in a minute he smiled and said:

"Oho! Here is my friend of this morning. Is this your little girl, Mr. Bright?"

"Yes," replied papa, from his desk; "she is mine—my only one. That is Mr. Joyce, Eyebright. Go and shake hands with him, my dear."

Eyebright shook hands, blushing and laughing, for now she saw that Mr. Joyce was the gentleman who had interrupted their play at recess. He kept hold of her hand when the shake was over, and began to talk in a very pleasant kind voice, Eyebright thought.

"I did n't know that you were Mr. Bright's little daughter when I asked the way to his house," he said. "Why did n't you tell me? And what was the game you were playing, which you said was so splendid, but which made you cry so hard? I could n't imagine, and it made me very curious."

"It was only about Lady Jane Grey," answered Eyebright. "I was Lady Jane, and Bessie, she was Margaret; and I was just going to be beheaded when you spoke to us. I always cry when we get to the executions: they are so dreadful!"

"Why do you have them then? I think that's a very sad sort of play for two happy little girls like you. Why not have a nice merry game about men and women who never were executed? Would n't it be pleasanter?"

"Oh, no! It is n't half as much fun playing about people who don't have things happen to them," said Eyebright, eagerly. "Once we did, Bessie and I. We played at George and Martha Washington, and it was n't amusing a bit,—just commanding armies, and standing on platforms to receive company, and cutting down one cherry-tree! We did n't like it at all. Lady Jane Grey is much nicer than that. And I'll tell you another splendid one,—'The Children of the Abbey.' We played it all through from the very beginning chapter, and it took us all our recesses for four weeks. I like long plays so much better than short ones which are done right off."

Mr. Joyce's eyes twinkled a little, and his lips twitched, but he would not smile, because Eyebright was looking straight into his face.

"I don't believe you are too big to sit on my knee," he said; and Eyebright, nothing loth, perched herself on his lap at once. She was such a fearless little thing, so ready to talk and to make friends, that he was mightily taken with her, and she seemed equally attracted by him, and chattered freely as to an old friend.

She told him all about her school, and the girls, and what they did in summer, and what they did in winter, and about Top-knot and the other chickens, and her dolls,—for Eyebright still played with dolls by fits and starts, and her grand plan for making "a cave" in the garden, in which to keep label-sticks and bits of string and her cherished trowel.

"Wont it be lovely?" she demanded. "Whenever I want anything, you know, I shall just have to dig a little bit, and take up the shingle which goes over the top of the cave, and put my hand in. Nobody will know that it's there but me. Unless I tell Bessie —" she added, remembering that almost always she did tell Bessie.

Mr. Joyce privately feared that the trowel would become very rusty, and Eyebright's cave be apt to fill with water when the weather was wet; but he would not spoil her pleasure by making these objections. Instead, he talked to her about his home, which was in Vermont, among the Green Mountains, and his wife, whom he called "mother," and his son, Charley, who was a year or two older than Eyebright, and a great pet with his father, evidently.

"I wish you could know Charley," he said; "you are just the sort of girl he would like, and he and you would have great fun together. Perhaps some day your father'll bring you up to make us a visit."

"That would be very nice," said Eyebright. "But"—shaking her head—"I don't believe it'll ever happen, because papa never does take me away. We can't leave poor mamma, you know. She'd miss us so much."

Here Wealthy brought in supper,—a hearty one, in honor of Mr. Joyce, with ham and eggs, cold beef, warm biscuit, stewed rhubarb, marmalade, and, by way of a second course, flannel cakes, for making which Wealthy had a special gift. Mr. Joyce enjoyed everything, and made an excellent meal. He was amused to hear Eyebright say: "Do take some more rhubarb, papa. I stewed it my own self, and it's better than it was last time—" and to see her arranging her mother's tea neatly on a tray.

"What a droll little pussy that is of yours!" he said to her father, when Eyebright had gone upstairs with the tray. "She seems all imagination, and yet she has a practical turn, too. It's an odd

mixture. We don't often get the two things combined in one child."

"No, you don't," replied Mr. Bright. "Sometimes I think she has too much imagination. Her head is stuffed with all sorts of notions picked up out of books, and you'd think, to hear her talk, that she had n't an idea beyond a fairy-tale. But she has plenty of common sense, too, and is more helpful and considerate than most children of her age. Wealthy says she is really useful to her, and has quite an idea of cooking and housekeeping. I'm puzzled at her myself sometimes. She seems two different children rolled into one."

"Well, if that is the case, I see no need to regret her vivid imagination," replied his friend. "A quick fancy helps people along wonderfully. Imagination is like a big sail. When there's nothing underneath, it's risky; but with plenty of ballast to hold the vessel steady, it's an immense advantage and not a danger."

Eyebright came in just then, and as a matter of course went back to her perch upon her new friend's knee.

"Do you know a great many stories?" she asked, suggestively.

"I know a good many. I make them up for Charley sometimes."

"I wish you'd tell me one."

"It will have to be a short one then," said Mr. Joyce, glancing at his watch. "Bright, will you see about having my horse brought round? I must be off in ten minutes or so." Then, turning to Eyebright,—"I'll tell you about Peter and the Wolves, if you like. That's the shortest story I know."

"Oh, do! I like stories about wolves so much," said Eyebright, settling herself comfortably to listen.

"Little Peter lived with his grandmother in a wood," began Mr. Joyce in a prompt way, as of one who has a good deal of business to get through in brief time. "They lived all alone. He had n't any other boys to play with, but once in a great while his grandmother let him go to the other side of the wood where some boys lived, and play with them. Peter was always glad when his grandmother said he might go.

"One day, in the autumn, he said: 'Grandmother, may I go and see William and Jack?' Those were the names of the other boys.

"Yes," she said, 'you can go, if you will promise to come home at four o'clock. It gets dark early, and I am afraid to have you in the wood later than that.'

"So Peter promised. He had a nice time with William and Jack, and at four o'clock he started to go home, for he was a boy of his word.

"As he went along, suddenly, on the path before

him, he saw a most beautiful gray squirrel with a long, bushy tail.

"Oh, you beauty!" cried Peter. 'I must catch you and carry you home to grandmother.'

"Now, this was humbug in Peter, because grandmother did not care a bit about gray squirrels. But Peter did.

"So, Peter ran to catch the squirrel, and the squirrel ran, too. He did not go very fast, but kept just out of reach. More than once, Peter thought he had laid hold of him, but the cunning squirrel always slipped through his fingers.

"At last, the squirrel darted up into a thick tree where Peter could not see him any more. Then Peter began to think of going home. To his surprise, it was almost dark. He had been running so hard that he had not noticed this before, nor which way he had come, and when he looked about him, he saw that he had lost his way.

"This was bad enough, but worse happened; for, pretty soon, as he plodded on, trying to guess which way he ought to go, he heard a long, low howl far away in the wood,—the howl of a wolf. Peter had heard wolves howl before, and he knew perfectly well what the sound was. He began to run, and he ran and ran, but the howl grew louder, and was joined by more howls, and they sounded nearer every minute, and Peter knew that a whole pack of wolves was after him. Wolves can run much faster than little boys, you know. They had almost caught Peter, when he saw——"

Mr. Joyce paused to enjoy Eyebright's eyes, which had grown as round as saucers in her excitement.

"Oh, go on!" she cried, breathlessly.

"—when he saw a big hollow tree with a hole in one side. There was not a moment to spare; the hole was just big enough for him to get into; and in one second he had scrambled through and was inside the tree. There were some large pieces of bark lying inside, and he picked one up and nailed it over the hole with a hammer which he happened to have in his pocket. So there he was, in a safe little house of his own, and the wolves could not get at him at all."

"That was splendid," sighed Eyebright, relieved.

"All night the wolves stayed by the tree, and scratched and howled and tried to get in," continued Mr. Joyce. "By and by, the moon rose, and Peter could see them putting their noses through the knot-holes in the bark, and smelling at him. But the knot-holes were too small, and, smell as they might, they could not get at him. At last, watching his chance, he whipped out his jack-knife and cut off the tip of the biggest wolf's nose. Then the wolves howled awfully and ran away, and Peter

put the nose-tip in his pocket, and lay down and went to sleep."

"Oh, how funny!" cried Eyebright, delighted. "What came next?"

"Morning came next, and he got out of the tree and ran home. His poor grandmother had been frightened almost to death, and had not slept a wink all night long; she hugged and kissed Peter for half an hour, and then hurried to cook him a hot breakfast. That's all the story,—only, when Peter grew to be a man, he had the tip of the wolf's nose set as a breast-pin, and he always wore it."

Here Mr. Joyce set Eyebright down, and rose from his chair, for he heard his horse's hoofs under the window.

"Oh, do tell me about the breast-pin before you go," cried Eyebright. "Did he really wear it? How funny! Was it set in gold, or how?"

"I shall have to keep the description of the breast-pin till we meet again," replied Mr. Joyce. "My dear," and he stooped and kissed her, "I wish I had a little girl at home just like you. Charley would like it too. I shall tell him about you. And if you ever meet, you will be friends, I am sure."

Eyebright sat on the door-steps and watched him ride down the street. The sun was just setting, and all the western sky was flushed with pink, just the color of a rosy sea-shell.

"Mr. Joyce is the nicest man that ever came here, I think," she said to Wealthy, who passed through the hall with her hands full of tea-things. "He told me a lovely story about wolves. I'll tell it to you when you put me to bed, if you like. He's the nicest man I ever saw."

"Nicer than Mr. Porter?" asked Wealthy, grimly, walking down the hall.

Eyebright blushed and made no answer. Mr. Porter was a sore subject, though she was only six years old when she knew him, and had never seen him since.

He was a young man who for one summer had rented a vacant room in Miss Fitch's school building. He took a great fancy to Eyebright, who was a little girl then, and he used to play with her, and carry her about the green in his arms. Several times he promised her a doll, which he said he would fetch when he went home. At last, he went home and came back, but no doll appeared, and whenever Eyebright asked after it, he replied that it was "in his trunk."

One day, he carelessly left open the door of his room, and Eyebright, spying it, peeped in and saw that his trunk was unlocked. Now was her chance, she thought, and, without consulting anybody, she went in, resolved to find the doll for herself.

Into the trunk she dived. It was full of things,

all of which she pulled out and threw upon the floor, which had no carpet, and was pretty dusty. Boots, and shirts, and books, and blacking-bottles, and papers,—all were dumped one on top of the other; but though she went to the very bottom, no doll was to be found, and she trotted away, almost crying with disappointment, and leaving the things just as they lay, on the floor.

Mr. Porter did not like it at all, when he found his property in this condition, and Miss Fitch punished Eyebright, and Wealthy scolded hard; but Eyebright never could be made to see that she had done anything naughty.

"He's a wicked man, and he did n't tell the trufe," was all she could say. Wealthy was deeply shocked at the affair, and would never let Eyebright forget it, so that even now, after six years had passed, the mention of Mr. Porter's name made her feel uncomfortable. She left the door-step presently, and went upstairs to her mother's room, where she usually spent the last half-hour before going to bed.

It was one of Mrs. Bright's better days, and she was lying on the sofa. She was a pretty little woman still, though thin and faded, and had a gentle, helpless manner, which made people want to pet her, as they might a child. The room seemed very warm and close after the fresh door-step, and Eyebright thought, as she had thought many times before, "How I wish that mother liked to have her window open!" But she did not say so.

"Was your tea nice, mamma?" she asked, a little doubtfully, for Mrs. Bright was hard to please with food, probably because her appetite was so fickle.

"Pretty good," her mother answered; "my egg was too hard, and I don't like quite so much sugar in rhubarb, but it did very well. What have you been about all day, Eyebright?"

"Nothing particular, mamma. School, you know; and after school, some of the girls came into our hay-loft and told stories, and we had such a nice time. Then Mr. Joyce was here to tea. He's a real nice man, mamma. I wish you had seen him."

"How was he nice? It seems to me you did n't see enough of him to judge," said her mother.

"Why, mamma, I can always tell right away if people are nice or not. Can't you? Could n't you, when you were well, I mean?"

"I don't think much of that sort of judging," said Mrs. Bright, languidly. "It takes a long time to find out what people really are,—years."

"Why, mamma!" cried Eyebright, with wide open eyes. "I could n't know but just two or three people in my whole life if I had to take such lots of time to find out! I'd a great deal rather be quick, even if I changed my mind afterward."

"You'll be wiser when you're older," said her mother. "It's time for my medicine now. Will you bring it, Eyebright? It's the third bottle from the corner of the mantel, and there's a tea-cup and spoon on the table."

Poor Mrs. Bright! Her medicine had grown to be the chief interest of her life! The doctor who visited her was one of the old-fashioned kind who believed in big doses and three pills at a time, and something new every week or two; but, in addition to his prescriptions, Mrs. Bright tried all sorts of

Cosmopolitan Febrifuge. It seems to work the most wonderful cures. Mrs. Mulrany, a lady in Pike's Gulch, Idaho, got entirely well of consumptive cancer by taking only two bottles; and a gentleman from Alaska writes that his wife and three children who were almost dead of cholera collapse and heart disease recovered entirely after taking the Febrifuge one month. It's very wonderful."

"I've noticed that those folks who get well in the advertisements always live in Idaho and Alaska and such like places, where folks aint very



"I CAN'T HELP HOPING THAT THIS IS GOING TO DO ME GOOD."

queer patent physics which people told her of, or which she read about in the newspapers. She also took a great deal of herb-tea of different sorts. There was always a little porringer of something steaming away on her stove,—camomile, or bone-set, or wormwood, or snake-root, or tansy, and always a long row of fat bottles with labels on the chimney-piece above it.

Eyebright fetched the medicine and the cup, and her mother measured out the dose.

"I can't help hoping that this is going to do me good," she said. "It's something new which I read about in the 'Evening Chronicle,'—Dr. Bright's

likely to go a-hunting after them," said Wealthy, who came in just then with a candle.

"Now, Wealthy, how can you say so? Both these cures are certified to by regular doctors. Let me see,—yes,—Dr. Ingham and Dr. H. B. Peters. Here are their names on the bottle."

"It's easy enough to make up a name or two if you want 'em," muttered Wealthy. Then, seeing that Mrs. Bright looked troubled, she was sorry she had spoken, and made haste to add, "However, the medicine may be first-rate medicine, and if it does you good, Mrs. Bright, we'll crack it up everywhere,—that we will."

Eyebright's bed-time was come. She kissed her mother for good-night with the feeling which she always had, that she must kiss very gently, or some dreadful thing might happen,—her mother break in two, perhaps, or something. Wealthy, who was in rather a severe mood for some reason, undressed her in a sharp, summary way, declined to listen to the wolf story, and went away, taking the candle with her. But there was little need of a candle in Eyebright's room that night, for the shutters stood open, and a bright full moon shone in, making everything as distinct, almost, as it was in the day-time. She was not a bit sleepy, but she did n't mind being sent to bed, at all, for bed-time often meant to her only a second play-time which she had all to herself. Getting up very softly, so as to make no noise, she crept to the closet, and brought out a big pasteboard box which was full of old ribbons and odds and ends of lace and silk. With these she proceeded to make herself fine; a pink ribbon went round her head, a blue one round her neck, a yellow and a purple round either ankle, and round her waist over her night-gown a broad red one, very dirty, to serve as a sash. Each wrist was adorned with a bit of cotton edging, and with a broken fan in her hand, Eyebright climbed into bed again, and putting one pillow on top of the other to make a seat, began to play, telling herself the story in a low, whispering tone.

"I am a Princess," she said; "the most beautiful Princess that ever was. But I did n't know that I was a Princess at all, because a wicked fairy stole

me when I was little, and put me in a lonely cottage, and I thought I was n't anything but a shepherdess. But one day as I was feeding my sheep, a ne-cro-answer he came by and he said:

"'Princess, why don't you have any crown?'"

"Then I stared, and said, 'I'm not a Princess.'"

"'Oh, but you are,' he said; 'a real Princess.'"

"Then I was so surprised you can't think, Bessie.—Oh, I forgot that Bessie was n't here. And I said, 'I cannot believe such nonsense as that, sir.'"

"Then the necroanswer laughed, and he said:

"'Mount this winged steed, and I will show you your kingdom which you were stolen away from.'"

"So I mounted."

Here Eyebright put a pillow over the foot-board of the bed, and climbed upon it, in the attitude of a lady on a side-saddle.

"Oh, how beautiful it is!" she murmured.

"How fast we go! I do love horseback."

Dear silly little Eyebright! Riding there in the moonlight, with her scraps of ribbon and her bare feet and her night-gown, she was a fantastic figure, and looked absurd enough to make any one laugh. I laugh too, and yet I love the little thing, and find it delightful that she should be so easily amused and made happy with small fancies. Imagination is like a sail, as Mr. Joyce had said that evening; but sails are good and useful things sometimes, and carry their owners over deep waters and dark waves, which else might dampen, and drench, and drown.

(To be continued.)



BLOOM.

By B. H.

THE sudden sun shone through the pane,
And lighted both their faces—
A prettier sight just after rain
Ne'er fell in pleasant places.

Two girls. One held a vase of glass,
And one, a ball unsightly,
Ragged and soiled. And this, the lass
Upon the vase laid lightly.

"What lovely flowers we'll have!" said they,
"After it starts a-growing."
The sun delighted slipped away,
And down the west went glowing.



WANTED.

By SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

ONE day, Johnny came home from school crying very hard. His mother thought the teacher must have whipped him, or expelled him from school, or that some big boy must have stoned him.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" she asked with concern and compassion.

Johnny returned no answer except to cry harder.

"Why, my sweet," she persisted, drawing him to her knee, "tell me what it is."

"There's no use telling," said Johnny, scarcely able to speak for tears and sobs. "I can't have it."

"Have what? Tell me. Perhaps you can have it," she answered, in a tone of encouragement. "Tell me what it is."

"No, no, no," said Johnny, in a tone of utter despondency. "I know I can't have it." Then he put his hands to his face, and cried with fresh vehemence.

"But tell me what it is, and, if it's possible, I'll get it for you."

"You can't! you can't! oh, you can't!" Johnny answered in despairing accents.

"Is n't there any of it in town?" asked Mamma.

"Lots of it," said Johnny, "but you can't get me one."

"Why can't I?"

"They all belong to other folks," said Johnny.

"But I might buy some from somebody," the mother suggested.

"Oh! but you can't," Johnny insisted, shaking his head, while the tears streamed down his face.

"Perhaps I can send out of town for some," said the mother.

Johnny shook his head in a slow, despairing way.

"You can't get it by sending out of town." Then he added, passionately: "Oh, I want one so bad! They're so handy. The boys and girls that have 'em do have such good times!"

"But what are they? Do stop crying, and tell me what they are," said the mother, impatiently.

"They can just go out every time they want to, without asking the teacher," he said, pursuing his train of reflection on the advantages of the what-ever-it-was. "Whenever the drum beats they can go out and see the band, and when there's an organ they can get to see the monkey; and they saw the dancin' bear; and to-morrow the circus is comin'."

by, and the elephant, and all of 'em that has 'em will get to go out and see 'em, and me that have n't got 'em will have to stay in, and study the mean ole lessons. Oh, it's awful!" and Johnny had another passionate fit of sobbing.

"What in the world is it, child, that you're talking about?" said his mother, utterly perplexed.

But the child, unmindful of the question, cried out: "Oh! I want one so bad!"

"Want what? If you don't tell me, I'll have to lock you up, or do something of the kind. What is it you want?"

Then Johnny answered with a perfect wail of longing: "It's a whooping-cough,—I want a whooping-cough."

"A whooping-cough!" exclaimed his mamma, in utter surprise. "A whooping-cough!"

"Yes," said Johnny, still crying hard. "I want

a whooping-cough. The teacher lets the scholars that have got the whooping-cough go out without asking whenever they take to coughing; and when there's a funeral, or anything else nice going by, they all go to coughing, and just go out so comfortable; and we that have n't any cough, don't dare look off our books. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

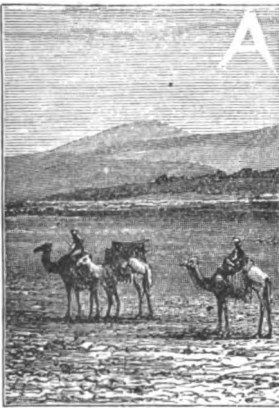
"Never mind," said Mamma, soothing. "We'll go down to Uncle Charley's room at the Metropolitan to-morrow, and see the circus come in. The performers are going to stop at that hotel, and we'll have a fine view."

At this point Johnny began to cough.

"I think," said his mother, nervously, "you're getting the whooping-cough now. If you are, you may learn a lesson before you get through with it,—the lesson that there is no unalloyed good in this world, even in a whooping-cough."

ORIENTAL BOTTLES AND WELLS, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

By FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.



AMONG the Orientals the carrying of water forms a large part of domestic labor. In Eastern cities and towns, it is not conveyed from street to street by means of pipes, nor are houses and bath-rooms supplied with hydrants. Wells are rare and are found only in the interior, at a distance from the water-courses; and, as the water in them is seldom either whole-

some or agreeable to the taste, the people depend for a supply mainly upon the rivers, whenever it is practicable to reach them,—some going a mile or two, every day, for a supply of water.

In Arabia and in many other countries of Western Asia, this task is performed always by the women of the family—the mistress or her servants, or perhaps both unite in the labor. As the Arabs seldom pitch their tents very near the water, and as, unless the distance be a mile or more, the men do not think it necessary to employ their camels, the women go at evening, with long leather bags

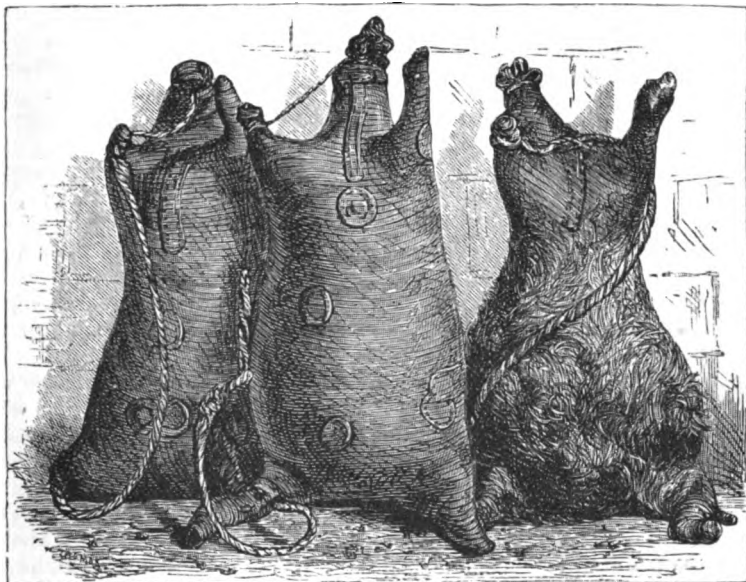
thrown over their shoulders, and bring a sufficient quantity of water for a day's consumption. If the distance is very short, so that several easy trips can be made, smaller bags, and occasionally earthen jugs, are used.

The women seem always to enjoy this wearying labor, because it is almost their only opportunity of seeing and chatting among themselves, and of displaying any little adornments of dress they may happen to possess. But in Turkey, Persia, and all the countries where females are required to go closely veiled, only those of the lowest rank are expected to perform the heavy duty of bringing water; and all well-to-do families obtain their supply from regular venders. These are men who make water-carrying a distinct business, and who go round, from house to house, with their donkeys, and leave at each door the supply that is needed for the day, just as do our ice and milk venders in this country.

To hold the water, they have strong leather bags, or, more correctly speaking, well-prepared goat-skins, like those in the illustration,—two or more being swung across the donkey's back, like paniers. Occasionally, a dealer, who does a heavy business, will substitute a pair of ox-skins, which are hung in the same panier-fashion across the back of a horse, and, for the accommodation of thirsty pedes-

trians, there are other water-dealers, who go about the streets, each with a goat-skin of water slung to his back, by a strap or chain. The neck of the skin, which is usually brought under the arm, and compressed by the hand, serves as the mouthpiece of this curious but very useful water-bottle; and the grateful beverage is dealt out in a brass or coarse earthenware cup, secured to the girdle of the vender. These water-carriers are at once a blessing and a nuisance,—a sort of necessary evil that everybody grumbles at, and tries to avoid, in meeting them, with their dripping bags, at every

Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, and at other places not under Mohammedan rule, the wine-stores present an array of skin-bottles, that looks quaint enough to unaccustomed eyes. Supported above the floor, upon heavy wooden frames, are huge ox-hides, perfectly distended with wine, arranged round the walls, where a European wine-dealer would place his casks; while skins of goats and kids, serving the same purpose as barrels and jugs, are used to supply customers as they come in, or to send the liquor to their houses. Nowhere in the East is it common to keep much wine in the house;



SOME ORIENTAL WATER-BOTTLES.

turn of the narrow, crowded streets. Yet nobody is willing to dispense with their services; and in times of public calamity, the water-carriers are the very last to discontinue their labors. Their doing so is deemed the most intense aggravation of the evil, especially during the prevalence of the frightful epidemics that so often visit Oriental cities, when multitudes literally die of thirst, because they are unable to go far enough to obtain water.

These skin-bottles are used also for keeping and conveying wine; and not only in the East, but they have found their way also into some portions of the wine countries of Southern Europe, probably introduced by the Moors, into Spain first. Among Orientals, goat-skins are generally preferred for wine, for family use, as being more easily handled; but those who have to store wine in large quantities, use ox-hides. In all Mohammedan countries, the sale of wine being illegal, the full skins are hidden away out of sight; but at

those who use it preferring to get a little skin at a time from the wine-store. These bottles are light and convenient for handling; and, as things are managed in the East, where people travel over deserts, and on the backs of camels and donkeys, goat-skins are more readily carried about than glassware, and with far less danger of leakage or breaking.

In the preparation of the bottles, both cleanliness and strength are to be considered. After the skin has been stripped from the animal, it is first thoroughly cleansed by repeated washings and soaking, until no unpleasant odor remains. Then the places where the legs had been are sewed up securely; and where the neck was is left the opening for receiving and discharging the contents of the bottle. Care is also taken that the skins do not become stiff or hard in curing, so as to be liable to crack; since, by receiving any liquid poured into it, a skin-bottle is, of course, much distended;



THE WATER-CARRIER.

and if the liquid be wine, *new* wine especially, the fermentation will tax the strength of the hide to the uttermost. Hence the Oriental maxim quoted by the Savior: "New wine must be put into new bottles; and both are preserved." Old bottles may answer for old wine, whose fermentation is already past; but new wine requires the full strength of the hide in its prime, lest the undue expansion cause a rent by which the lively wine will ooze out and be lost.

Skin-bottles have by no means been confined to Asia, nor to our own day. They were employed by both the Greeks and Romans. Homer mentions goat-skins

"Tumid with the vine's all-cheering juice,—"

and paintings at Herculaneum and Pompeii furnish many examples of the use of skin-bottles among the Romans. In one picture, there is a girl pouring wine from a kid-skin into a cup; and, in another, an apt illustration is given of the manner in which wine was conveyed to the consumer. A large skin full of liquor appears mounted on a cart that has been drawn by horses to the door; and the wine is in the act of being drawn off into *amphoræ* or

earthen pitchers shaped like skin-bottles, to be conveyed into the house. The manner of drawing off the wine through the neck or one of the legs of the skin, is exactly that seen by every traveler who stops at an Arab's tent for refreshment, as the hospitable housewife pours out for him wine, water, or camel's milk, from her goat-skin bottle.

In Hindustan, though wells are more common, we still find the skin-bottle in general use, both for drawing the water and for carrying it to the house. The wells, which are always located on the public streets, are circular in form, and protected by a wall two or three feet in height, outside of which is a plastered chunam pavement. This plastered floor forms the public bath of the lower class, who, returning home after the day's labor, stop in little knots of two or three at the well, each person taking turn in drawing and pouring water over the others until the ablutions are completed. But they must be provided, not only with their skin-bottles for carrying water home, but also with leather buckets and ropes for drawing it, as these eastern wells have no bucket and windlass attached.

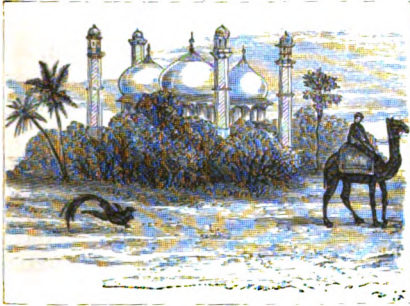
Only water is provided gratis, and each consumer must get it as he can. At whatever hour one passes these Hindustanee wells, he is almost sure to meet a *pakali*, or water-man, with his humped-back, short-legged Brahminy bullock, loaded with a pair of



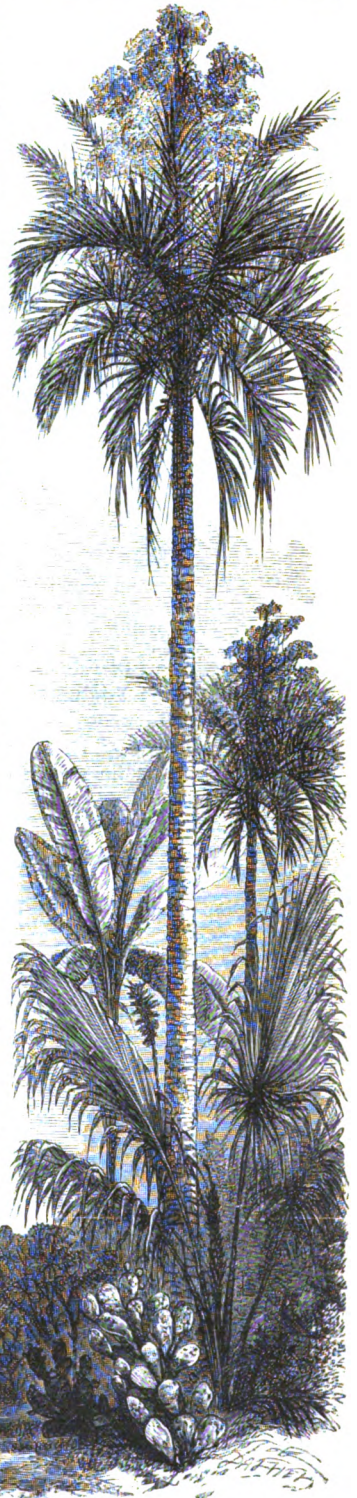
A CARAVAN.

skin-bottles that he is filling with water to supply his customers. The next objects that meet the

view will probably be a group of women and young girls clustered together, laughing, chatting and gossiping, each with her water-goblet, and a rope long enough to lower it to the water. In some portions of Upper India, where veils are not very closely worn, ladies of the first rank may be seen at evening congregated around the wells, decked in their jauntiest attire, each carrying a fanciful little china jug, or pitcher, gracefully poised on the shoulder. This method of carrying the pitcher is deemed not only an accomplishment but an indication of high breeding; and it is said that, formerly, girls of noble blood were very carefully taught this art, as women of rank were not always so closely veiled, nor kept in such strict seclusion as now.



Some of these wells in Upper India have stairs on the inside descending to the water's edge, so that the water can be dipped up easily, in such tiny pitchers as these high-bred ladies delight to carry, without injury to the fragile vessels. The great well at Cairo, in Egypt, called Joseph's Well (after the ancient dreamer and ruler), has a descent of about one hundred and fifty feet by a winding staircase six feet in width. But in Egypt, as in India, many wells have no stairs; and then each person who wants water comes provided with his leather bucket or goat-skin, and a belt of the same material to lower it into the water; and both belt and bucket are carried off by the owner when he has done using them. In Persia, a well occasionally is seen with a rough windlass and a huge wheel, and these somewhat lessen the labor of drawing water. Among the Arabs, too, these appliances are sometimes met with; but elsewhere in the Orient we look for them in vain. Crossing the ocean, however, the traveler meets them again in precisely the same form in Mexico,—a country singularly Oriental to belong to our newer and western world. Strangely enough, there are many such resemblances between Central America and Western Asia, two regions widely separated, and among nations geographically almost at antipodes. There is the same clinging to old customs; the same aversion to change what is known to be faulty for even that which is acknowledged to be superior; the same old routine in work and play, in houses, implements, speech and manners that belonged to the centuries gone by. The solution of the mystery can be found perhaps in the emigration of the Moors along the shores of the Mediterranean, later into Spain, and thence with the Spaniard across the Atlantic. They brought their old proclivities with them, and they have retained them despite the growth and improvements of centuries,—“the genius of the Arab shaping many a thought for the brain of the Aztec,”—as one has said. But these Oriental traces may have been left by a race that landed in America ages before Columbus; and, certainly, the customs, myths and legends of the Aztecs give some support to this supposition.



DICK'S SUPPER.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.



DICK looked out of the window one night,
The moon shone bright,
The round, full moon, so silvery white;
“See!” cried Dick—“It looks so sweet,
I’m sure it must be good to eat—
Suppose I take it down to-night,
Just for a treat,
And try one little, *little* bite!”

Then Dick climbed up on the chimney,—so,—
The moon hung low,
Bright as silver and pure as snow;
He snatched it quickly, and cried: “Ho! ho!
It makes me think of my birthday cake,
All covered with sugar,—a bite I’ll take,
Just one, and nobody’ll know!”

But Dicky’s mouth was, oh! so wide
That the moon had nearly slipped inside;
He took a monstrous bite, as you see;
But it was n’t nice,
It was colder than ice,
And it made his tooth ache terribly.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” he began to cry:
“I would n’t have the thing, not I!”
Quickly he hung it again in the sky,
Slid down the chimney, and went to bed,
Then under the blankets he tucked his head:
“For I know,” so he said,
“If any one thought I’d bitten the moon,
I’d be whipped very soon!”

But the folks who looked out of their windows
then,
Both women and men,
Cried: “Look at the moon!
It has changed too soon,
When did it get so small—oh, *WHEN?*”
And everybody ran out in a fright
To stare at the bitten moon that night.

Wise men brought out their telescopes too,
Old folks their spectacles,—no one knew
What to say or what to do.
“Ask the almanac-makers,” cried one,
“*They* know everything under the sun!”
But the almanac-makers were quite perplexed,
So they ran to the clerk of the weather next,—
Ah, you ought to have seen them run!

Now, the clerk of the weather lived all alone
In a house that was neither of wood nor stone;
It had clouds for curtains, and rainbows bright,
Instead of candles, to make it light,
And the pantry shelves were full of jars



Where he kept the snow, the rain and the stars.
While under the shelves were packed away
Some strong new winds for a stormy day.

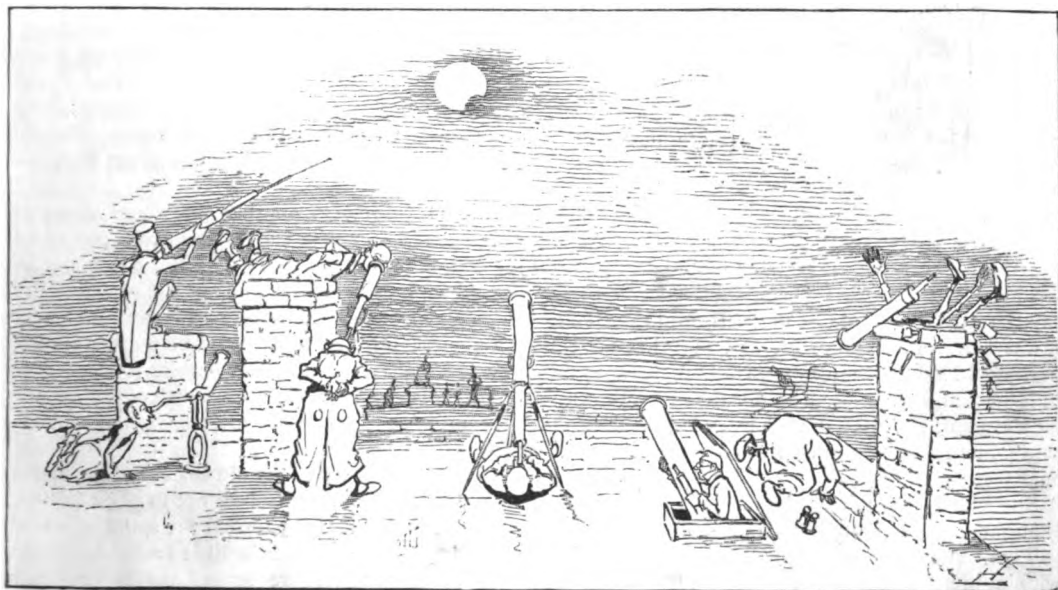
The little old man rushed out to see
What on earth could the matter be!

For the people came with shout and roar,
Thumping and pounding at his door,
Calling loudly: "Come out and tell
What ails our moon? *You* know very well."
And sure enough the moon he saw
Was scooped out like a shell!

The little old man said: "Dear, oh, dear!
I can make your weather stormy or clear,
Get up your breezes, high or low,
Give you plenty of rain and snow,
Make it as hot as you had it last year;

But as for this moon,—why, friends, I fear
You have asked me more than I know."

Now, all this time, poor Dicky was lying
Safe tucked up in his little bed,
And though the toothache kept him crying,
Never a single word he said.
Never told what a monstrous bite
He'd taken out of the moon that night.
So no one ever guessed or knew
(Excepting Dicky, and me and you)
Who gave the folks such a terrible fright.



NANNIE'S LITTLE MUFF.

BY MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

SHE found it up in the garret, and oh, how glad she was! She found it in an old wooden chest that had a curious smell when you opened it. Nannie had never gone "up-garret" alone before, because she was afraid of mice; but this afternoon Aunt Ann had a "quilting" in the big front chamber, and there were so many ladies talking, that when Nannie ran out of the room and began to go upstairs, she could hear them quite plainly. She stopped every two or three steps to listen, but still she heard them; they were talking about "herring-

bone," and they were snapping on the quilt a cord that had been rubbed with chalk. Nannie could hear it snap. She kept on, up into the garret, and to the middle of it—still she could hear the hum of voices in the room below.

"Ho!" said Nannie, "*I'm* not afraid!"

She looked around and did not see any mice. There were old bonnets, and bunches of sage and catnip hanging from the rafters. There was an old clock in one corner, and a spinning-wheel and a pair of bellows were in another. Then there were a

great many boxes and barrels all around, and some feather-beds piled up. But the oddest thing of all, in Nannie's opinion, was an old chair that stood in the corner with a torn quilt thrown over it. She often had heard her aunt, in speaking of this chair,



THE TWISTED OLD CHAIR.

say that it was "as old as the hills, and that really it was well worth shining up and covering for the parlor." Nannie, who supposed that "old as the hills" could n't possibly be older than Great-grandpa Crandall, felt that the chair would need something more than shining and covering, she was sure.

She slowly dragged off the quilt while these thoughts passed through her mind.

There stood the old chair prim and clean, but with a melancholy, faded look on its once gayly flowered seat. Its back was awry, too,—at least Nannie thought it was, and so may you when you see this picture of it,—but really the stanch old frame was as good as new and quite in its proper shape. Indeed, Great-grandfather Crandall had found it exceedingly comfortable,—it was the only thing in the house, he had said, that the women-folks let him enjoy in peace and quiet. But Nannie knew nothing of all this.

"Yes," she murmured thoughtfully, "shining and covering it is n't all. It would have to have its seat twisted around, and that would bring the legs wrong! And when you got them all turned, why where would the back be?"

Then the little girl fixed her gaze on quite a different sort of chair,—a rush-bottomed affair just as straight and square as could be, but without a sign of a back!

"Dear me," she said to herself, "what awfully, dreadfully queer chairs they did have in old times! I'm glad I did n't live then! Like as not, now, the

back of this one is doubled up underneath it somehow."

With these words, Nannie, exerting all her strength, laid the backless bit of furniture over on its side.

What a noise it made,—and what a strange, musty cloud of dust rose from the seat as it came down! And what made the old curtain hanging there on the beam shake so strangely? And—

"O—O—Oh! What was that?" Nannie almost fainted. She was so frightened that she sat down upon the floor with a groan. Her poor little legs were not of the slightest use, it seemed. In a moment she laughed a feeble, frightened little laugh and sprang to her feet.

"Why, Pussy! Why didn't you tell me it was you? I wouldn't have been scared a bit. Come out, you naughty dear Pussy! You needn't hide away now—I *saw* you run under there. Mercy! I did n't know there was a single soul up here but me!"

Nannie did n't say all this, but these thoughts ran through her mind and, somehow, comforted the trembling little creature. Pussy could not be coaxed to show herself again, but she certainly was there under the old furniture, and Nannie no longer felt alone. Besides, there could be no fear of mice now. So the little girl once more proceeded to enjoy herself, after cautiously listening for the pleasant "snap, snap" of the busy quilters downstairs.

First she went up to the old clock, but concluded that, on the whole, it was best not to open its door and look in. Then she turned the spinning-wheel around a few times, made a little round mountain of some hops that were spread out to dry on a newspaper, pulled a feather from one of the beds to stick in the hat of her biggest doll, and then rummaged a rag-bag, where she found a bit of silk just big enough to make a dress for her smallest doll. Finally she noticed that great chest over by the window, and she went to it and lifted the lid. It had a queer smell, and was full of things folded away—some of them wrapped in papers. Half-way out of one paper lay something dark and soft. Nannie seized upon it, and pulled it out. It was a little dark-brown muff,—a real fur muff,—very small, but not too small to hold Nannie's two small hands, which went into it at once, and contentedly folded themselves together.

"Oh, how glad I am!" said Nannie to herself. "I s'pose that's been lying here ever since Aunt Ann and Aunt Em'line were little girls. Now I can have it, 'cause there aint any little girl here but me now! I never had a muff yet, and I need one so bad! What a pretty lining! It's *my* little muff now."

And without a single misgiving the child hugged the muff close and walked up and down with her hands in it, thinking how nice and comfortable it would be to carry to church when snow came. She was so glad she had come to the garret, and she did not feel at all lonesome, for she could still hear the hum of voices in the chamber below, although she could not tell what was said. They had left off talking about "herring-bone" by that time, and were talking about their winter clothes instead.

"How do you keep your furs from the moths?" asked one of the ladies of Aunt Ann.

"Oh, I have no trouble," said Aunt Ann, complacently. "Every spring I put them away in our old cedar chest up-garret, and nothing ever gets to them."

Then they all began to talk about cedar-wood chests and camphor-wood chests and tobacco, but Nannie did not notice a word of what they were saying as she crept softly down from the garret, with her hands still in the little brown muff. She would have gone into the front chamber to show it to Aunt Ann at once, only the many strange ladies in there made her feel shy; so she kept

"Have you?" asked Aunt Emmeline, absently. She was trying, as she spoke, to count how many spoons would be wanted, and really could not have told the next moment what Nannie had said.

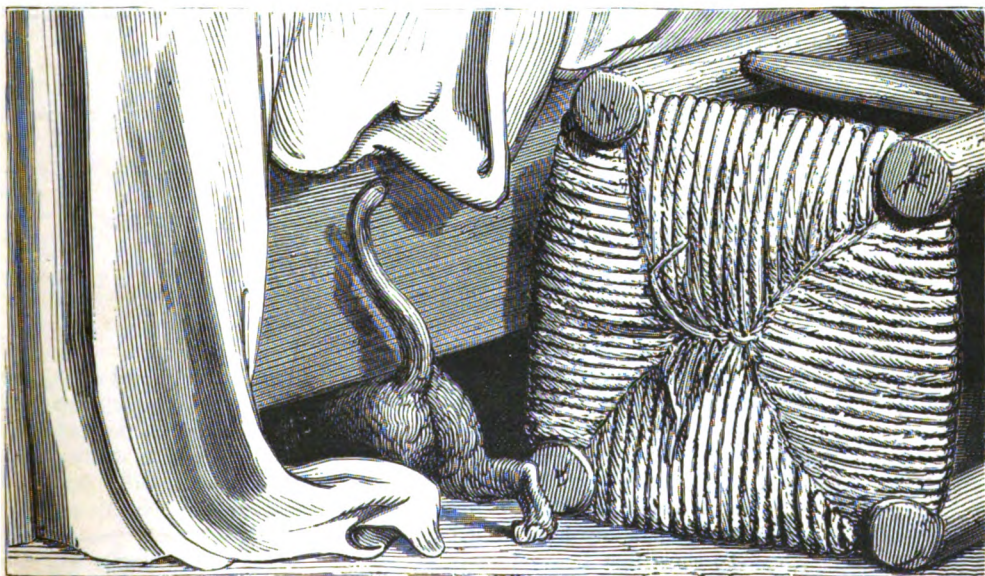
So Nannie kept on through the kitchen to the little bedroom at the end, where she slept. There she had a small hair-trunk with her best clothes in it. She lifted them up, and laid the muff in, down at the very bottom.

"'Cause I sha' n't want it till snow comes!" she reasoned, prudently. And then, as there was no one to take much interest in her that afternoon, she ran off to play with the cat and the two kittens.

Nannie did not take the muff out again after that; she was keeping it to carry to church when snow came, and so it happened that Aunt Ann and Aunt Emmeline did not catch a sight of it, and when they sometimes heard her make cheerful mention of her little muff, they thought she only meant her long red tippet, in whose warm ends she used to wrap her hands the winter before, and make believe it was a muff.

The days went by, and with November came some sharp, cold weather.

"I shall get out my furs to wear to-night," said



"OH—O—OH! WHAT WAS THAT?"

on down-stairs, down into the big kitchen where Aunt Emmeline was bustling cheerily about, getting supper for the hungry quilters.

"Aunt Em'line," said Nannie's happy little voice, "I've got a muff! I've got a muff!"

Aunt Ann, decidedly, as she came in, one Sunday noon, shrugging her shoulders with the cold, "I thought I should almost perish this morning."

"Oh no, Aunt Ann!" said little Nannie. "It aint time yet for furs. Snow has n't come!"

"It's too cold to snow," was Aunt Ann's reply; and Nannie thought that sounded very odd,—like some of the riddles in her riddle-book.

That afternoon, while her little niece was at Sunday-school, Aunt Ann went up to the garret to get her fur collar and cuffs out of the cedar-wood chest. Then there was a commotion, for, as true as the world, one of her fur cuffs was gone! She called Aunt Emmeline in great excitement, and together they searched all through the cedar-wood chest. There was the collar, and there was one cuff, but the other cuff was *not* there. No, it was not there!

"I sha' n't sleep a wink to-night, I'm so nervous!" exclaimed Aunt Ann. "Do you suppose we have had a thief in the house?"

"Or spirits?" suggested Aunt Emmeline, who was a grain superstitious.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Ann, rallying. "Let's look through all the closets and bureaus downstairs."

And they did. Nannie found them hunting when she came home, and followed them about from room to room, enjoying it all very much, and not having the slightest idea what Aunt Ann meant by her "cuff." She thought cuffs were white and stiff, and wondered why Aunt Ann should feel so bad when she had so many more.

Aunt Ann had to wear her collar without her

cuffs. All through the week she kept up the search, but in vain. Saturday night it snowed.

"Oh, goody!" cried Nannie the next morning, "snow has come, and I'm going to wear my muff to church!"

When the aunts came out of their room, all dressed to go, and called Nannie, she joined them in a flutter of delight. She had on her warm hood and her red tippet, and her hands were proudly reposing in—what?

"My little brown fur muff," she said, innocently, as Aunt Ann pounced upon it.

"I should think so!" cried Aunt Ann. "It's my cuff, my lost cuff, you little,—little,—little bunch of posies, you! Where did you get it, Nannie Blair?"

"Up in the garret, out of that trunk of old things," replied Nannie, raising her honest blue eyes. "I knew I could have it, 'cause it was a little girl's muff, and there aint any little girl here but me."

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Ann, and for that once she let her carry it. After that, she took it back, but somebody must have told Santa Claus; for, when Christmas came, there was the dearest little muff you ever saw, made of white fur dotted with black, and lined with lovely blue silk, hanging right on the nail with Nannie's stocking by the fire-place!

CALLING THE FLOWERS.

By M. M. D.

THE wind is shaking the old dried leaves
That will not quit their hold,
The sun slips under the stiffened grass
And drives away the cold.

And Franca says: "How the March wind blows!
Is it scolding? How mad it must be!
When I blow my horn, I'll be tender and sweet,
To show that I love them," says she.

"For the flowers and birds are dear little things,
And must not be frightened at all,
So pray you be quiet, you noisy old wind!—
Perhaps they will come if I call.

"The men on the hill want water, I know,
And soon I will carry them some;

But first I will blow just as kind as I can,
To tell the sweet flowers they can come.

“Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,
And low for the daisies and clover;
But as soft as I can for the violets shy,
Yes softly—and over and over.”



RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

VI.

Now, after Prince Frank has seen Princess Hilda and the cat disappear up the trunk of the tall pine-tree, he had sat down rather disconsolately beside the fire, which blazed away famously, blue, red, and yellow. Every once in a while he took a fagot from the pile and put it in the flame, lest it should go out; but he was very careful not to step outside the circle which the cat had drawn with the tip of his tail. So things went on for a very long time, and Prince Frank began to get very sleepy, for never before had he sat up so late; but still Princess Hilda and the cat did not return, and he knew that if he were to lie down to take a nap, the fire might go out before he waked up again, and then Rumpty-Dudget would have blackened Henry's face all over with one of the burnt logs, and he

never could be saved. He kept on putting fresh fagots in the flame, therefore, though it was all he could do to keep his eyes open; and the fire kept on burning red, blue and yellow.

But after another very long time had gone by, and there were still no Princess Hilda and the cat, Prince Frank, when he went to take a fresh fagot from the pile, found that there was only that one fagot left of all that he and Hilda had gathered together. At this he was very much frightened, and knew not what to do; for when that fagot was burned up, as it soon would be, what was he to do to keep the fire going? There were no more sticks inside the ring, and the cat had told him that if he went outside of it, all would be lost.

In order to make the fagot last as long as possible, he took it apart, and only put one stick in the

flame at a time; but after a while, all but the last stick was gone, and when he had put that in, Prince Frank sat down quite in despair, and cried with all his might. Just then, however, he heard a voice calling him, and, looking up, he saw a little gray man standing just outside the circle, with a great bundle of fagots in his arms. Prince Frank's eyes were so full of tears that he did not see that the little gray man was Rumpty-Dudget.

"What are you crying for, my dear little boy?" asked the gray dwarf, smiling from ear to ear.

"Because I have used up all my fagots," answered Prince Frank; "and if the fire goes out, my brother Henry cannot be saved."

"That would be too bad, surely," said the dwarf; "luckily, I have got an armful, and when these are gone, I will get you some more."

"Oh, thank you—how kind you are!" cried Prince Frank, jumping up in great joy, and going to the edge of the circle. "Give them to me, quick, for there is no time to be lost; the fire is just going out."

"I can't bring them in," replied the dwarf; "I have carried them already from the other end of the forest, and that is far enough; surely you can come the rest of the way yourself."

"Oh, but I must not come outside the circle," said Prince Frank; "for the cat told me that if I did, all would go wrong."

"Pshaw! what does the cat know about it?" asked the dwarf. "At all events, your fire will not burn one minute longer; and you know what will happen then."

When Prince Frank heard this, he knew not what to do; but anything seemed better than to let the fire go out; so he put one foot outside of the circle and stretched out his hand for the

fagots. But immediately the dwarf gave a loud laugh, and threw the fagots away as far as he could; and rushing into the circle, he began to stamp out with his feet the little of the fire that was left.

Then Prince Frank remembered what the cat had told him; he turned and rushed back also into the circle; and as the last bit of flame flickered at

the end of the stick, he laid himself down upon it like a bit of fire-wood. And immediately Rumpty-



"THE IVY CARRIED THEM TO THE TOWER GATES."

Dudget gave a loud cry and disappeared; and the fire blazed up famously, yellow, blue and red, with poor little Prince Frank in the midst of it!

VII.

JUST then, and not one moment too soon, there was a noise of hurrying and scurrying, and along came Tom the cat through the forest, with Princess Hilda holding on to his tail. As soon as they were within the circle, Tom dug a little hole in the ground with his two fore-paws, throwing up the dirt behind, and then said: "Give me the Golden Ivy-seed, Princess Hilda; but make haste; for Frank is burning for Henry's sake!"

So she made haste to give him the Seed; and he planted it quickly in the little hole, and covered the earth over it, and then said: "Give me the Diamond Water-drop; but make haste; for Frank is burning for Henry's sake!"

So she made haste to give him the Drop; and he poured half of it on the fire, and the other half on the place where the Seed was planted. And immediately the fire was put out, and there lay Prince Frank all alive and well; but the mark of Rumpty-Dudget's mud on his nose was burned away, and his hair and eyes, which before had been brown and hazel, were now quite black. So up he jumped, and he and Princess Hilda and Tom all kissed each other heartily; and then Prince Frank said:

"Why, Hilda! the black spot that you had on your forehead has gone away, too."

"Yes," said the cat; "that happened when the King of the Gnomes kissed her. But now make yourselves ready, children; for we are going to take a ride to Rumpty-Dudget's tower!"

The two children were very much surprised when they heard this, and looked about to see what they were to ride on. But behold! the Golden Ivy-seed, watered with the Diamond Water-drop, was already growing and sprouting, and a strong stem with bright golden leaves had pushed itself out of the earth, and was creeping along the ground in the direction of Rumpty-Dudget's tower. The cat put Princess Hilda and Prince Frank on the two largest leaves, and got on the stem himself, and so away they went merrily, and in a very short time the Ivy had carried them to the tower gates.

"Now jump down," said the cat.

Down they all jumped accordingly; but the Golden Ivy kept on, and climbed over the gate, and crept up the stairs, and along the narrow passageway, until, in less time than it takes to write it, the Ivy had reached the room, with the thousand and one corners, in the midst of which Rumpty-Dudget was standing; and all around were the poor little children whom he had caught, standing with their faces to the wall and their hands behind their backs. When Rumpty-Dudget saw the Golden Ivy creeping toward him, he was very much frightened, as well he might be, and he tried to run away; but the Ivy caught him, and twined around him, and squeezed him tighter and tighter and tighter, until all the mischief was squeezed out of him; but since Rumpty-Dudget was made of mischief, of course when all the mischief was squeezed out of him, there was no Rumpty-Dudget left. He was gone forever.

Instantly, all the children that he had kept in the thousand and one corners were free, and came racing and shouting out of the gray tower, with Prince Henry at their head. And when he saw his brother and sister, and they saw him, they all three hugged and kissed one another as if they were crazy. At last Princess Hilda said: "Why, Henry, the spot that was on your chin has gone away, too! And your hair and eyes are brown and hazel instead of being black."

"Yes," said a voice, which Hilda fancied she had somewhere heard before; "while he stood in the corner his chin rubbed against the wall, until the spot was gone; so now he no longer wishes to do what he is told not to do, or not to do what he is told to do; and when he is spoken to, he answers sweetly and obediently, as a violin answers to the bow when it touches the strings."

Then the children looked around, and there stood a beautiful lady, with a golden crown on her head,

and a loving smile in her eyes. It was their fairy aunt, whom they had never seen before except in their dreams.

"Oh," said Princess Hilda, "you look like our mamma, who went away to a distant country, and left us behind. And your voice is like the voice of the Queen of the Air-Spirits; and of——"

"Yes, my darlings," said the beautiful lady, taking the three children in her arms; "I am the Queen, your mother, though, by Rumpty-Dudget's enchantments, I was obliged to leave you, and only be seen by you at night in your dreams. And I was the Queen of the Air-Spirits, Hilda, whose voice you had heard before; and I was the King of the Gnomes, though I seemed so harsh and stern at first. But my love has been with you always, and has followed you everywhere. And now you shall come with me to our home in Fairy Land. Are you all ready?"

"Oh, but where is Tom the cat?" cried all the three children together. "We cannot go and be happy in Fairy Land without him!"

Then the Queen laughed, and kissed them, and said: "I am Tom the cat, too!"

When the children heard this, they were perfectly



"AND NOW YOU SHALL COME WITH ME TO FAIRY LAND!"

contented; and they clung about her neck, and she folded her arms around them, and flew with them over the tops of the forest trees to their beautiful home in Fairy Land; and there they are all living happily to this very day. But Princess Hilda's eyes are blue, and her hair is golden, still.



THE AMERICAN MARDI-GRAS.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.



ARNIVAL, as most of us know, is a season of fun and frolic, but we always think of it in connection with Rome or Venice, or some other place in Italy; and the idea

of an American Carnival is something surprising to us, at least to all of us who live in the Eastern and Middle States.

Carnivals are associated with a degree of merriment and freedom from restraint that we hard-working Americans have yet hardly learned to enjoy. Imagine the people of New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, throwing sugar-plums and flowers at each other from gay balconies, or grave citizens in startling costumes masquerading through the public streets! But for all that there is an American Carnival every year, in which whole cities give themselves up to jollity, and the streets are filled with a fantastic procession of masqueraders, and the merry-making—though it differs very much

from that of the European festivals and does not generally last as long—is nevertheless quite as wild, uproarious, and exciting in its way.

The word "carnival," Italian *carnevale*, is made from two Latin words,—*caro*, flesh, and *vale*, farewell,—and it means "farewell to meat." The Carnival itself—always a time of merriment and feasting—comes just before the forty days' fast of Lent.

The home of the Carnival is in Italy and Southern Europe, and the first city in which the festival was observed in this country is New Orleans, where many of the citizens are French Creoles, and so are more like the people of Southern Europe than those of any other part of the United States. The festival was introduced more than forty years ago, and has been gradually growing in popularity ever since; now, several other Southern cities observe the "Mardi-Gras" Carnival. The reason why it is here called the "Mardi-Gras" or Fat Tuesday Carnival, is because it is kept up only for one day, and that is the Tuesday before Lent, when people are supposed to eat as much as they can, and get fat and comfortable before they begin to fast. In Europe, the Carnival continues through several days, and Mardi-Gras is only one of them.

The Carnival in Italy is indeed a very merry



THE MAGNOLIA COSTUME.

time. The people throng the streets all day, most of them masked and wearing curious costumes. They throw sugar-plums at each other (which used to be real ones, but which are now made of plaster of Paris), and they have all kinds of fun. There are processions and horse-races in which the horses run without riders, and grand illuminations. This is kept up for several days and nights, often for a week.

But in New Orleans, "Rex," the king of the Carnival, arrives on Mardi-Gras morning, to rule the city for one whole day. Generally, he is represented as a handsome old man, with white hair and beard, and rosy cheeks, and no one knows who he really is. For some time before he arrives, the newspapers announce his coming, and placards are posted about, stating what grand things are to be done on glorious "Mardi-Gras." The great jewels (made of quartz) which are to sparkle in his crown, are shown in jewelers' windows; merchants pin his name to their richest goods; his colors, black and gold, flaunt on banners across the streets, or are stretched in great festoons from house to house.

Everybody expects a good time. It seems as if some real royal person were coming to bring all the rich and poor together, and, while he stays, make them forget their different hardships in joy.

Shrove-Tuesday, or "Mardi-Gras," as the French call it, is a "movable feast" of the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches, occurring in February or March; but it makes little difference to the people of New Orleans whether it comes in one month or the other, for at this season the air blows soft from the hazy Mississippi, trees are laden with blossoms, the gardens are full of flowers, and tropical leaves nod and wave under cloudless skies.

Often, on Monday night, but at any rate as soon as daylight begins on Mardi-Gras morning, maskers gather and commence to enliven the streets with pranks and fun. They are seldom rude; on this "maddest, merriest day," when no authority is acknowledged but that of benignant Rex, who gives to all their own way, the people overflow with good-will.

Early in the morning you hear the shouts and

merry voices of the children, and see little knots of them passing by your door, dressed in all manner of fantastic costumes, and wearing grotesque masks. A great many of them have simply pink or blue paper-muslin ruffled skirts and sacks, with caps and masks to match, so that all you can see of the children themselves is a pair of bright roguish eyes looking out at you from under the mask.

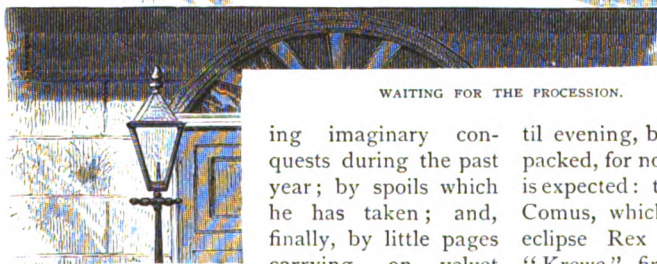
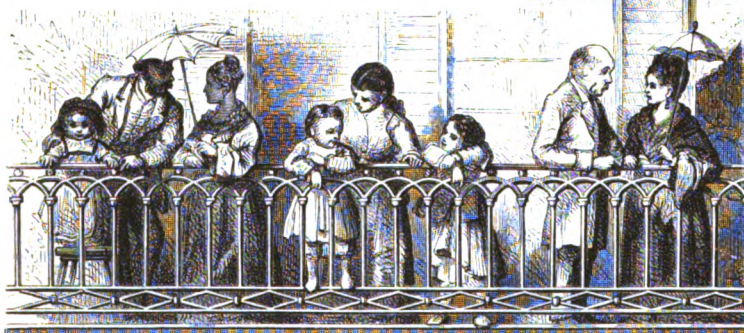
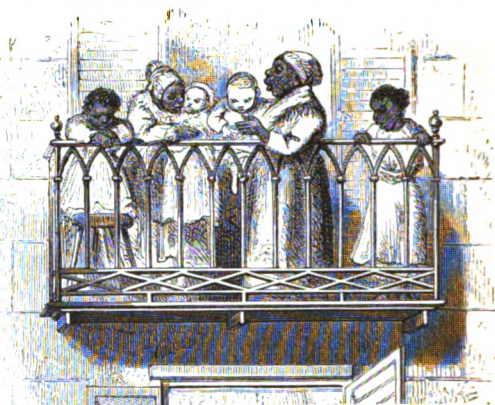
Later in the day you see all sorts of maskers. Here and there are groups of mounted cavaliers dashing through the streets with jingling spurs and plumed hats. Yonder are five or six courtiers in Louis XIV. costume, with sword and powdered bag-wig, bowing and gallantly kissing the tips of their fingers to the ladies in the balconies. Next comes a band of gray friars with "sandal-shoon" and shaven



THE GIRAFFE.

heads, telling their beads and greeting the promenaders with "*Pax vobiscum!*" Now and then a huge monkey darts into the middle of the street, where he goes through a hundred queer antics amidst the joyous shouts of small boys. Here we see a monstrous bat speeding along the sidewalk, spreading and flapping his huge wings in the air. Close behind, are a brown speckled toad and a green frog arm-in-arm, hopping along in a very jovial manner, and smiling sweetly on each other.

The crowd keeps on increasing and never loses its good humor nor its good manners, and you look down from your balcony on the gorgeous shifting panorama. Harlequins, clowns, dwarfs, ogres, imps of all degrees of impishness, princes and peasants, alike pass in review before you. You see representatives of all nations on the face of the earth,—white men, black men, yellow men, and red men! All of them are masked, and the costumes often show much skill and ingenuity. But the great event is the appearance of Rex and his followers. Before the Carnival-king begins his triumphal march, he is formally received by the mayor, and the keys of the city are tendered to him. Then, preceded by heralds, and a great booming bell to announce his approach; by soldiers both foot and cavalry, regiment after regiment; by play-generals and officers with whom he has been mak-



WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION.

ing imaginary conquests during the past year; by spoils which he has taken; and, finally, by little pages carrying, on velvet

cushions, his scepter and the keys of his empire,—in a hollow-square of his royal guard, riding like a king, and bowing from side to side to his loyal subjects,—Rex comes, preceded and surrounded and followed by loud-sounding bands of music.

After more troops, Rex's navy of small ships, mounted on wheels and manned by gallant tars, eight and ten years old, sails slowly past, each vessel drawn by half a dozen or a dozen spirited horses. Next come his civil officers with great pomp. The air far and near vibrates continually with music. Beautiful living pictures of scenes in American history go past on platforms upon wheels. Industry and trade are represented by scores of ingeniously decorated wagons or vans, and these evidences of

the prosperity of Rex's empire are under the special charge of his Lord of the Vans. The *bœuf gras* (or fat ox), a prize animal, appears in the procession, his horns garlanded.

The bewildering pageant ends with a troop of foot, including the maskers, who made the morning merry, and who now go by seeming as fresh as ever and better skilled in prank-playing,—a crowd of Indians, baboons, dogs, elephants, birds, and every other mask which man's fancy can invent!

The procession lasts until evening, but after night-fall the streets are still packed, for now another great feature of the festival is expected: the pageant of the *Mistick Krewe of Comus*, which mysterious society always tries to eclipse Rex by its prodigal splendors. The "Krewe" first appeared in 1857, representing characters from "Paradise Lost." Next year it paraded the gods and goddesses of mythology, with the chariot of Aurora, and other beautiful groups. The third year, the "courtly pageant" of Twelfth Night; its fourth appearance pictured American history; its fifth, "Life," or the ages of man. Then the war made a great gap, during which there were no Carnival years; but in 1866 the Krewe appeared once more as the "Court of Comus." Since then, they have not failed to crown Mardi-Gras with gorgeous living pictures.

One of their most curious spectacles represented the "Feast of Epicurus." First in the procession came the soup-plates, ladle and tureen, all walking, and then the fish for the second course.

After that were the different meats and vegetables, all just as natural as possible, the two legs underneath, and the arms, being the only things that looked like man. Then they had various kinds of game,—duck, woodcock, quail, etc.,—and the glasses and bottles. Pies and puddings were followed by several different kinds of fruit, and at the end of the procession were cups of coffee and bunches of cigars. All these things were prancing along the streets just as if they were bewitched. Afterward, at the ball in the evening, it was the most comical sight in the world to see a young lady, elegantly dressed, going through the figures of a quadrille with a huge carrot or sweet-potato, waltzing with a bunch of celery, or courtesying to a big, black bottle.

Another subject chosen for illustration was the "Missing Links in Darwin's Origin of Species." There were some good representations of flowers, that of a magnolia bud being remarkably ingenious and beautiful. Then there were, besides, representatives of the four great sub-kingdoms of the animal kingdom,—radiates, mollusks, articulates and vertebrates,—beginning with the jelly-fish and sponge, and ending with the ape whom Mr. Darwin and others seem trying to introduce to us as our great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great—and a great many more greats—grandfather.

There was the savage alligator, the tall giraffe, the patient camel, with lots of other beasts; besides, the locust,—with a policeman's hat and club,—and a host of butterflies and other insects. Looking at these wonderful objects moving



KING REX'S PAGES.

After parade, the Krewe go to the Theater and give tableaux and a ball. The festival

ends with Mardi-Gras night, for, next morning, Ash Wednesday opens the solemn season of Lent.

On Carnival day, whole cities break up their usual gravity, and even forget to trespass; there are fewer arrests; people are so busy laughing they cannot be wicked. The cat of care being away, old mice and young come out to play.

In Memphis, the Carnival is observed with the same enthusiasm and display as in New Orleans. Maskers, indeed, are more lively, for the cool winds blowing down the Mississippi over western Tennessee are not as balmy as the Gulf airs. But the Ulks, instead of Rex, his Majesty proper, seem to reign here. One Mardi-Gras they paraded thirteen floats, representing ideas which kept all the thousands watching them in a whirl of continual laughter.

In the evening, the Memphi, a society as mystic as the Krewe of New Orleans, came out with a wonderful floating history of "India," which my geography used to say was the "richest country in the world."

One picture represented a temple, within which were Manu, the sage of India, Zoroaster of Persia, and Confucius of China, studying the Aryan philosophy. Another was the birth of Brahma from a lotus flower, the birds singing over him. A third showed Hindoo caste, that strict division of the people into classes: there was a golden kiosk or summer-house in the valley of Ambir, richly carved, with four pinnacles; on its steps were four figures, one of each of the castes; a ruler, who prayed standing; a Brahmin, who bowed his head; a farmer, offering up gifts; while a poor Soodra—of the lowest rank—lay on his face.

There were elephants with howdahs on their backs, and men and ladies in rich dresses, on cushions of velvet embroidered with precious stones. The Throne of the Peacock was represented. It took its name from the two golden peacocks in front of it, and was once the pride of Delhi, the ancient Mogul capital of India. Seated upon it, in the throne-room, which was magnificent with pil-



LOOKING ON.

lars of costly stones, and marble arches, appeared Shah Jehan, sovereign of India, among his gorgeously appareled princes.

There was a Hindoo bazaar, full of the riches of that Eastern land, and natives were in it buying and selling, and as busy as dusky bees in a golden summer hive.

"Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen;



THE NIGHT PROCESSION.

Prunes of Bokhara, and sweetmeats
From the groves of Samarcand,
And Bokhara dates, and apricots,
Seed of the sun, from Iran's land,
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,"

and other nice things, too numerous to mention, were there.

Last of all, India was shown, bound, and abandoned to her enslavers.

The Memphi, also, end their pageant with tableaux and ball, and, like the Krewe, disappear at midnight, to be seen no more until the next year.

St. Louis, Little Rock, Galveston, and other

cities, play pranks on Mardi-Gras; but, until recently, the Carnival has not been observed at the North. The climate is unsuitable; but, more than that, northern people seem to lack the light and graceful fancy of southerners; they do not know how to "make believe" with perfect enjoyment. A few years ago, in Cincinnati, watching Rex ride by on a chariot shaped like a boar's head,—his royal cushions being between its ears, his jester sitting on its snout, his attendants, as forks and knives and spoons, surrounding the great dish, which was drawn by elephants,—I could scarcely recognize him as that most merry monarch, yet most gentle, who trailed the purple over his white charger, and uncovered his courtly head to his dear subjects down by the Gulf. There were droll maskers and several pretty historical tableaux on wheeled platforms in the Cincinnati festival, but good old Rex was scarcely at home in that dear, hospitable, and smoky city.

In New York the merry monarch made his first appearance in 1877. He did not come on the regular Carnival day, for it is too cold in our northern cities, during February and March, for such out-door sports as he delights in. So he deferred his grand entry until May. There was a great deal of curiosity all over the country to see how a Carnival in New York would succeed. Of course, the people in our great metropolis like to amuse themselves, and nowhere in the country do they do it with more taste and judgment, for nearly everything in the way of amusements comes at some time to New York; but this Carnival procession was a new thing.

When Rex appeared, crowds and crowds came out to welcome him, and perhaps he never before saw so many people gathered together; for when New York undertakes to get up a crowd, she is better able to do it than is any other city in this hemisphere. But Rex was not quite sure whether it would answer in such a practical city, to have, the very first time, all the funny and utterly absurd things which he was in the habit of showing in his processions in the southern cities. So he con-

tented himself, in great part, with representations of the various trades and occupations of the country, to which even the gravest descendant of old Peter Knickerbocker could not object.

But he had his fun, too, and the Khedive of Egypt and the Grand Turk dressed themselves up in holiday array, and rode beside him.

As the jovial Rex rode along Broadway, and saw myriads of people pressing close to him, eager for the reign of mirth, he wondered why they never before had sent for him! Perhaps he saw, in his

mind's eye, round little Hendrick Hudson waking up in the Highlands and coming down to meet him, with a long pipe in one hand and a Dutch hat in the other; and said to himself, "Ah, if Washington Irving were here,—that man who gave his elegant sentences the merry curl!—he would speak well of me to all these good people! Let them call for me in all my mirth and glory, and let them make me feel at home, and I will push out King Care and King Heaviness, and give them one perfectly merry day in the year."

Take him as he wishes to be taken, and there is no harm in the jolly king of Mardi-Gras. More than that, it is often well for people, old and young, to submit to



THE LOCUST.



THE ALLIGATOR.

his rule, and give themselves up for a day to play and fun. And when we think of the dreadful suffering in New Orleans and other Southern cities from the late visitation of yellow fever, we can hope most sincerely, now that Mardi-Gras is coming around again, that the people will find they have not forgotten how to laugh, and that the kind old Rex may, in some way, help to lift the saddening veil that the pestilence threw over them.



WAITING FOR SPRING.

PETS FROM PERSIA.

BY KATE FOOTE.

"THE chief use of a sailor-uncle on shore is to tell stories," said Mrs. Ayre, opening the door into her parlor, and addressing her brother-in-law who sat there. "Frank and Charley are sure to get into mischief while I am out, unless you will have pity on them. They can't go with me because they will give the whooping-cough to every child on the street. Can they come in?"

Uncle Will laid down his newspaper with a smile; and Mrs. Ayre, turning her head, said:

"Come on, boys."

Immediately, two chubby chaps, six and eight years old, who had been behind her all the time, swarmed into the room with all the amount of noise which two boys can get into such a plain proceeding, took their uncle's chair by storm, established

themselves one on each knee, and suddenly became as silent as before they had been noisy.

Uncle Will looked a little mischievous, and said:

"Would n't you take an old story that you've heard before?"

But the boys were sure there was no occasion for this, and began to look injured. They knew perfectly well that their uncle had more stories in him than are in the "Arabian Nights." They gave indignant grunts, and were so very severe with him that he began at once:

"I am thinking about my cat and her kitten; perhaps because the cats howled so in the garden last night that it took all my boot-jacks and hair-brushes and even one pair of slippers to persuade them to be quiet.

"But my cat and kitten were none of your thievish prowlers by night. They were of high degree, and would have despised low conduct. On my last voyage, when our ship lay in the harbor of Genoa, and while I was ashore one day, I came upon an odd little shop in an odd little corner of a side street where a dried-up old man sold birds and dogs, photographs and sponges,—the greatest jumble of things; and among the rest he had a very beautiful Persian cat with one kitten. They were both white and had tails like ostrich feathers. I was captivated with their beauty at once, and the old man saw it. He was as sharp at a bargain as every Italian is, and he made me pay a pretty price, but I was determined to have them, and stopped at nothing. Though, when the man, with many low bows, said that 'the money was too little, oh! much too little!' I laughed in his face, and he saw I was not a fool, as I meant he should. He did not say anything more after that, and I myself carried my prizes in a basket down to the wharf, and kept looking in to see if they were in good order while I was being rowed out to my ship.

"Sailors are always fond of pets, and my two Persian pussies became very popular on board, among the crew as well as with the officers. We called the mamma 'Mother White,'—she had not a dark hair on her; the kitten had one dark gray spot under her chin, and we called her just 'Kit.' Mother White was very careful of her daughter, and at first would not let her climb in the rigging at all. She herself would go up, and often I used to see her sitting in the foretop with one of the men, composedly licking her paws and rubbing her head, and keeping herself as clean as a whistle. She was daintily clean always; even when she first came on board she would not go near a bucket of tar or 'slush;' she seemed to know that the ship might take a roll at any time and upset it on her.

"It was great fun, when the kitten grew larger, to see Mother White begin to train her. On still days, when there was not much motion to the ship, Kit would begin to creep up the shrouds,—which, you know, are the rope ladders that lead up the mast from the side of a vessel,—sticking her claws well in, and holding on very hard, but always a little awkwardly, and acting as if she were half afraid. Mother White set her a good example, and would occasionally give a little mew of command or approval. Kit kept going higher every day, until finally she got up into the foretop as well as her mother. But Kit was always particularly awkward about coming down. She would come part of the way tail foremost, and then screw about with great difficulty, and try it head foremost, and it worried the old cat very much. She came

down regular fashion, hind feet foremost, hand over hand, and looking round occasionally to see that she was all right, fore and aft. One day, Kit stayed in the rigging a long time, and the wind freshened and the ship began to roll more and more. Mother White came down very soon and very carefully; but Kit was giddy, and would not pay any attention when her mother called to her in the cat language to come down or she might have an ugly tumble. Kit stayed and flirted about with the men until she saw the cook come out of his caboose and walk aft with a plateful of bones for Mother White. Of course she, too, wanted some, so she started down. But the roll was very great, and about half-way down she stuck and clung by her claws, mewing, and not knowing what to do,—head first seemed just as dangerous as tail first.

"Mother White left her bones, came up much excited and sat down on the deck, cocked her eyes at the kitten, and mewed all sorts of commands and encouragement and advice. I did not suppose a cat could have so many different tones, but it seemed as if she were saying, in cat lingo, of course:

" 'Stand by now,—don't be afraid; wait for the le'ward roll,—don't be a lubber,—come on now.' "

"One of the men came up to me and said:

" 'Shall I bring her down, Mr. Ayre?' "

"I was watching them with the greatest interest to see what they would do. I knew she could not fall overboard, and if she tumbled on the deck, the distance was not great enough to hurt her; so I said:

" 'No; she wants a lesson, and I think this will teach her something.' "

"In another minute, Kit got desperate and, turning half round, let go of the ratlins, and jumped at a loop of rope that hung from one of the sails near her. But she was clumsy about this, and was not sailor enough to allow for the roll of the vessel; so instead of setting her claws into it and then scrambling into the slack of the sail, as she might easily have done, she missed her aim, the rope took her round the stomach and there she swung, head one side, tail the other, and her hind feet locked into her fore feet with a desperate grip. She hung there a minute or two, and then 'let go all'; and just fell flat on the deck, without making any effort to save herself, or even fall on her feet. This seemed to cap the climax of Mother White's feelings of mortification that she had such a disobedient land-lubber of a kitten.

"She ran up to Kit, the hair on her back erect, her whiskers twitching with rage, fell on her, cuffed her with her paws, bit her, growled and spit at her, and just gave her a regular whipping, as much as to say: 'There! take that and that, for being so awkward and not paying any atten-

tion to your mother; if you can't learn to be a sailor, you'd better stay on deck.'

"Kit felt very small when her mother let her go, and she crawled under one of the boats, so I had great difficulty in coaxing her out to eat some supper.

"But she learned to be a better sailor after a while, and Mother White became quite proud of her. They had glorious pranks together, and gave us many a half hour of laughter. I grew very fond of them both, and of my cat especially,—she was such a great, handsome, good-tempered creature, except occasionally when her kit aggravated her beyond endurance. She grew so fat that she weighed eight pounds and four ounces.

"One day, we were ordered into the Indian seas, and away we went out of the Straits of Gibraltar and down round the Cape and along to the Malabar coast of Hindustan. We had to hang around a week or two in the open roadstead of Madras. There is no harbor there, and it is a very unpleasant place to anchor, so we all were glad to get away; and one fine day we were towed up the Hooghly and anchored off Calcutta. There I got a leave of absence for a few days from my captain, and went to visit a friend of mine who was living among the foot-hills of the Himalaya mountains. I took my cat and kitten with me, I was so afraid they would not be properly taken care of while I was gone. I need not have been such a simpleton; they gave me no end of trouble, and I wished a thousand times I had left them with the cook. Mother White, finding herself in a strange place, clung to me as her only friend, and followed me about like a little dog. One day, I was out hunting, and, when I was two miles from home, Mother White came mewing up to me, as if to reproach me for having left her, and I had to send her back by a servant. Both she and the kitten had to be shut up every night to keep them out of my room.

"My friend was a great hunter, and we shot bustards and wild peacocks, and other game, for a day or two, and then he said that we would hunt antelopes the next day with cheetahs. This would be a new thing to me, and my friend took me round to the great cage at the back of his bungalow where the cheetahs were kept. They were beautiful animals, like great cats, about three feet long, and with tawny yellow skins, spotted here and there with black. They rubbed their heads against the bars of the cage and purred, when they saw us, and my friend put his hand in and stroked one and scratched his ear; but he did not do this until after he had asked the keeper and found out that they had just been fed.

"'Pretty creatures,' said he; 'but so ferocious and blood-thirsty that I never have any feeling of

security when I touch them, unless I know that their stomachs are full.'

"They belong to the feline race, which you know is the name of the genus, and the lion and tiger and leopard and cat are all cousins. I wondered if Mother White would be willing to get up an acquaintance with her relatives; but neither she nor Kit would come near the cage, and when I tried to carry the cat up close, she showed so much fear that I had not the heart to insist. And when the leopards caught sight of her in my arms they snuffed the air, and ran back and forth in the cage, and became so excited I was glad to let her go.

"We had to start at five o'clock, so I rose very early the next morning, looked in at a little open closet where Mother White and Kit slept during the night, saw they were both all right, and then joined the party who were on the piazza waiting for the horses to be brought round. There were two other gentlemen, our host and myself, a servant or two, and a boy driving a cart in which was the cage with the cheetahs and a little kid, lying on its side with its feet tied.

"Our horses were fresh and snuffed the morning air, but we rode slowly four or five miles, laughing and talking,—my friend telling us how the old Indian emperors would go out on a hunting-party with as many as a hundred of these leopards, and we tried to imagine the look such a party would have, with the gay Indian dresses of the men, the cheetahs with their smooth skins and spotted sides, and all the confusion and glitter those royal people liked to keep up about themselves.

"Then one of the servants, who had ridden ahead, came back and said there were antelopes the other side of a high hill which rose a quarter of a mile from us. This was good news, and our host said we must ride to the left around the hill, so that the wind might blow from them toward us. If it blew from us to them, they would scent us, and be ten miles off before we could even sight them, antelopes are so shy.

"In a minute or two we flanked the hill, keeping among the thick low trees, making no noise, and then we saw four or five of the graceful beasts making their breakfasts from the short dewy grass of the valley.

"The cage was lifted out of the cart and set on the ground,—the door on the side toward the antelopes. All the wild instincts of the cheetahs were up at the sight of their prey; they crouched and quivered and lashed their tails, but moved like velvet, and made not a sound.

"'Mind your horses, now,' said our host, and the door of the cage was pushed up. The horses shied and stirred a little, as the beasts crept past, from an instinctive sense of danger, but the

cheetahs were thinking of other game, so we were safe. They crouched in the high grass, and glided from one bush to another until they were as near as possible, and then—whew! like a bullet from a rifle, with a bound into the air of full thirty feet, each let drive at an antelope. It was cruel and magnificent to see them. One lighted on the shoulders of a splendid buck, sunk his claws deeply into the flesh, and hung there quietly, all the terrific bounds which the poor creature gave not disturbing the cheetah in the least.

“That was what one did, and I was watching him

life of one of our party, for the cheetah's blood was up,—if he could not have the deer, he would take one of us or a horse. He stood out on the plain, licking his lips, his eyes blazing redly, his tail lashing his flanks, and as he turned his head toward us, it seemed to each man as if the beast were selecting him to make up for the lost deer. Our horses knew the danger, and began to plunge and tear at their bits, and a pistol came out of the pocket of nearly every man there.

“‘Wait a moment,’ said our host, ‘you must kill and not merely wound. No slight hurt will



A COMFORTABLE PARTY.

so intently I did not see the other, when suddenly I heard my friend say, ‘Quick, boy! the kid.’

“Turning my head, I saw that the other leopard had missed his leap, and the deer he was after had got away. It was a very unusual thing, but provision had been made for the emergency. The boy, who had been watching with the rest of us, rushed at once to the cart, and the kid—was gone. Probably it had not been securely tied, and in struggling it had started the knots, and then jumped away among the bushes while we were too engaged to notice it.

“It was a serious matter, and might cost the

prevent his jumping among us; shoot at his side, or hit him behind the ear.’

“Two of us were taking aim, when the attention of the cheetah seemed to be attracted by something to the right of him; he turned and began to creep and crouch as he had on first seeing the antelopes.

“Our host drew a long breath, and we lowered our pistols.

“‘The kid must be there,’ said he; ‘now I can save my cheetah.’

“By looking carefully we could see the bushes move in the edge of the woods as if some small

animal were playing about there. In a moment the cheetah gave another of his lightning springs; there was a rolling and tossing among the leaves and branches, and then a silence, and we knew that the second cheetah was safe with his prey.

"We were once more at ease, and put up our

down, and the man walked cautiously over to the second cheetah. I saw that he gave a start as he got near, leaned forward to look closer, and then turned round to us; but as he said nothing, and we saw him a moment afterward collar this cheetah just like the other and put him into the cage, we



pistols. We watched a few minutes longer, and then the keeper went up to the first cheetah, who was still on the back of the antelope it had caught, and threw the collar and chain round his neck, while the boy brought up the cage. The cheetah allowed himself to be slipped in, the door was put

supposed that nothing unusual had occurred. But after the door had been fastened, and the boy headed toward the cart with the cage, the keeper stooped down carefully, picked up something from the bushes, and came toward us with it across his hand. As he came nearer, my eyes began to

fasten on his burden with some interest. Surely there was something familiar about it,—that gleaming white fur,—could it be? Yes, as he came up to me I saw it was my beautiful Persian cat, and the cruel cheetah had killed her.

"Poor puss! she had perhaps saved the life of one of us, at least saved us from an ugly tussle with an enraged brute, and I could not openly say a word of regret, but I wished I was a small boy, so that I could howl and cry and go to my mother for comfort.

"They gathered round her as I laid her across my saddle-bow, and every one admired her and said something kindly, but I had lost my pretty pet, and I knew I should never have a chance to get such another.

"That evening she lay in state on a blue silk cushion in the dining-room, and the gentlemen of the party drank to her memory, and then we buried her by the light of the moon under an

acacia tree in the garden, as far away from the cage of the cheetahs as might be.

"The next day I went back to my ship with only Kit, and all the people on board hated me because I had lost their pet."

Frank and Charley thought and talked of nothing but Uncle Will's narrative all the rest of the day. They almost forgot to cough and whoop; even when night came, the story still went on in Frank's dreams. He saw cats of every possible description—tame cats, wild cats, white cats with tails of ostrich plumes, and cats with long wool like that of Angola sheep. Even the cat that grinned upon Alice in Wonderland came and grinned upon him; and finally he awoke with something very like a scream, when a huge cat-face seemed to glare at him out of the darkness—a cat-face that held in its dreadful expression the look of lion, tiger, cheetah, lynx and leopard, all in one.



ELIZABETH'S ROSES.*

TRANSLATED BY ANNIE B. PARKER.

UPON a steep hill stands an old castle. It is called the Wartburg. Do you know who lived there? Seven hundred years ago it was St. Elizabeth, and later, in the sixteenth century, the great reformer, Luther. But to-day I shall tell you of St. Elizabeth only.

She was born in Hungary, a king's daughter, and when a child was brought in a golden cradle to Thuringia, where she was given in marriage to a prince, who himself was but a child and called Ludwig. His home was the Wartburg, and all around belonged wholly to him,—country and people. Elizabeth grew up not only beautiful and amiable, but she had also a pious and extremely benevolent nature and she pitied especially the poor and needy.

This at first pleased her husband, who loved her very much. He did not restrain her even when she went down into the valley to feed, clothe and comfort

the poor with her own hands. But those who were not pleased by this, were the courtiers of her husband. Moved by envy and malice they caused the princess to be suspected by the latter, and in a moment of anger, he forbade her finally to go out from the castle, and like a servant deal out alms and relief to the poor.

But she could not consent to neglect the poor people in need of help, and when one day her husband had gone down into the city, she stole out through the gate with a basketful of bread, meat and eggs under her cloak. She was not yet half-way down the hill, when suddenly the prince, with his retinue, came upon her, and he asked her in a severe tone what she was carrying under her cloak. Pale with fear she answered:

"They are roses, most gracious lord."

The prince threw aside her cloak, and there lay in the basket the most beautiful half-blown roses.

* For names of all who sent in good translations of this legend, the original of which was printed in our December number, see "Letter-Box," page 364.

Deeply moved at this sight, the prince embraced his pious wife, asked her forgiveness and no longer forbade her to follow the impulse of her charitable heart.

The courtiers were rebuked severely by their

lord for their base and malicious conduct. But the best of the story is, that Elizabeth's roses all changed back into nourishing food as soon as she arrived in the midst of the expectant poor whose hunger she was now able to appease.

THE PLAYTHING SKY.

BY J. W. DE FOREST.



WHERE do the children fly
When they are dreaming?
Straight to the Plaything Sky,
Soaring and beaming.

Over the Wonder Sea
Sparkle the darlings,
Clapping their hands with glee,
Singing like starlings.

Wonderful lands appear,
Wonderful cities;
Wonderful talk they hear,
Wonderful ditties.

Squirrels come out to them,
Butterflies sing to them,
Guinea-pigs shout to them,
Tulip-bells ring to them.

Hosts of tin soldier-men
Wave their tin banners;
Sugar-plum aldermen
Make their sweet manners.

Gingerbread riders whack
Gingerbread ponies;
Candy-stick ladies smack
Candy-stick cronies.

Sitting in royal state,
Counting her tea-things,
Giggles the little-great
Queen of the playthings.

Manikin troopers stand
Round her wee palace;
Manikin maidens hand
Cream-pot and chalice.

Wooden horns clamor out,
 "Children are coming!"
 Wooden drums hammer out
 Welcome becoming.

Down steps her majesty,
 Smiling and kissing;
 Round about busses she,
 Not a child missing.

Then to her regal hall
 Swiftly she leads them,
 Gives them her playthings all,
 Aprons and feeds them.

Gayly the children play,
 Chatter and simper;
 Then, of a sudden, they
 Wake up and whimper.



Where is the Plaything Queen?
 Where are her treasures?
 Gone to the great unseen;
 Gone, like earth's pleasures!

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREE GRAY BEANS.

CORNY went ashore, but she did not stay there three minutes. From the edge of the wharf we could see that Silver Spring was better worth looking at than anything we should be likely to see on shore. The little lake seemed deeper than a three-story house, and yet, even from where we stood, we could see down to the very bottom.

There were two boys with row-boats at the wharf. We hired one of the boats right off, and Corny gave me such a look, that I told her to get in. After she was in the boat, she asked her mother, who was standing on the deck of the steamboat, if she might go. Mrs. Chipperton said she supposed so, and away we went. When we had rowed out to the middle of the spring, I stopped rowing, and we looked down into the depths. It was almost the same as looking into air. Far down at the bottom we could see the glittering sand and the green rocks, and sometimes a fish, as long as my arm, would slowly rise and fall, and paddle away beneath us. We dropped nickels and copper cents down to the bottom, and we could plainly see them lying there. In some parts of the bottom there were "wells," or holes, about two feet in diameter, which seemed to go down indefinitely. These, we

were told, were the places where the water came up from below into the spring. We could see the weeds and grasses that grew on the edges of these wells, although we could not see very far down into them.

"If I had only known," said Rectus, "what sort of a place we were coming to, I should have brought something to lower down into these wells. I tell you what would have been splendid!—a heavy bottle filled with sweet oil and some phosphorus, and a long cord. If we shook up the bottle it would shine, so that, when we lowered it into the wells, we could see it go down to the very bottom, that is, if the cord should be long enough."

At this instant, Corny went overboard! Rectus made a grab at her, but it was too late. He sprang to his feet, and I thought he was going over after her, but I seized him.

"Sit down!" said I. "Watch her! She'll come up again. Lean over and be ready for her!"

We both leaned over the bow as far as was safe. With one hand I gently paddled the boat, this way and that, so as to keep ourselves directly over Corny. It would have been of no use to jump in. We could see her as plainly as anything.

She was going down, all in a bunch, when I first

saw her, and the next instant she touched the bottom. Her feet were under her now, and I saw her make a little spring. She just pushed out her feet.

Then she began to come right up. We saw her slowly rising beneath us. Her face was turned upward, and her eyes were wide open. It was a wonderful sight. I trembled from head to foot. It seemed as if we were floating in the air, and Corny was coming up to us from the earth.

Before she quite reached the surface, I caught her, and had her head out of water in an instant. Rectus then took hold, and with a mighty jerk we pulled her into the boat.

Corny sat down hard and opened her mouth.

"There!" said she; "I did n't breathe an inch!"

And then she puffed for about two minutes, while the water ran off her into the bottom of the boat. I seized the oars to row to shore.

"How did you fall over?" said Rectus, who still shook as if he had had a chill.

"Don't know," answered Corny. "I was leaning far over, when my hand must have slipped, and the first thing I knew I was into it. It's good I did n't shut my eyes. If you get into water with your eyes shut, you can't open them again." She still puffed a little. "Coming up was the best. It's the first time I ever saw the bottom of a boat."

"Were n't you frightened?" I asked.

"Had n't time at first. And when I was coming up, I saw you reaching out for me."

"Did you think we'd get you?" said Rectus, his face flushing.

"Yes," said Corny, "but if you'd missed me that time, I'd never have trusted you again."

The gentleman-with-a-wife-and-a-young-lady was in another boat, not very far off, but it was nearer the upper end of the little lake, and none of the party knew of our accident until we were pulling Corny out of the water. Then they rowed toward us as fast as they could, but they did not reach us until we were at the wharf. No one on shore, or on the steamboat, seemed to have noticed Corny's dive. Indeed, the whole thing was done so quietly, and was so soon over, that there was not as much of a show as the occasion demanded.

"I never before was in deep water that seemed so little like real water," said Corny, just before we reached the wharf. "This was cold, and that was the only thing natural about it."

"Then this is not the first time you've been in deep water?" I asked.

"No," said Corny, "not the very first time;" and she scrambled up on the wharf, where her mother was standing talking to some ladies.

"Why, Cornelia!" exclaimed Mrs. Chipperton, as soon as she saw the dripping girl, "have you been in the water again?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Corny, drawing her shoulders up to her ears, "and I must be rubbed down and have dry clothes as quick as lightning."

And with this she and her mother hurried on board the steamboat.

Rectus and I went back on the lake, for we had not gone half over it when Corny went into it. We had rowed about for half an hour or so, and were just coming in, when Corny appeared on the deck of the steamboat, with a handkerchief tied around her head.

"Are you going to take a walk on shore?" she called out.

"Yes!" we shouted.

"All right," said she; "if you'll let me, I'll go with you, for mother says I must take a good run in the sun. I look funny, don't I? but I have n't any more hats."

We gave her a good run, although it was not altogether in the sun. The country hereabout was pretty well wooded, but there were roads cut through the woods, and there were some open places, and everywhere, under foot, the sand was about six inches deep. Rectus took Corny by one hand, and I took her by the other, and we made her trot through that sand, in sunshine and shade, until she declared she was warm enough to last for a week. The yellow-legged party and some of the other passengers were wandering about, gathering the long gray moss,—from limbs where they could reach it,—and cutting great palmetto leaves which grew on low bushes all through the woods, and carrying them about as fans or parasols; but although Corny wanted to join in this fun, we would not stop. We just trotted her until she was tired, and then we ran her on board the boat, where her mother was waiting for her.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Chipperton, "immediately to bed."

The two disappeared, and we saw no more of Corny until supper-time. Her mother was certainly good at cure, if she did n't have much of a knack at prevention.

Just as the boat was about to start off on her return trip, and after she had blown her whistle two or three times, Mr. Chipperton appeared, carrying an immense arm-load of gray moss. He puffed and blew as he threw it down on deck. When his wife came out and told him of Corny's disaster, he stopped dusting his clothes, and looked up for an instant.

"I declare," said he, "Corny must keep out of the water. It seems to me that I can never leave her but she gets into some scrape. But I'm sure our

friends here have proved themselves good fellows, indeed," and he shook hands with both of us.



"WE SAW HER SLOWLY RISING BENEATH US."

"Now then, my dear," said he to his wife, "I've enough moss here for the parlor and sitting-

room, and the little back-room, upstairs. I did n't get any for the dining-room, because it might blow about and get into the food."

"Do you mean to take that moss all the way home?" asked Mrs. Chipperton, in surprise. "Why, how will you ever carry it?"

"Of course I mean to take it home," said he. "I gathered this with my own hands from the top of one of the tallest trees on the banks of this famous Silver Spring."

"Mr. Chipperton!" exclaimed his wife.

"To be sure, the tree was cut down, but that makes no difference in the fact. It is both an ornament and a trophy of travel. If necessary, I'll buy a trunk for it. What did you do with Corny after they got her out?"

Our journey home was very much like our trip up the river, but there were a few exceptions. There was not so much firing, for I think the ammunition got pretty low; we saw more alligators, and the yellow-legged party, which had joined us at Pilatka, went all the way to St. Augustine with us. There was still another difference, and that was in Rectus. He was a good deal livelier,—more in the spirit that had hatched out in him in the cemetery at Savannah. He seemed to be all right with Corny now, and we had a good time together. I was going to say to him, once, that he had changed his mind about girls; but I thought I would n't. It would be better to let well enough alone, and he was a ticklish customer.

The day after we returned to St. Augustine, we were walking on the sea-wall, when we met Corny. She said she had been looking for us. Her father had gone out fishing with some gentlemen, and her mother would not walk in the sun, and, besides, she had something to say to us.

So we all walked to the fort and sat down on the wide wall of the water-battery. Rectus bestrode one of the cannon that stood pointing out to sea, but Corny told him she wanted him to get down and sit by her so that she would n't have to shout.

"Now then," said she, after pausing a little, as if she wanted to be sure and get it right, "you two saved my life, and I want to give you something to remember me by."

We both exclaimed against this.

"You need n't do that," said I, "for I'm sure that no one who saw you coming up from the bottom, like the fairy-women float up on wires at the theater, could ever forget you. We'll remember you, Corny, without your giving us anything."

"But that wont do," said she. "The only other time that I was ever really saved was by a ferryman, and father gave him some money, which was all right for him, but would n't do for you two, you know; and another time there was n't really any

danger, and I'm sorry the man got anything; but he did.

"We brought scarcely anything with us, because we did n't expect to need things in this way; but this is my own, and I want to give it to you both. One of you can't use it by himself, and so it will be more like a present for both of you, together, than most things would be." And she handed me a box of dominoes.

"I give it to you because you're the oldest, but, remember, it's for both of you."

Of course we took it, and Corny was much pleased. She was a good little girl and, somehow or other, she seemed to be older and more sensible when she

Bermudas, anyway. So does father. We talked of going to one of those places, when we first thought of traveling for his lung, but then we thought Florida would be better. What is there good about Nassau? Is it any better than this place?"

"Well," said I, "it's in the West Indies, and it's semi-tropical, and they have cocoa-nuts and pine-apples and bananas there; and there are lots of darkies, and the weather's always just what you want——"

"I guess that's a little stretched," said Corny, and Rectus agreed with her.

"And it's a new kind of a place," I continued; "an English colony, such as our ancestors lived in



"WE GAVE CORNY A GOOD RUN."

was with us than when she was bouncing around in the bosom of her family.

We had a good deal of talk together, and, after a while, she asked how long we were going to stay in St. Augustine.

"Until next Tuesday," I said, "and then we shall start for Nassau in the 'Tigris.'"

"Nassau!" she exclaimed, "where's that?"

"Right down there," I said, pointing out to sea with a crook of my finger, to the south. "It's on one of the Bahamas, and they lie off the lower end of Florida, you know."

"No," said she; "I don't remember where they are. I always get the Bahamas mixed up with the

before the Revolution, and we ought to see what sort of a thing an English colony is, so as to know whether Washington and the rest of them should have kicked against it."

"Oh, they were all right!" said Corny, in a tone which settled that little matter.

"And so you see," I went on, "Rectus and I thought we should like to go out of the country for a while, and see how it would feel to live under a queen and a cocoa-nut tree."

"Good!" cried Corny. "We'll go."

"Who?" I asked.

"Father and mother and I," said Corny, rising. "I'll tell them all about it; and I'd better be

going back to the hotel, for if the steamer leaves on Tuesday, we'll have lots to do."

As we were walking homeward on the sea-wall, Rectus looked back and suddenly exclaimed:

"There! Do you see that Crowded Owl following us? He's been hanging round us all the afternoon. He's up to something. Don't you remember the Captain told us he was a bad-tempered fellow?"

"What did he do?" asked Corny, looking back at the Indian, who now stood in the road, a short distance from the wall, regarding us very earnestly.

"Well, he never did anything much," I said. "He seemed to be angry, once, because we would not buy some of his things, and the Captain said he'd have him told not to worry us. That may have made him madder yet."

"He don't look mad," said Corny.

"Don't you trust him," said Rectus.

"I believe all these Indians are perfectly gentle, now," said Corny, "and father thinks so, too. He's been over here a good deal, and talked to some of them. Let's go ask him what he wants. Perhaps he's only sorry."

"If he is, we'll never find it out," I remarked, "for he can only speak one word of English."

I beckoned to Crowded Owl, and he immediately ran up to the wall, and said "How?" in an uncertain tone, as if he was not sure how we should take it. However, Corny offered him her hand, and Rectus and I followed suit. After this, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out three sea-beans.

"There!" said Rectus. "At it again. Disobeying military orders."

"But they're pretty ones," said Corny, taking one of the beans in her hand.

They were pretty. They were not very large, but were beautifully polished, and of a delicate gray color, the first we had seen of the kind.

"These must be a rare kind," said Rectus. "They're almost always brown. Let's forgive him this once, and buy them."

"Perhaps he wants to make up with you," said Corny, "and has brought these as a present."

"I can soon settle that question," said I, and I took the three beans and pulled from my pocket three quarter-dollars which I offered to the Indian.

Crowded Owl took the money, grinned, gave a bob of his head, and went home happy.

If he had had any wish to "make up" with us, he had shown it by giving us a chance at a choice lot of goods.

"Now," said I, reaching out my hand to Corny, "here's one for each of us. Take your choice."

"For me?" said Corny. "No, I ought n't to.

Yes, I will, too. I am ever so much obliged. We have lots of sea-beans, but none like this. I'll have a ring fastened to it, and wear it, somehow."

"That'll do to remember us by," said I.

"Yes," said Rectus, "and whenever you're in danger, just hold up that bean, and we'll come to you."

"I'll do it," said Corny. "But how about you? What can I do?"

"Oh, I don't suppose we shall want you to help us much," I said.

"Well, hold up your beans, and we'll see," said Corny.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUEEN ON THE DOOR-STEP.

WE found that Corny had not been mistaken about her influence over her family, for the next morning, before we were done breakfast, Mr. Chipperton came around to see us. He was full of Nassau, and had made up his mind to go with us on Tuesday. He asked us lots of questions, but he really knew as much about the place as we did, although he had been so much in the habit of mixing his Bahamas and his Bermudas.

"My wife is very much pleased at the idea of having you two with us on the trip over," said he, "although, to be sure, we may have a very smooth and comfortable voyage."

I believe that since the Silver Spring affair, he regarded Rectus and me as something in the nature of patent girl-catchers, to be hung over the side of the vessel in bad weather.

We were sorry to leave St. Augustine, but we had thoroughly done up the old place, and had seen everything, I think, except the Spring of Ponce de Leon, on the other side of the St. Sebastian River. We did n't care about renewing our youth,—indeed, we should have objected very much to anything of the kind,—and so we felt no interest in old Ponce's spring.

On Tuesday morning, the "Tigris" made her appearance on time, and Mr. Cholott and our good landlady came down to see us off. The yellow-legged party also came down, but not to see us off. They, too, were going to Nassau.

Rectus had gone on board, and I was just about to follow him, when our old Minorcan stepped up to me.

"Goin' away?" said he.

"Yes," said I, "we're off at last."

"Other feller goin'?"

"Oh yes," I answered, "we keep together."

"Well, now look here," said he, drawing me a little on one side. "What made him take sich stock in us Minorcans? Why, he thought we used to be slaves; what put that in his head, I'd

like to know? Did he reely think we ever was niggers?"

"Oh no!" I exclaimed. "He had merely heard the early history of the Minorcans in this country, their troubles and all that, and he ——"

"But what difference did it make to him?" interrupted the old man.

I could n't just then explain the peculiarities of Rectus's disposition to Mr. Menendez, and so I answered that I supposed it was a sort of sympathy.

"I can't see, for the life of me," said the old man, reflectively, "what difference it made to him."

And he shook hands with me, and bade me good-bye. I don't believe he has ever found anybody who could give him the answer to this puzzle.

The trip over to Nassau was a very different thing from our voyage down the coast from New York to Savannah. The sea was comparatively smooth, and although the vessel rolled a good deal, in the great swells, we did not mind it much. The air was delightful, and after we had gone down the Florida coast, and had turned to cross the Gulf Stream to our islands, the weather became positively warm, even out here on the sea, and we were on deck nearly all the time.

Mr. Chipperton was in high spirits. He enjoyed the deep blue color of the sea; he went into ecstasies over the beautiful little nautiluses, that sailed along by the ship; he watched with wild delight the porpoises that followed close by our side, and fairly shouted when a big fellow would spring into the air, or shoot along just under the surface, as if he had a steam-engine in his tail. But when he saw a school of flying-fish rise up out of the sea, just a little ahead of us, and go skimming along like birds, and then drop again into the water, he was so surprised and delighted, that he scarcely knew how to express his feelings.

Of course, we younger people enjoyed all these things, but I was surprised to see that Corny was more quiet than usual, and spent a good deal of her time in reading, although she would spring up and run to the railing, whenever her father announced some wonderful discovery. Mr. Chipperton would have been a splendid man for Columbus to have taken along with him on his first trip to these islands. He would have kept up the spirits of the sailors.

I asked Corny what she was reading, and she showed me her book. It was a big, fat pamphlet, about the Bahamas, and she was studying up for her stay there. She was a queer girl. She had not been to school very much, her mother said; for they had been traveling about a good deal of late years; but she liked to study up special things, in which she took an interest. Sometimes she was her

own teacher, and sometimes, if they staid in any one place long enough, she took regular lessons.

"I teach her as much as I can," said her mother, "although I would much rather have her go regularly to school. But her father is so fond of her, that he will not have her away from him, and as Mr. Chipperton's lung requires him to be moving from place to place, we have to go, too. But I am determined that she shall go to a school next fall."

"What is the matter with Mr. Chipperton's lung?" I asked.

"I wish we knew," said Mrs. Chipperton, earnestly. "The doctors don't seem to be able to find out the exact trouble, and besides, it is n't certain which lung it is. But the only thing that can be done for it is to travel."

"He looks very well," said I.

"Oh yes!" said she. "But"—and she looked around to see where he was—"he does n't like people to tell him so."

After a while, Rectus got interested in Corny's book, and the two read a good deal together. I did not interrupt them, for I felt quite sure that neither of them knew too much.

The captain and all the officers on the steamer were good, sociable men, and made the passengers feel at home. I had got somewhat acquainted with them on our trip from Savannah to St. Augustine, and now the captain let me come into his room and showed me the ship's course, marked out on a chart, and pointed out just where we were, besides telling me a good many things about the islands and these waters.

I mentioned to Corny and Rectus, when I went aft again,—this was the second day out,—that we should see one end of the Great Bahama early in the afternoon.

"I'm glad of that," said Corny: "but I suppose we sha'n't go near enough for us to see its calcareous formation."

"Its what?" I exclaimed.

"Its cal-car-e-ous formation," repeated Corny, and she went on with her reading.

"Oh!" said I, laughing, "I guess the calcareous part is all covered up with grass and plants,—at least it ought to be in a semi-tropical country. But when we get to Nassau you can dig down and see what it's like."

"Semi-tropical!" exclaimed Mr. Chipperton, who just came up; "there is something about that word that puts me all in a glow," and he rubbed his hands as if he smelt dinner.

Each of us wore a gray bean. Rectus and I had ours fastened to our watch-guards, and Corny's hung to a string of beads she generally wore. We formed ourselves into a society—Corny suggested

it—which we called the “Association of the Three Gray Beans,” the object of which was to save each other from drowning, and to perform similar serviceable acts, if circumstances should call for them. We agreed to be very faithful, and if Corny had tumbled overboard, I am sure that Rectus and I would have jumped in after her; but I am happy to say that she did nothing of the kind on this trip.

Early the next morning we reached Nassau, the largest town in the Bahamas, on one of the smallest islands, and found it semi-tropical enough to suit even Mr. Chipperton.

Before we landed we could see the white, shining



A STREET IN NASSAU.

streets and houses,—just as calcareous as they could be; the black negroes; the pea-green water in the harbor; the tall cocoa-nut trees, and about five million conch-shells, lying at the edges of the docks. The colored people here live pretty much on the conch-fish, and when we heard that, it accounted for the shells. The poorer people on these islands often go by the name of “conchs.”

As we went up through the town we found that the darkies were nearly as thick as the conch-shells, but they were much more lively. I never saw such jolly, dont-care-y people as the colored folks that were scattered about everywhere. Some of the young ones, as joyful skippers, could have tired out a shrimp.

There is one big hotel in the town, and pretty nearly all our passengers went there. The house is calcareous, and as solid as a rock. Rectus and I liked it very much, because it reminded us of pictures we had seen of Algiers, or Portugal, or some country where they have arches instead of doors: but Mr. Chipperton was n't at all satisfied when he found that there was not a fire-place in the whole house.

“This is coming the semi-tropical a little too

strong,” he said to me; but he soon found, I think, that gathering around the hearth-stone could never become a popular amusement in this warm little town.

Every day, for a week, Mr. Chipperton hired a one-horse barouche, and he and his wife and daughter rode over the island. Rectus and I walked, and we saw a good deal more than they did. Corny told us this the first walk she took with us. We went down a long, smooth, white road that led between the queer little cottages of the negroes, where the cocoa-nut and orange trees and the bananas and sappadilloes, and lots of other trees and bushes stood up around the houses just as proudly as if they were growing on ten-thousand-dollar lots. Some of these trees had the most calcareous foundations anybody ever saw. They grew almost out of the solid rock. This is probably one of the most economical places in the world for garden mold. You could n't sweep up more than a bucketful out of a whole garden, and yet the things grow splendidly. Rectus said he supposed the air was earthy.

Corny enjoyed this walk, because we went right into the houses and talked to the people, and bought cocoa-nuts off the trees, and ate the inside custard with a spoon, and made the little codgers race for pennies, and tried all the different kinds of fruits. She said she would like to walk out with us always, but her mother said she must not be going about too much with boys.

“But there are no girls on the island,” said she; “at least, no white ones,—as far as I have seen.”

I suppose there were white children around, but they escaped notice in the vast majority of little nigs.

The day after this walk, the shorter “yellow-legs” asked me to go out fishing with him. He could n't find anybody else, I suppose, for his friend did n't like fishing. Neither did Rectus; and so we went off together in a fishing-smack, with a fisherman to sail the boat, and hammer conch for bait. We went outside of Hog Island,—which lies off Nassau, very much as Anastasia Island lies off St. Augustine, only it is n't a quarter as big,—and fished in the open sea. We caught a lot of curious fish, and the yellow-legs, whose name was Burgan, turned out to be a very good sort of a fellow. I should n't have supposed this of a man who had made such a guy of himself; but there are a great many different kinds of outsides to people.

When we got back to the hotel, along came Rectus and Corny. They had been out walking together, and looked hot.

"Oh!" cried Corny, as soon as she saw me. "We have something to talk to you about! Let's go and sit down. I wish there was some kind of an umbrella or straw hat that people could wear under their chins to keep the glare of these white roads out of their eyes. Let's go up into the silk-cotton-tree."

I proposed that I should go to my room and clean up a little first, but Corny could n't wait. As her father had said, she was n't good at waiting; and so we all went up into the silk-cotton-tree. This was an enormous tree, with roots like the partitions between horse-stalls; it stood at the bottom of the hotel grounds, and had a large platform built up among the branches, with a flight of steps leading to it. There were seats up here, and room enough for a dozen people.

"Well," said I, when we were seated, "what have you to tell? Anything wonderful? If it is n't, you'd better let me tell you about my fish."

"Fish!" exclaimed Rectus, not very respectfully.

"Fish, indeed!" said Corny. "*W'e* have seen a *queen*!"

"Queen of what?" said I.

"Queen of Africa," replied Corny. "At least a part of it,—she would be, I mean, if she had stayed there. We went over that way, out to the very edge of the town, and there we found a whole colony of real native Africans,—just the kind Livingstone and Stanley discovered,—only they wear clothes like us."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Rectus.

"I don't mean exactly that," said Corny; "but coats and trousers and frocks, awfully old and patched. And nearly all the grown-up people there were born in Africa, and rescued by an English man-of-war from a slave-ship that was taking them into slavery, and were brought here and set free. And here they are, and they talk their own language,—only some of them know English, for they've been here over thirty years,—and they all keep together, and have a governor of their own, with a flag-pole before his house, and among them is a real queen, of royal blood!"

"How did you find out that?" I asked.

"Oh, we heard about the African settlement this morning at the hotel, and we went down there, right after dinner. We went into two or three of the houses and talked to the people, and they all told us the same thing, and one woman took us to see the queen."

"In her palace?" said I.

"No," said Corny, "she don't live in a palace.

She lives in one of the funniest little huts you ever saw, with only two rooms. And it's too bad; they all know she's a queen, and yet they don't pay her one bit of honor. The African governor knows it, but he lives in his house with his flag-pole in front of it, and rules her people, while she sits on a stone in front of her door and sells red peppers and bits of sugar-cane."

"Shameful!" said I; "you don't mean that?"

"Yes, she does," put in Rectus. "We saw her, and bought some sugar-cane. She did n't think we knew her rank, for she put her things away when the woman told her, in African, why we came to see her."

"What did she say to you?" I asked, beginning to be a good deal interested in this royal colored person.

"Nothing at all," said Corny; "she can't talk a word of English. If she could, she might get along better. I suppose her people want somebody over them who can talk English. And so they've just left her to sell peppers, and get along as well as she can."

"It's a good deal of a come-down, I must say," said I. "I wonder how she likes it?"

"Judging from her looks," said Rectus, "I don't believe she likes it at all."

"No, indeed!" added Corny. "She looks woe-begone, and I don't see why she should n't. To be taken captive with her people—may be she was trying to save them—and then to have them almost cut her acquaintance after they all get rescued and settled down!"

"Perhaps," said I, "as they are all living under Queen Victoria, they don't want any other queen."

"That's nothing," said Corny, quickly. "There's a governor of this whole island, and what do they want with another governor? If Queen Victoria and the governor of this island were Africans, of course they would n't want anybody else. But as it is, they do, don't you see?"

"They don't appear to want another queen," I said, "for they won't take one that is right under their noses."

Corny looked provoked, and Rectus asked me how I knew that.

"I tell you," said Corny. "it don't make any difference whether they want her or not, they have n't any right to make a born queen sit on a stone and sell red-peppers. Do you know what Rectus and I have made up our minds to do?"

"What is it?" I asked.

Corny looked around to see that no one was standing or walking near the tree, and then she leaned toward me and said:

"We are going to seat her on her throne!"

"You?" I exclaimed, and began to laugh.

"Yes we are," said Rectus; "at least we're going to try to."

"You need n't laugh," said Corny. "You're to join."

"In an insurrection,—a conspiracy," said I. "I can't go into that business."

"You must!" cried Corny and Rectus, almost in a breath.

"You've made a promise," said Corny.

"And are bound to stick to it," said Rectus, looking at Corny.

Then both together, as if they had settled it all beforehand, they held up their gray sea-beans, and said in vigorous tones:

"Obey the bean!"

I did n't hesitate a moment. I held up my bean, and we clicked beans all around.

I became a conspirator!

(To be continued.)

THE MECHANICAL PIGEON.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



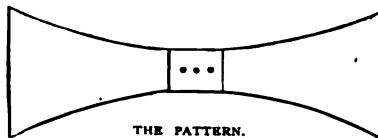
THIS is a very queer bird. He is made of paper, but he really can fly, and after a very queer fashion. Get an empty spool, a small wooden stick, a few pins, a piece of fine twine, and a postal-card, and we will construct the proud bird and set him a-fly-ing. The wooden stick must be about a foot long, and of a convenient size to hold in the hand.

With your penknife cut down one end of the stick so that it will go into the hole in the spool. Make a little ledge near the top so that the spool will not slip down, and can turn freely on the stick. If any part of the stick projects above the spool, cut it off smooth. Now get three pins, and cut each in two in the middle. This will give us three sharp little nails, and you must drive one into the end of the stick so that it will stand up above the spool, and the others into the top of the spool, near the edge, one on each side, and so that all three pins, when the spool is on the stick, shall be in one straight line. Next get a sharp knife and cut an old postal-card to the pattern shown in the diagram in the next column.

In the square part, where the dots are, make three small holes. To find exactly where they are to be, make one hole in the center, and then put the spool on the stick, and the card on top with the

middle pin sticking through the hole. Then press the card down on the spool, and the spool-pins will make marks for the other two holes. When the holes are made, the card will rest on the spool, and the pins will stick through the holes. Now take the card off, and holding it firmly by the square part in the middle, twist one wing to the right and the other to the left—just like the fans of a propeller, or the wings of a wind-mill. Bend one corner up and the other down at each end, so that when you look at the card from end to end, the ends will appear to cross each other in opposite directions.

This card is our bird, and, to make him fly, you must tie a piece of string round the spool, and wind it round and round many times from right to left, or in the opposite direction to that of the moving hands of a watch. Now put the spool on the stick, pins up. Set the paper on top, with the three pins sticking through the three holes. Hold the stick in one hand, and give the string a pull with the other,



THE PATTERN.

just as if it was a top, and away the lively bird springs circling into the air. He rises to the top of the room, spins round, and then floats down to the floor. This gay bird is the mechanical pigeon. If he does not fly off at the first pull, wind up again, and keep trying till he starts. Perhaps you have set him on wrong side up; if so, change his position, or he will merely spin round and round and stay on his perch. The first picture gives a good portrait of him, when just ready for flight.

PINKETY-WINKETY-WEE.

BY E. T. ALDEN.



PINKETY-WINKETY-WEE !

Ten pink fingers has she,

Ten pink toes,

One pink nose,

And two eyes that can hardly see ;

And they blink and blink, and they wink and wink,

So you can't tell whether they 're blue or pink.

Pinkety-blinkety-winkety-wee !

Not much hair on her head has she ;

She has no teeth, and she cannot talk ;

She is n't strong enough yet to walk ;

She cannot even so much as creep ;

Most of the time she is fast asleep ;

Whenever you ask her how she feels,

She only doubles her fist and squeals.

The queerest bundle you ever did see

Is little Pinkety-winkety-wee.



JOE AND THE SEAL.

BY C. M. DRAKE.

JOE is a little Californian, and he lives close by the Pacific Ocean. His father often takes him to walk on the beach.

"See, papa, see!" cried Joe one day when the two were out together. "What a nice log to sit on!" and Joe ran along the beach until he came to a brown object that lay on the warm sand, a little way up



from the ocean. But just as Joe was sitting down, the brown "log" began to move, and Joe ran back to his papa in fear, crying:

"It is a whale, papa, and it was agoing to eat me up, just as the one in the Bible ate Jonah."

"No, it is a seal, my boy," replied his father. "It wont hurt us. It is a young one. Let me coax it to stay a while."

So saying, he took hold of the little seal, and, by rubbing it on the back and under the neck, he soon had the little fellow as quiet as a pet dog. Joe soon lost his fear of the seal, and, going up to it, began to rub the soft fur on its back. I think the little seal must have liked this, for, when Joe turned to go, the seal tried to follow him.

"How tame it is! How queerly it walks on those funny little legs!" said Joe. "Are they his legs or his arms, papa?"

"A little of both," said his papa, laughing. "They are called flippers; and he also can use them as our gold-fish use their fins."

"May I take him home? See! he would follow me clear to the house."

"He would not be happy, Joe, away from the ocean. We will put him back into the ocean, where his brothers and sisters are, Joe. I will take him out to this rock and drop him into the water."

"Does n't he look like a big dog-fish, papa?" cried Joe, as the seal swam away, diving under each big wave that tried to shove him back to the shore.

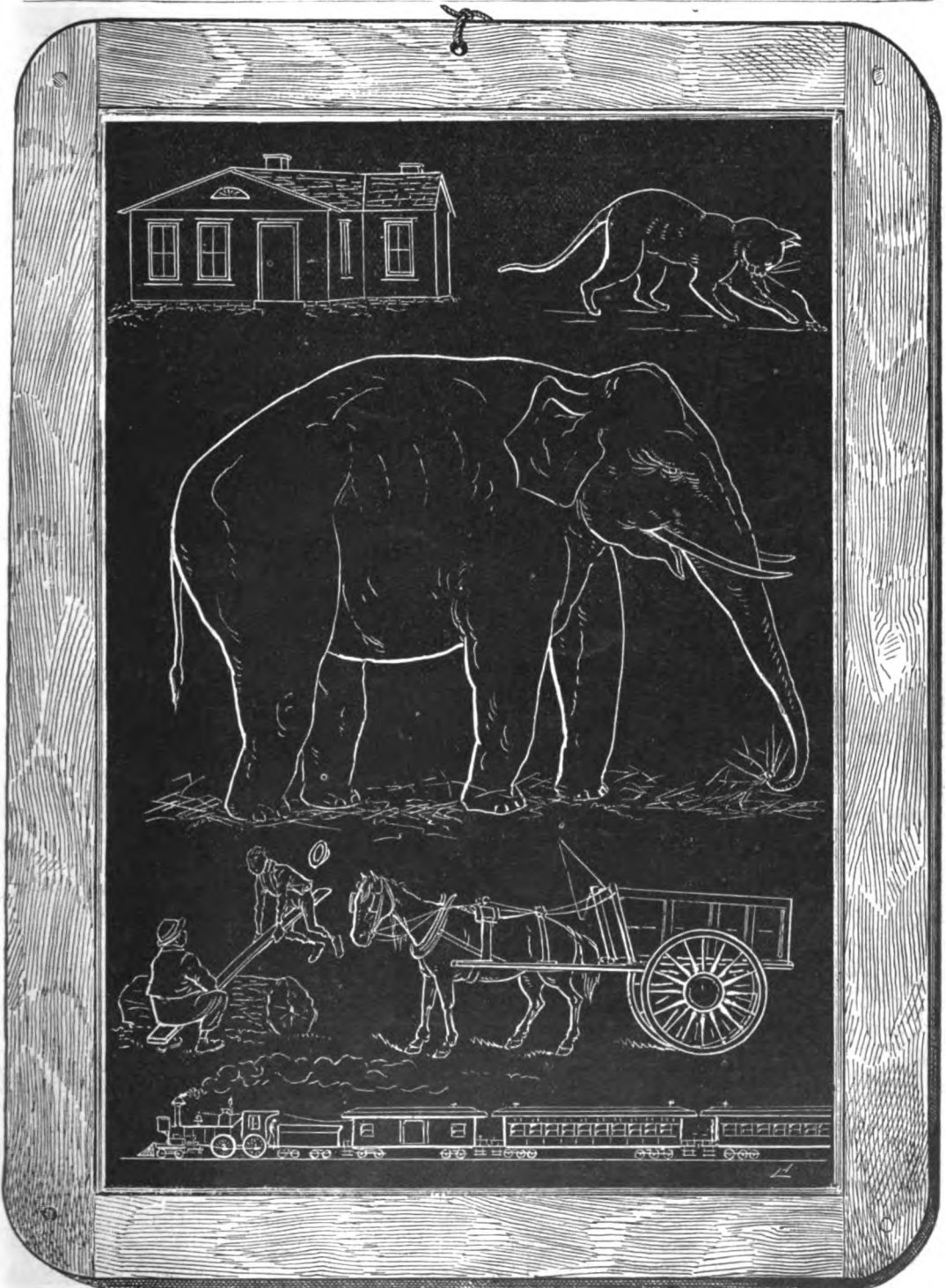
"Good-bye, little seal! I hope you'll find your mamma again."

Joe and his papa turned to go home. After a little while, Joe said, very soberly:

"Papa, I guess I don't want the seal-skin hat, that I teased you for. May be it came off of that nice little seal's brother or sister. I don't see how folks can shoot such dear little things as that seal is."

ELEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

ELEVEN little pussy-cats invited out to tea,
Eleven cups of milk they had—sweet as milk could be,
Eleven little silver spoons to stir the sugar in,
Eleven little napkins white, each tucked beneath a chin;
Eleven little me-ows they gave, eleven little purrs,
Eleven little sneezes, too, though wrapped up in their furs.
Eleven times they washed their paws when all the milk was out,
Eleven times they bobbed their heads and said 't was so, no doubt.
Eleven times they thought they heard the squeaking of a mouse.
Eleven times they courtesied to the lady of the house;
Eleven times they promised her to drive away the thieves
That pecked the grapes upon the vines and hid among the leaves.
They kept their word, and one day shook eleven bunches down
To this same girl of 'leven years who caught them in her gown.



THESE slate pictures are a little harder to draw than those in the December ST. NICHOLAS, but brother or sister or somebody can copy them for you.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MARCH is a word of five letters, says one. "March" is a military order, says another. March was once the first month of the year, says another. March is our fifth number, says ST. NICHOLAS,—and Jack says:

March is the breeziest, jolliest, freshest, liveliest, busiest month of all the twelve, and whether it comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb, or comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion, it's a good honest month, and Jack likes it.

A LETTER TO ME.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR JACK: I wonder if all your readers know what a cunning little cap trimmed with red berries you wear in the fall? I don't believe many of them have seen it, and I should like to describe it to them, if you have no objections.

The first time I met you last fall after you had left off your summer suit was away up in the White Mountains, N. H. I had no idea you traveled as far as that, and I cannot tell you how delighted I was to see you.

You were standing close by a small brook, and (may I tell it?) peeping in over the edge. We all know you too well, dear Jack, to think you vain, and can understand your pleasure in beholding, in this clear brown mirror, your little green spike of a cap, with bright scarlet berries tipped with black, clustering around it.

And what a lovely little bed of green moss you were standing on! I saw at a little distance from you a spray of the partridge vine, with two little twin berries on its stem, but they were not half as red as yours, and indeed, they seemed to understand it, and hide their heads in the moss. To my taste you are handsomer in the fall than at any other time of the year, though others may have a different taste. Nevertheless, we all love you for your own self, dear Jack, no matter what your clothes are. Your loving friend, E. A. P.

MACHINES RUN BY AIR.

YOU'VE heard of machines for flying *in* the air, of course. I told you about one last October. But now comes word of machines worked *by* air. These new engines are used to drag heavy trains, empty when going into, but filled with broken stone when coming out of, the great tunnel now being cut between Switzerland and Italy, under Mount St. Gothard.

It would be almost impossible to keep the air

fresh in the tunnel, so far underground, if steam-engines were used for cutting the rock; for they would make so much heat, gas, and smoke, that men could not work in there at all.

But these new machines do better, for they are worked by air instead of steam, and the air that escapes after being used in them is good to breathe. It is common air, but it was first forced by water-power into huge iron reservoirs, until there was a great deal more in them than there was in the same space outside. The reservoirs have to be tight and strong, or the air would burst them and escape.

The squeezed or compressed air is drawn off into a part of the new machine which looks like a big steam-boiler, and it is then let into the working parts, as wanted, rushing out with great force, and making the machinery move, and drag the cars, much in the way that steam would.

MOTHER SHIPTON AND HER PROPHECY.

ELLA H., Rita W., and "Alfred" ask who is the "Mother Shipton" mentioned in B. P.'s letter about the "Unfathomable Lake," printed in February.

Well, your Jack never actually knew the old lady, but he has heard that she lived about three hundred years ago in England, and was believed to know beforehand what was going to happen in the world. She once made a prophecy which has become very famous. It was made public first in 1488 and again in 1641. All the events foretold in it, excepting the last, have come to pass. Here is the prophecy:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do;
Now strange, yet shall be true—
The world upside shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride;
And no horse or ass shall be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air man shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not yet known.
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England at last shall admit a Jew;
The world to an end shall come
In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-One.

A TREE THAT GIVES AND CURES HEADACHE.

ITS name alone, *Oreodaphne Californica*, is almost enough to give one a headache; but if you rub its leaves for a short time over your face and hands you will get a headache, surely; and if you happen to have a headache, why, the same rubbing will drive it away, at least, so the natives say.

This obliging tree is a fine-looking evergreen, with a strong spicy smell, and I'm told that it is found in California.

FASTER THAN LIGHT.

It does not do to be too sure of things, nowadays, not even if they are called "well-known scientific

facts," for that which seems true to-day may be proved wrong by the fuller knowledge that to-morrow will bring.

For instance: "Light is the fastest traveler in the universe" used to be held as a fact well known and scientific, and I was ready to believe it when I heard that a ray of light takes but nine minutes in going from the sun to the earth, traveling more than ten million miles a minute.

But now I learn that there is a thing that is even faster than light. This scrap, from one of Professor Proctor's writings, will tell you about it:

"Gravity cannot take so much as a second in acting over the distance separating the planet Neptune from the Sun"—(2,850,000,000 miles)!

So, my wise young astronomers, Gravity is faster than Light—at least, as far as we know to-day.

IS IT "UNCLE SAM"?

GET out your atlases, boys and girls, turn to the map of the United States, and see if you can find in any part of it an outline like this odd picture, which D. E. C. sends.

"The tip of the man's queer cap," says D. E. C., "touches Lake Superior; he is bathing his bare foot in the Gulf of Mexico; his nose is formed by a bend of the Mississippi River; and his back is straight and sturdy."

"A comfortable and good-natured old fellow, this,—and he might pass for Uncle Sam squeezed in among the States of the Union."

SOME VERY OLD BUTTERMILK.

DEAR JACK: I know a man who drank some of the very oldest buttermilk ever heard of. He lives in Tennessee.

One day, he and some others were asked in a great hurry to dine at the house of a neighbor, with a promise that the company would be treated to one of the rarest drinks ever tasted in all the ages of the world!

This proved to be buttermilk, brought to table in a jug. It had been dug out that same morning from a well which had caved in thirty years before. At that time the jug of milk, safely corked, was hanging by a rope far down the well, to be kept cool; and there it had staid buried for thirty years. All who drank of the buttermilk said it was delicious.—Truly your friend,
S. W. K.

BIRDS AND TELEGRAMS.

Chicago, Ill.
DEAR JACK: I saw in the February number, 1878, something that you said about "Birds and Telegraph Wires," and it reminded me of an item I read a little while ago in a daily paper. Some bothering man asked a telegraph operator if a message was stopped when a bird stood on the wire, and if it hurt the bird. The telegraph man told him that the birds were a great nuisance, because they would perch on the wires, and, when a message was sent along, they would pick out the little words in it; so that, sometimes, when it got to the other station, the receiver could not understand it at all. He also said that if any of the birds were killed, it was because they got choked on some long word, or else overate themselves. Now, dear Jack, do you really believe that is so?
C. D. W.

I really don't. And I think that telegraph operator must have thought he was talking to a goose.

By the way, talking of geese, here's a paragraph on the subject:

A JAPANESE COMPLIMENT.

It is flattering—in Japan—to compare a person to a goose. There are no tame geese in that country, and, as the wild ones are bright and graceful, of course no one there feels hurt at being likened to a goose.

Here, just in the nick of time, is a letter about

A SEPTUAGENARIAN GOOSE.

Beverly, Mass.
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A family in a town near here had a goose that died a little while ago at the age of seventy years. There is no joke about this, for the name of the family is not "Goose," there have been no deaths in it lately, and the goose was a true "anser,"—web-foot, feathers and all.

The same family has another goose, still alive, whose age is known to be more than fifty years. And this living goose, also, is a "really truly" bird goose.—Your friend, MARY.

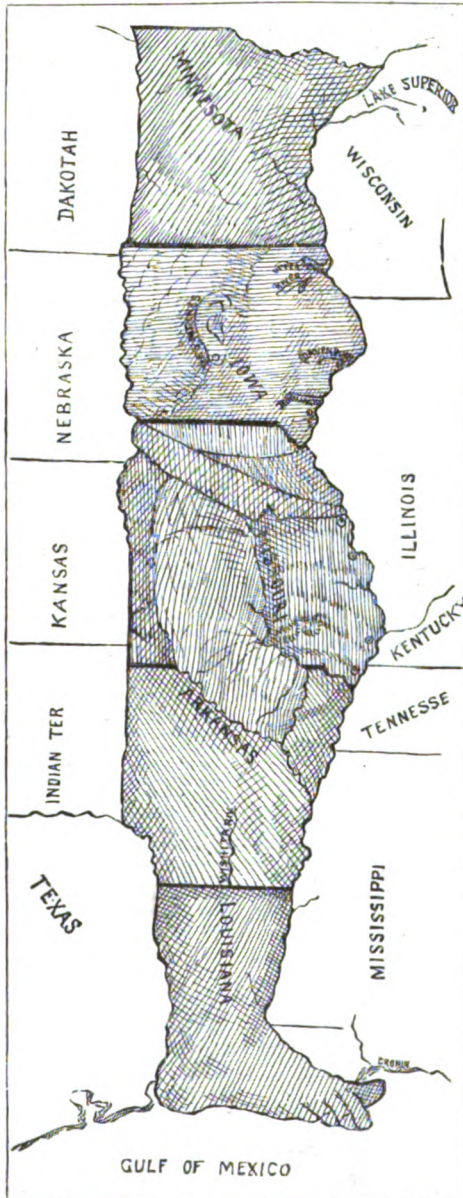
BY SUCKING? OR HOW?

HARRY B. writes me that his pet squirrel "sucks up only a very little water once a day, and that is all he takes to drink."

Now, I'm pretty sure the squirrel would take more water, if he felt it would do him good, so that is all right; but, I've a notion

that he must be a squirrel of a kind never heard of before, if he drinks as Harry's letter tells.

What do you say, my youngsters? Does a squirrel drink by "sucking up," or how? You, too, have pet squirrels, may be; so find out about this with your own eyes, if you can, and let me know.



THE LETTER-BOX.

TRANSLATIONS of the German legend, "Elisabeth's Rosen," were received from Annie B. Parker—Leonora—Dora Hines—H.—S. J. Radcliffe—C. A. D.—Nelson Partridge—J. Frank Wooley—F. B. Wickerson—Edward Miller—Albert Farjeon—Annie L. Fields—Arthur S. Barnes—Louis C. Pilat—M. T. A.—Mary L. Otis—D. S.—Maude H. Morris—Bertha E. Keferstein—Bessie Hard—Fannie Kibbee—Henry C. F. Blicke—H. Constance—E. May Smith—Amalie Wiechmann—H. L.—Dora Sedgwick—Lucia H. Kittle—Henry C. Kroger—Edith C. Lee—Louis F. Ruf—Johnnie C. Whitcomb—Nettie K. Hartwell—Isabelle V. Seagrave—Alice S. Millard—A. Leavens—Albert F. Pasquay—Hattie Hyatt—John J. Daesen—C. L. Bates—Frank T. Nevin—Eugene Hoeber—Scudder Smith and Clarence Young—Minnie L. Benne—Cora McKay—Jennie L. Dickinson—Ethel F. Smith—Bertha L. Hafner—T. S. Hardy—M. Alice Parker—George McLean Harper—Helen Reynolds and John Farnham—Sadie McLong—Hilda Lodeman—Lucy J. Way—Clare Charlton—Elizabeth King—Louisa M. Hopkins—B. K. L.—Minne Bruere—"Newark, N. J."—Edgar Francis Jordan—Lutie Thomas—S. de L. Van Rensselaer—Margaret Bugley—Charlie Falkenreck—W. Russell Fearon—Mary E. Whittermore—Aggie Rhodes—Lallie Teal—Amelia L. Diemar—Ralph Hoffman—J. McClurg Hays—Mason C. Stryker—Bella Wehl—Mary A. Hale—Nettie Hawkins—Raymond W. Smith—Christine Senger—Maurie B. Stewart—Arthur M. Taylor—Gertrude Tobias—Schiller Richter—Robert Weld—Stella Dunlap—F. Bergh Taylor—Anna C. Brastow—Florence H. Watson—Emily Harris—Lewis Jones—Elizabeth L. Hillegeist—Helen W. Prescott—Hattie D. Pierce—Mary A. Donohue—John Newton Wright—Winnie Summers—Bessie H. Smith—Corinna Keen—Mabel Z. Bookstaver—Fred Rohloff—Albion M. Kelsea—Wm. A. Benedict—Ida S. Otis—Bessie Watson—L. G. and H. G.—Fleta Holman—Edward J. Bosworth.

We have received the following two letters in answer to the questions at the end of Mr. Warner's story, "What shall we do with her?" which appeared in the January number:

Newburgh, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our Friend that had the trouble, with that half cat, calls for assistance, which I give cheerfully. I should propose that it be put up at auction, and sold for a Manx Cat of the Chartreuse breed.—Yours,
E. R. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read, in the beautiful January number of your magazine, the story of a cat named "China." I read it gravely through, and have been thinking seriously about an answer to the questions at the end, for of course, Mr. Warner expected an answer. A little boy who had lived some time in China once told me the natives there thought a devilish spirit was in a cat with a tail—and so they cut off that waggish part of the cat's body. May be, if Mr. Warner were to put the devil into his cat (I should think he could do it!) the tail might grow out again,—and then he could sell "China" for a real cat.

Or, why does not he go into the retailing business, and so dispose of it? He might be better employed, I think, than sitting before a roaring wood fire thinking thoughts to steal away other people's time. He is my debtor in that way, by I don't know how many hours. He is in fact shortening my life!
C. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your December number is a poem called "Can You?" One line of it asks, "Can you see the wind?" To this I reply, "Yes, I can." And this is how: Take a carpenter's saw, hold it in a high wind with the back level with your eyes: you will then perceive a current flowing over the back of the saw. Sometimes, on a warm day, you can see the air twinkling. So there—Yours truly,
B. D. T.

EDITH B.—"Ent. Sta. Hall" means "Entered at Stationers' Hall," the government copyright office in London, and it shows that a copy of the print on which the legend appears has been deposited with the authorities. Then, if anybody should publish an imitation of the print, the earlier publisher could sue him, in the British dominions, for compensation.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot answer your letter in the magazine, nor can we answer any other letter which is not accompanied by the real name and address of its writer, so that we may reply by mail if we prefer to do so.

London, Eng.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were born in London and have always lived here, but we are Americans, and don't allow any one to call us English. We have been twice to America and have just returned from our second visit there. We like being at sea very much, and find many things to amuse us. The cook made us some taffy (molasses candy). The chief officer had a swing put up, on deck, for us, and the sailors were always ready to give us bits of rope or pieces of wood with which we could make many things. On the voyage home, my

little brother Norris thought he would try to catch a fish, so he threw a long line over the side of the ship. After waiting some time "for a bite," and feeling discouraged, he tied the line to the side railing of the deck, and went off to play. One of the stewards drew the rope in through a saloon port-hole and tied a dried herring on it. When Norris pulled in his line next time, and saw "a real fish," he was so delighted! He never guessed it had been tied on. But he knows better now. If you think this little letter worth publishing, we should be very pleased to see it in the "Letter-Box" sometime.—Your little friend,
CARL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am quite a big girl, I enjoy reading you as much as ever. Perhaps you do not care to have a grown-up girl writing to you; but, although I am quite aged in regard to years, still I feel as young and enjoy young folks stories as much as when I was only ten years old. ST. NICHOLAS is real nice for the poor girls who are too young for grown people to take an interest in, and yet so old that the real young people don't like to play with them.
E. E. B.

Vicksburg, Miss.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your charming self for January yesterday and read you with a great deal of pleasure. I am very sorry that the story "Half a Dozen Housekeepers" is ended, as it was so interesting and funny; and I suppose Belle's father was agreeably surprised that the girls did not burn his house up, as he prophesied that they would.

The people of our city have lately passed through a fearful epidemic, and there were so many deaths here that one wagon would have to carry five and six coffins at a time, piled one above the other, to the grave-yard. The yellow fever spread all through the country, too, and came very near where I was refugeeing. Fortunately I escaped, but I lost three cousins with it. There are so many desolated homes here that we had a very sad Christmas, but I hope you had a merry one, and remain, your friend,
J. P. H.

A DISH-GARDEN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell your readers of a successful experiment of mine for the winter decoration of a room. It is so simple that a child easily manages it. It was merely a dish of moss in which were set a few small ferns and vines, covered with a bell-glass. I like a large dinner-plate best, though some prefer a deep dish. In the bottom you place a layer of charcoal broken in small pieces, and mixed with a few bits of broken crockery, to form a drain.

Upon this put some of the earth from the woods, in which plant, according to taste, what you have gathered. You might take a fern for a center-piece and around it group little "wintergreens," with more partridge-berry vines (mitchella) than anything else, as their rich green leaves and bright red berries are so cheery in effect. Late in the winter or early in the spring, my mitchella bloomed, and the pure white blossoms formed an exquisite contrast, with their snowy petals looking as if powdered with frosted silver.

The roots must be disturbed as slightly as possible, but press the earth firmly around them, covering it, wherever it shows, with moss, dotting in, here and there, lichens taken from old stumps and fences. When done, sprinkle thoroughly with water and set the dish in a shady corner for several days, after which it can be placed on a center or side table, and will need watering but a few times through the season, if the glass fits tightly. To hide the edge of the dish, as well

as to keep the air out, a piece of brown chenille—as bright colors would destroy the effect of leaves and berries—can be put around it after the glass is in place, or it can be hidden by bits of lichen arranged on the edge.

I found my dish-garden flourished better if I put it on a chair in a sunny window once in a while, but it stood mostly on a stand in the middle of the room, and was directly under the gaslight in the evening. On seeing it, our friends would say: "How woods-y!" "How lovely!" etc.

It is well to accustom the plants gradually to artificial heat and not put them at once in a very warm room.

Hoping some of your readers may be as successful as I was, I remain very truly your friend,

H. S.

N. AND S.—We know of no book, of the kind you ask for that we can heartily recommend. You will find good acting plays, acting ballads, tableaux-vivants, etc., for home amusement, in ST. NICHOLAS for January, February, April and November, 1874; in January, April and December, 1875; in February, April and May, 1876; in January, May and December, 1877; in November, 1878, and in January, 1879.

Stockton, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a paragraph which I found in an old newspaper. I send it because I thought some of your readers might like to know who "Brother Jonathan" was. Here it is:

"Jonathan Trumbull, who resided in Lebanon, Connecticut, and who was the friend and counselor of Washington, is the true 'Brother Jonathan' of American history."

I am eleven years old and my name is

EDITH LESLIE.

A FROZEN PUZZLE.

GET a common water-pail, about three feet of iron wire as fine as the smallest twine, and a lump of ice weighing about two pounds. Stretch the wire twice across the top of the pail so as to make a kind of bridge. Set the wires about two inches apart, and lay the ice upon them, taking care that it does not touch the pail. The ice will begin



to melt, and water will drip into the pail. Presently the ice will seem to sink down as if the wires were cutting it into three pieces. In about half an hour, if you try to lift the ice, you will find the wires securely frozen in. The lump of ice will slip along the wires, but you cannot take it away from them. You can see the wires through the ice, but the point of the sharpest pen-knife cannot find where they entered. There may be a line of silvery bubbles showing where the wires passed, but the ice will be one solid unbroken piece. At last, the wires will come out at the top, and the lump of ice, though partly melted away, will drop into the pail as whole as ever. Who among our young readers can explain this frozen puzzle?

Newburgh, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a dog named Max. He is a great, big, pure-blooded English mastiff. We have his pedigree five or six generations back, and he is rather high-strung; but he is very good-natured; indeed, so much so as to let me pull him up three steps at a time, by his tail, of very steep stairs. He has a very peculiar

way of howling when he wants to be let loose. He is a dead dog when mamma tells him to be one, and he can jump over a stick held four feet from the ground.—From your loving reader, MARIE F. G.

MOTHER:—In our last number we gave some new domino games that will be found a very pleasant means of passing an evening agreeably. The games are interesting and have plenty of life in them. The last two are not too hard for girls and boys of fourteen or fifteen years.

SOMEBODY sends this to the "Letter-Box." Who wrote it?

LITTLE LUCY'S STORY ABOUT THE OWL.

An owl, that lived in a hollow tree,
As I went by, looked out at me;
And he rolled his eyes, with a solemn air,
As if to say, this world's a snare.
And life a burden hard to bear,
Take care, little girl, take care!

Said I, Mr. Owl, we don't agree,
I love the world, and the world loves me,
Quit rolling your eyes, and come and see
How happy a child that is good can be.
I learn in the day, I sleep in the night,
I try to obey, I try to do right;
But you love darkness better than light;
Take care, Mr. Owl, take care!

R. L. S.—The Indian name for the Mississippi River was "Méché-cébé," spelled by some writers "Miche Sepe." It means "Great River," or "Great Father of Waters," as you suppose.

"Shoe-wae-cae-mette" is a word in the Pottawattamie language, and means "Lightning upon the waters." The word is said to have been made in a curious way. One day, before the white men came to the Pottawattamie country, there was a great storm, and some Indians ran for shelter into a natural grape-arbor by a river. Through the tangle of vines the storm-bound men saw the beautiful play of the lightning upon the river, and they called out "Shoe-wae-cae-mette!" Whether the story is true or not, no doubt the meaning of the word "Lightning upon the waters," is correct; and it is a very appropriate name for a boat-club.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

A letter came to our circle the other day, writes a friend, which contained so noble and beautiful a tribute to a mother, that I asked permission to copy it, without names, in ST. NICHOLAS. It was written to a man and by a man, but he has the heart of a little child, and so, I think, all your children will appreciate his words. Here is the letter, excepting only the parts which have no general interest:

Plainfield, N. J.

Dear C.: Here is another torrent rain-storm. It has been going since last night, and is still going unabated. . . . It has been going

It is one of the days to justify a body for keeping in-doors, and to make him feel what a blessed thing home is. It makes me think of a new grave on the bank of the Susquehanna, where our good mother was laid to rest more than a week—yes, just a week—ago to-day, in the fullness of her years. She would have been 86 the coming October. Yet were her physical powers perfect, her senses acute, and all her faculties clear and strong. She had no sickness. There was some mysterious escape of energy, which relaxed her frame and disinclined her to exertion about a week before her death,—but without affecting her mind in the least. She talked, ate and slept as usual,—indeed, conversed with more than usual vivacity and humor,—then, on the morning of her departure, said she felt sleepy,—she must go to sleep,—and went to sleep and did not wake. There was neither perturbation of mind nor pain of body. She was a child of Providence from her birth upward, and the Fatherly love in which she trusted would not suffer his child to be scared by any vision of death, much less any pangs of death. She was lapped in innocent sleep, and waked up in other society,—friends and kindred long lost and much loved, who had not been out of her thoughts a day since they went. A lovelier character, a more unselfish creature cannot be conceived. No purer spirit ever lived on earth, or went unchallenged into heaven. She has left us a perfect image of excellence, such as without the example we could never have framed in fancy. I am willing to believe anything good of mankind for having known her. She lived to see her children and her children's children, and indeed the whole community in which she lived, rise up and call

her blessed, and wait on her with tender, reverent love in all her goings during many years of a happy old age. I cannot imagine a more perfect character, life or death.

It sounds very odd to hear you talk so old about the boys whom I remember, excepting W—, as such little fellows, and I'm glad to hear of them, qualifying so happily for world's work. Often I wonder how strangely the burden comes on our backs. There's a part of me not over 10 or 12 years old, or rather, that young creature still exists in me, like the sapling inside of the tree,—and he seems to observe with astonishment now and then how old his outside is getting to be and what a forest is springing up around him. It seems unreal,—incredible,—even absurd. Identifying himself with the undersigned for a moment,—deaf, gray-haired, stoop-shouldered, glasses on nose, pipe in mouth, chief engineer, the old man, squire, governor, tax-payer, major, and what not,—then suddenly viewing his stripling limbs and boyish mug,—he laughs at the ridiculous incongruity, and is ready to declare it all a masque of that old scene-shifter, Time. And it is, partly. I hope my mainly accidents are but a thin investiture, and when I go to heaven 't will be pretty much in the character of a big boy;—one of the children, and the child of my mother.

JOHN W. C.—We hope that before very long ST. NICHOLAS will contain an illustrated article that will help to answer your question. Meanwhile, if you can get some one to let you have an old telescope, complete, to take to pieces and examine, you may find out a good deal for yourself. It will be well, also, to study some book upon "Optics" or the "Science of Light," so that you may know not only how a telescope is made, but also the reasons for putting it together so curiously.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been to see the "lions" of Boston. I don't mean Chestnut Hill Reservoir, Mount Auburn, the Old South, or the Mechanic's Fair; but real live lions, "Willie" and

"Martha," that have been raised from babyhood by the lady, Mrs. Lincoln, who owns them. Perhaps your readers would like to hear something about these strange pets.

In the first place, "Willie" and "Martha" are not common menagerie lions, but live in a private house, near the Revere House, and have a large brick room, which has been built for them since they have grown up. This room leads out of Mrs. Lincoln's sitting-room, and visitors who do not wish to go into the lions' parlor can have a good view of the noble creatures through the grated door,—and splendid animals they are! They are now two years old, and I suppose nearly full grown, but as frolicsome as kittens, and devotedly attached to their kind mistress; yet it made me tremble all over to see her, with only a small riding-whip in her hand, go into their room, while they, in their delight at seeing her, leaped round her, putting their great paws upon her shoulders and nearly throwing her down in their affectionate gambols. But in a moment she calmed them. "Lie down, Willie!" This instant, sir!" and down the great fellow lay at her feet, quiet as a lamb! Then Martha lay down and rolled over on her back, her huge paws in the air. "Now, Willie, give me your hand," said Mrs. Lincoln, and he got up and most affectionately laid his great paw in her hand. She seems to have the most perfect control over these her dearly loved pets, and says she has no more fear of them than she has of a kitten; and no wonder, for she has had the entire charge of them since they were very small babies. While they were quite young they always slept on her bed at night; and even now, when there are no strangers, she opens the door of their room and they sit with her in her parlor. She said: "Yesterday I was sitting sewing, when 'Martha' came in and spread herself at full length on the sofa for a nap!" It happened to be their dinner-hour, two o'clock, when I was there, so I had the pleasure of seeing them fed, and the way they devoured the fine ribs of roasting beef that were given to them was something to see! Morning and evening Mrs. Lincoln gives the water, and at two o'clock a good meal of fresh beef. About sundown she lets them out into the yard for a run, when they frolic and enjoy themselves in the open air for an hour, to the great delight of the neighbors' children round, who watch from their windows the gambols of these curious household pets. Now, I do hope that if any of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS come to Boston they will call on Mrs. Lincoln, who is always willing to show her lions to those who wish to see them.

B. P.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifteen letters, and am a Divine command. My 1, 12, 13, 5, 4 is illumination. My 6, 15, 14, 10, 7 is a subtle fluid. My 9, 2, 3, 8, 11 is a species of pepper-plant, the leaves of which are chewed with the Arca nut, by East Indians. ISOLA.

TRANSPOSITION COUPLET.

"I love thee not (though thou art fair)
For beauty. What! not heed my prayer?"

Transpose the words of the above rhymed couplet, keeping the same words in each line, so as to make a new couplet with a rhyme and a meaning different from those of the original. R. H.

DIALOGUE NAME-PUZZLE.

THE following dialogue contains anagrams on the names of twelve well-known authors, American, British, French, German, and Italian. The anagrams are printed in Italics; and, besides the anagrams, there are six hidden names of celebrated personages that are mentioned in some of the twelve authors' works:

The speakers in the dialogue are Henry, Ned, Marie and Ruby:
Henry. As you are too *sick*, *Ned*, to share in a noisy game, we'll seek a *sharp* riddle or two. Are you willing?

Ned. Indeed, yes! Let it be riddles; they do not compel hammering and pounding. I hope to be up and active and eating regular meals soon. It's a miserable arrangement to be at rice and other spoon food all the time.

Henry. I should think so. You must be tired of lying flat, *Ned*!
Ruby. You boys are always talking about eating. [TURNS TO MARIE.] What is the name of that new *tune*, *Marie*, about "Dee," which you bought from the music man, Friday last?

Marie. "Banks of Dee."

Ned. Oh, never mind the new tune, girls. Shall it be riddles, *Hen*, or what?

Henry. Riddles. Now, *Ruby*; what French poet do I name when I say "*green bar*"?

Marie. I know, but I *won't tell Ruby*! Oh, oh, look! There's

Pa in the street on horseback. Can he curb the old Arab safely, do you think?

Ruby. Yes, he could, if there was n't such a noise in the street. Do hear the boys on that *car yell* at *each cur* they pass!

Henry. Our dog's bark is loudest.

Ned. Oh, dear! Do you call yourselves sprightly? Why, you are as slow as *mosses*. How soon shall we have the riddles?

Henry. Why, *Ned*, you youngster lingering there, it's you who are slow. We've had them already. Now, brush up your wits, and solve the riddles, if you can!

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of nineteen letters, and I am the name of an American writer of world-wide fame.

1. My 3, 5, 10, 16, is a beautiful flower. 2. My 1, 2, 11, 10, is what the flower must do when picked. 3. My 13, 9, 18, is a religious devotee sometimes likened in poetry to my 3, 5, 10, 16. 4. My 3, 17, 7, 12, 4, is an Oriental beast of burden. 5. My 14, 6, 15, is found at the mouth of a large river. JOSIE H. +

COMPOUND WORD-SQUARE AND INCLOSED GREEK CROSS.

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THE middle letter, S, of the cross is used four times. Every other letter of the cross, in its own position, is used to end one word, and to begin another that reads in the same direction; for the letters of the cross occur at the overlappings of four word-squares each made on a base of four letters. Thus, reading across: the upper left-hand square might begin with the word

"anon"; and then the upper right-hand square must have for its first line some four-letter word having "n" as its initial. So, reading down: the second upright line of the upper left-hand square might be made with the word "rove"; and the second upright line of the lower left-hand square must then be formed with some four-letter word beginning with "e."

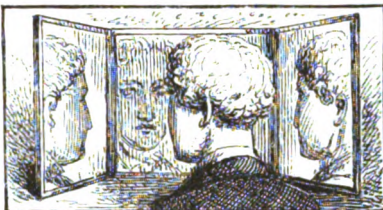
The meanings of the words which form the squares are as follows:

UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A family. 2. To exist. 3. To acknowledge. 4. Recent information.

UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Fresh intelligence. 2. Wrong. 3. Spacious. 4. A winter toy.

LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Latest tidings. 2. A celebrated mountain in Palestine. 3. To grow less. 4. A vehicle for winter use.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Christmas gift popular with boys. 2. A narrow road. 3. The last parts. 4. Found in business offices.



DOUBLE DIAGONAL DIAMOND.

DIAGONALS, reading downward from right to left: 1. A promontory. 2. A fixed star. 3. Accustomed. 4. The name of a man mentioned in the Bible,—one still given to boys. 5. A conflagration. 6. The title, at one time, of the governor of Algiers. 7. A god of fields and shepherds.

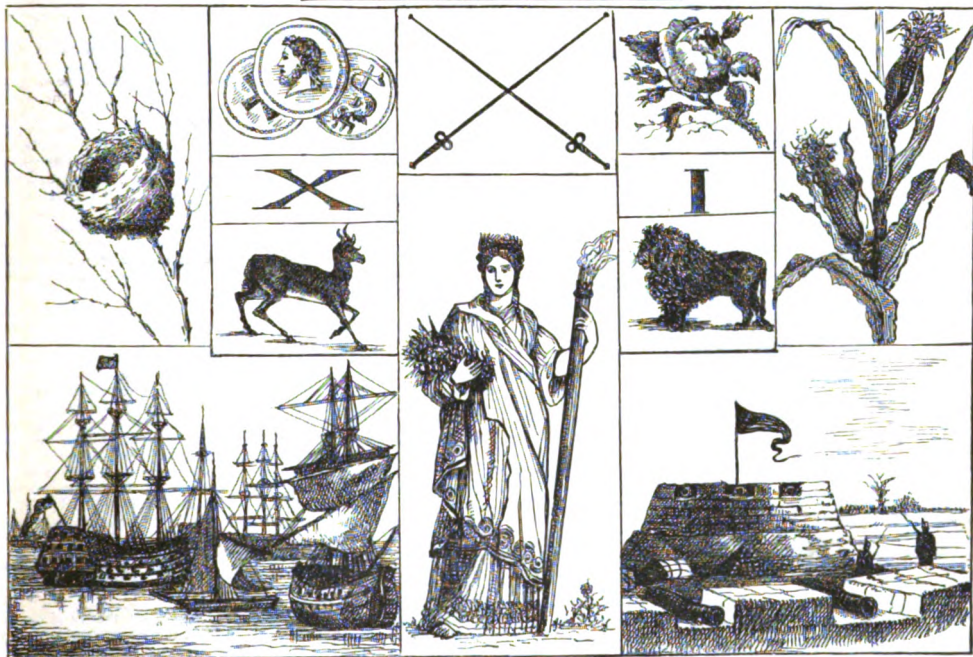
Diagonals, reading downward from left to right: 1. A light blow. 2. Mournful. 3. A large part of the earth's surface. 4. To turn to account. 5. A country of South America. 6. A negative. 7. The first garden.

UNCLE WILL.

CHARADE.

DECEIT is my first;
My second, a tree;
My third is a time
Named for fasting, we see;
My whole is what honest men
Never will be.

H. H. D.



EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

THE problem is, to find the word which properly describes the picture at the top.

To solve the problem: Write down a word descriptive of each of the twelve other pictures. If the proper words are written, they will contain no other letters of the alphabet than those of the word which has to be found; although the letters of this word are used each more than once in spelling the twelve other words. Then pick from the twelve descriptive words just those letters which form the answer.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in saw, but not in blade,
My second is in matron and also in maid.
My third is in watch, but not in clock.
My fourth is in key, but not in lock.
My fifth is in quarter, but not in pound.
My whole is found
In St. George's Sound.

EASY DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. An enemy. 3. A Jewish doctor. 4. A nose, or a beak of a bird. 5. A consonant.
DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. An instrument to cool the face. 3. Serious. 4. To flow back. 5. A vowel.

R. M. P.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. An aquatic bird. 2. In contact with an upper surface. 3. A series of laws. 4. One of the timbers used in building a ship.

GUESSEUR.

HIDDEN SHAKSPEARIAN SENTENCE.

In the following quotations, find concealed a well-known line from *Julius Caesar*; one word of the line is in each quotation, and the words are hidden in proper order, in the quotations as they stand.

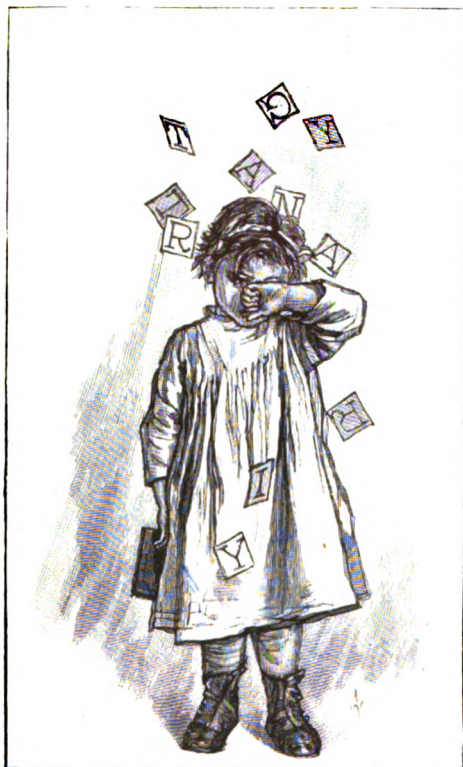
I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight!—*King Richard II*.
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.
O give me cord or knife or poison.—*Cymbeline*.

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers;
If, whilst I live she will be only mine.—*Taming of the Shrew*.

Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.—*As You Like It*.
And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.—*Taming of the Shrew*.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



HERE'S a little girl crying because she can't learn her A, B, C! The letters are sorry for her, and are trying a new way to get into her head,—by raining down upon her! See if you can puzzle out the message they speak to the discouraged little one.

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. An old name for a weaver.
2. An inhabitant of one of the divisions of Great Britain.
3. Cheerful
4. A Scottish alderman.
5. A covering for the head.
6. A noted American general.
7. An ant.
8. A domestic animal.
9. Parts of speech and merit.
10. An infant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS.—1. Knight, Night. 2. Wait, Ait. 3. Turn, Urn. 4. Brow, Row. 5. Probed, Robed. 6. Peel, Eel. 7. Clog, Log. 8. Dice, Ice. 9. Dash, Ash. 10. Snail, Nail. 11. Snow, Now. 12. Prussia, Russia. 13. Morion, Orion. 14. Ai, I. 15. Broad, Road.

EASY ACROSTIC.—St. Nicholas.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.—Reading Across: 1. Clear; 2. Fears; 3. Tarts. Reading Down: 1. Glean. 2. Tears. 3. Parts. — RIDDLE.—Seal.

WORD-SQUARE.—1. Gear; 2. Erie; 3. Aims; 4. Rest.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.”

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—“Improve each moment as it flies.”

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 20 from Grace Ashton Crosby, who sent correct answers to all the puzzles—Edward Roomer—“H. M. S. B.” and “A. B.”—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Johnnie C. Whitcomb—

11. A somber color.
12. A crustacean.
13. A very disagreeable sensation.
14. A tall person.
15. Antecedent.
16. A small stream.
17. A domestic.
18. A dignitary of the Roman Catholic church.
19. The effects of fire.
20. A kind of swallow.
21. A piece of prepared pork.
22. One of New England's largest factory towns.
23. A combustible and the top of a hill-range.
24. Part of a boat.
25. A worker in a precious metal.

SEDGWICK.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

INITIALS.

I HOLD a subtle influence o'er my last;
Though far away, he follows in my track.
All men admire me, e'en though half concealed,
And on my friends I never turn my back.

FINALS.

Changing, yet changeless, onward still I go;
No hand has power to hasten or delay;
I wait for none, in high estate or low,
Nor ever do I rest, by night or day.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. This outcast brother do not sourly scan
Howe'er unwelcome may his presence be.
The garb of wretchedness may hide a man,
Once sheltered tenderly and loved like thee.
2. A titled name, which happy marriage gave
To one who in the ocean found her grave;
Whose cultured mind and earnestness of thought,
Amid New England scenes their labor wrought.
3. This watchword starts the laggard from his rest,
And wakes new courage in the hero's breast.
4. With noiseless step, and patient, loving face,
Amid the ranks of suffering find my place;
Or pouring floods of melody most rare,
When evening shadows darken all the air.

S. A. B.

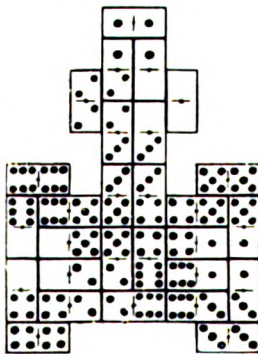
TWENTY-FOUR “CONCEALED” ANIMALS.

I stood by a toy-boat landing, opposite old Oglethorpe's store, and carelessly threw a pebble into the little murmuring brook. It glanced into a dark-mouthed burrow, when, lo! rising painfully, I saw a pitiful looking creature which soon came limping and staggering onward. “That is not a mole,” I thought. “It must be a rat, though I never before set eyes on such a moist and miserable specimen as this. Still, it walks and seems able to go at a fair crawling pace, although it appears loth to do even that. I must have hit it with that pebble; or, may be, a land-crab bit the poor thing. I'll carry it home and tend it. Yes? No? Shall I?” On second thought, I wot. I'll leave it on the little landing here.”

I went home; tried to fly a kite; threw my ball on the half awning to catch it as it rolled off; planted a stiff ox-goad in the lawn for a flag-staff; ran off with a caramel Kate had given to the baby; and tried writing poetry,—something about “Oh, ye nations of the teeming East!”

But all was of no avail, and even now I see that poor creature in as startling plainness as when I had just turned my back. However, that was the last time I threw a stone.

NEW DOMINO PUZZLE.



Bessie Hard—Mabel—Anna E. Mathewson—Will E. Nichols—“Volto Subito”—“Hard and Tough”—Mary and Alexander Stewart—Margaret Gemmill—John V. L. Pierson—Mary L. Otis—Alice N. Dunn—Bessie C. Barney—Mary E. Bramley—Marion H. Case—Florence E. Martin—Grace H. Simonson—Anna S. and Kenneth McDougall—Susie L. Leach—Edward F. Hogan—Jamie Parker—Georgie Noyes—Cora Boudinot—A. G. Cameron—John M. Pullman—Peter Lora—Laura Milnes Cobbett—John J.—Stephen A. Leslie—B. Lawlor—Jared Lines—W. Mears Tolland—M. W. Scrimshaw—Louis Verdun—James Townsend—Martin Tewin—Emma Sykes Lawrence—George M. Taylor—F. E. Dun—Marvin Chase—Bessie L. Goode—“Little Pearl”—T. H. Geddes—Laura Lynn—H. D. V.—M. Lem. G.—George Jay Jencks—Lewis Mooney—“Aw Haw”—James Field—“Ye Burly Two”—Jasper Rhein—Frank Farmer—Bentinck Forbes—Templar—Earleigh Byrde—“Jim Crow”—Nan.



THE TITHING-MAN PRESERVES ORDER AMONG THE LITTLE PURITANS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1879.

No. 6.

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LITTLE PURITANS.

BY H. E. SCUDDER.

ONCE when I was in Texas I went into a little German church, where the children were to be catechized, and found the sacristan ringing a chime of bells. It was in the back country, and the church was only a plain little wooden shed; but they had hung two bells, about as large as dinner-bells, under the open roof, and the bell-ringer was ringing them alternately. The tune had not much variety about it, but I suppose it made the older people think of the Germany they had left behind, for when people go into a new country they try their best to keep some memory of the old. Our New England ancestors, when they came here, brought Old England names with them for their towns and many Old England customs; but they did not at first bring bells for their churches, and, instead, a man stood on the door-step and beat a drum. Drums they had, for the men were all, or nearly all, soldiers. They did not keep a great army, but every one had his musket and sword and spear, for protection against the hostile Indian or the wild beast. Indeed, when Sunday came and everybody went to church, you would have supposed there was to be a drill or a fight, for there stood the drummer on the step, and the men coming down the broad path were all or nearly all armed; besides, upon the square, fort-like building, in which they first held their meetings, men were stationed on the lookout for enemies.

We call the drum the Puritan church-bell, but in those days the churches in New England were called "meeting-houses,"—the same as *synagogue*, which word you find in the New Testament, and there were a good many points in common between

the Jewish synagogue and the New England meeting-house. Let us enter the meeting-house on a Sunday and see what is done there. You will not fail to see the pulpit, which is very high and often overhung by a sounding-board, such as still remain in some old churches. This is the preacher's place, and before him stands an hour-glass filled with sand; for there is no clock in the house, and when the minister begins his sermon he turns the glass and expects to preach till the last grain of sand has run through. Immediately below the pulpit sit the ruling elders, facing the congregation, and still further down in the same position sit the deacons. Then comes the congregation, and you could very quickly tell who were the most important people by the place they have in the church, for it is the business of a committee once a year to seat the people according to their general rank in the place, and many a bitter family quarrel has sprung up from disappointment at not being well placed. I think a good text for the minister to preach from when the time for seating came would be James ii., 1-10.

The people do not sit in families, but the men sit on one side and the women on the other, while the boys have a place by themselves. Very likely the floor is sanded, and if it is winter the boys have brought little foot-stoves for their mothers and sisters to put under their feet during the long service. A long service it is. For first the pastor makes a prayer which lasts a quarter of an hour, then the teacher reads and expounds a chapter in the Bible. Nowadays one generally hears the chapter read, in whatever church, without comment, but then it was

held that this savored of a superstitious respect for the Bible, as if one must simply listen to it and not understand it. Then one of the ruling elders dictates a psalm out of the Bay psalm-book, which the people sing. These psalms were made imitations in meter of the Psalms of David, and the people only had about ten tunes in all which they could sing. They did not like to sing the psalms just as they stood, for the English Church did that, and they wished to ignore that church in every possible way, so they put the psalms into very troublesome rhyme, and without any musical instrument sang them as well as they could to one of their ten tunes.

After the singing the pastor preaches his hour-long sermon, and adds often an exhortation, then the teacher prays and pronounces a blessing. The same service is held in the afternoon, except that the pastor and teacher change places. Perhaps there is baptism also, when a little child born since the last Sunday, or it may be this very day, is brought in. If there is a contribution, the people go up by turns and place their money in a box which the deacons keep, and sometimes, if they have no money, they bring goods and corn and the like and place them on the floor.

Do you wonder that in the long service, all of which pretty much was carried on by the minister, the people, and especially the boys, became tired and restless? On cold winter days, as the sermon drew near an end, you could have heard men knocking their half frozen feet together, and then was the time, too, or on drowsy summer afternoons, when the tithing-man was busy. Who was the tithing-man? He was a parish officer whose special business it was to see that the Sabbath was not broken, and who spent his time in church looking after the boys to see that they behaved themselves.* He had a long staff which he carried, much as a sheriff does. He did not always walk up and down before the children. Sometimes he stood behind them, and a boy whose head fell over from sleepiness would feel a thump on the crown presently from the staff of the watchful tithing-man. Many of the seats in the old churches were on hinges, and when people stood up at the blessing, you would hear the seats go slamming against the backs of the pews all over the house like a succession of cannon-crackers. I fancy that the boys who were eager to get away slammed a little harder than was really necessary.

Sunday with the Puritans began at sunset Saturday and lasted until sunset of Sunday. But that is only one day out of seven, though I am afraid it was a long day to many. We are very apt to think of the Puritans as always going to meeting, and little Puritans we imagine as dangling their legs from high wooden seats and wondering when the

minister was to be through; but think a moment, remember what New England was at that time, and you will see a little of what young life must have been. There were no large cities or towns as now; there were no screaming railway trains or puffing steamboats. Boston, the largest town, had not so many inhabitants as many a Western village may have in a year's time. There were no great colleges and fine public schools, no public halls, exhibitions, concerts or plays. But then the country was far wilder and more exciting than it now is. New England boys spent their time in fields or in the deep woods, by the banks of the rivers and upon the shore of the roaring sea, or in boats tossing on the water. They learned the use of the bow and the gun, and they had plenty of game right at their doors. They hunted bears and deer and trapped foxes. They shot wild turkeys, wild geese and wild ducks. They did not have to wait for vacation and then go off a great distance from home, but this was their daily occupation. Then, perhaps, as they walked through the forest they came upon the red Indian, who was not making baskets and miniature canoes, but hunting as they were. If they lived by the sea or rivers, as nearly all did at first, they had their fishing, swimming, rowing and sailing. This was all part of their work as well as their sport, and hard lives they led of it, too, for from early youth they worked with the elder men, laying out roads through the woods, digging wells and ditches, making walls and fences, keeping out wolves and wild-cats. There were houses and barns to be built, ships and boats to make, mills, fortifications and churches. There were farms and orchards to lay out and cultivate, and when winter came, they went into the woods and cut down the forest trees, and when the snow was hard, they sledded the logs to the wood-pile, the timber to the mill. They had not the various labor-saving machines, but every one had to work hard with plain tools; and as there were few stores, people raised or made nearly all that they themselves needed to use.

The girls, too, had their work. Every home had its spinning-wheel and loom, and the women and young girls spun and wove all the clothing and household stuff. They had to take care of the houses, and they had their out-door life also, working on the farm and in the field. When the long winter evenings came they read by the fireside, and had their quilting bees and their husking frolics. There was plenty of wood in the forest, and the wood-piles were built high, so they stuffed the great logs into the big chimney and had roaring fires, which did not warm the houses as our furnaces do, but were vastly more cheerful and more wholesome. There was not much schooling with books, and

* See Frontispiece.

there were few who spent as much time in school as most children now spend in vacation.

Now, all new countries require work, and New England boys and girls had to work hard ; but it was not work only which made New England so well known and so great that hundreds of books have been written about her and will continue to

preachers ; but the day which they kept so rigorously was always reminding them that there was something more to be done than to get rich fast and spend their riches on themselves ; that they were to please God and not themselves. They did not always go to work the right way to please Him, but they did not forget Him and think only



A PURITAN CHURCH-BELL.

be written for generations to come. It was Sunday and work together that made her great. The boys and girls who heard the drum call them to church, and sat restlessly there under the eye of the tithing-man, did not always understand what was said, and many times foolish things were said by the

of their merchandise. The children in meeting-house and at work learned self-control, learned that it was manlier and better to labor than to be self-indulgent, and they were never allowed to think that they could do anything they chose. We live in happier times now, and should think it very

odd to see boys always take off their hats, and girls courtesy when they met older people in the road; to write letters to our fathers which begin Honored Sir, and to treat our parents as if they were judges of the supreme court; but because little Puritans did these things, you must not fancy they did not love their parents, or that their parents did not love them. There are many beautiful letters written at that time which show that fathers

and mothers cared for their homes as they cared for nothing else but God.

So when we think of the stiff, hard-looking Puritans, we may remember that they hated lies and worked hard. The little Puritans grew up in a free out-of-door life, and learned in childhood to set duty before pleasure. And it was out of such stuff that the men and women of the Revolution came.

THE FLAME OF A STREET LAMP.

BY FREDERIC PALMER.



ONCE there was a gas-lamp just lighted and burning brightly in one of the side streets of a large city.

"There!" said the flame, as she settled herself down; "now, we'll have a quiet night of it."

Crash! came a stone through one of the upper panes of glass of the frame that inclosed her. The stone came from the other side of the street; it was thrown by a boy in a ragged jacket and a fur cap, and was aimed at a cat which was walking stealthily along on the top of the fence.

"Oh!" cried the flame, bending as far away as her hold on the burner would allow; "why can't people have a regard for one's feelings? I saw him do it; it was very careless. It is exceedingly unpleasant to have one of your glasses broken.

One does n't know what might happen. It leaves one exposed to all sorts of things. It's fortunate there's so little wind to-night, or I might be blown out."

Just then four very little hobgoblins came along. They had been out on a frolic, and were going home, very merry and very mischievous.

"Hullo," said one of them. "See here; let's go in and tease her."

So in they all four went through the broken pane of glass.

"Oh!" shrieked the flame, as they flew in, and she bent away from them.

A great, burly policeman was walking slowly along the street, and he came and stopped under the lamp-post and said:

"How this gas flickers and sings! Ah, there's a broken pane. I must have it mended to-morrow."

And he leaned back against the lamp-post and stood there, whistling softly to himself.

"See her!" said the hobgoblins, as they crowded together all in a corner and looked at her.

The flame straightened herself up and tried to go on burning as if she were quite unconscious that anything unusual was going on. They had been sobered a little by finding themselves inside of one of the large lamps they had always looked at from the outside, and so near this bright, strange creature; and they kept so quiet for a few minutes that, as she steadily looked the other way, she almost began to believe that she was alone. But soon they began to recover themselves.

"Look at her!" said one of them.

"See her blush!" said another.

She was blushing, and she knew it; and when she knew that they knew it, and were looking at her, she blushed all the more, though she tried hard to stop.

"She makes believe not to know that we are here," said the hobgoblin who came in last; "I'll make her know."

And he stepped forward, and, with his long forefinger, poked her.

"Oh!" shrieked the flame again, bending aside.

She really could n't help it; it is n't pleasant to be poked with a hobgoblin's long forefinger. She determined she would lean as far away as possible; so she bent away from them and went on burning as best she could, trying to control her trembling.

"She tries to get out of our way," said the hobgoblin who came in next the first; "go round to the other side of her. Let's each take a corner, then she can't dodge us."

So they did. Then the flame became dreadfully frightened. She stood straight up on tiptoe and shrieked at the top of her voice. She hoped the policeman below would know what the matter was. But he did n't. He simply kept leaning against the lamp-post and whistling quietly.

He was thinking of his little girl at home; how sweet and pretty she was, and how beautifully she always bore the teasing, tormenting ways of her brothers, and how dark his home would be if some day she were suddenly to disappear. Persons passing by were struck by his stern expression. His face looked almost savage in the flickering light.

Meanwhile the hobgoblins were getting worse than ever in their malicious sport. It was such fun to see the poor little thing on tiptoe, vainly striving to get out of their reach!

"Oh," said the flame in a whisper to herself, as she sank back again exhausted with the effort; "I really cannot bear this."

But she had to bear it, and not this only. The hobgoblins whistled in her ears; they trod on her toes; they pushed her knees in from behind, and made her courtesy suddenly; they twitched her hair; they pinched her; they stooped down, with their hands on their knees, and blew in her face.

"Oh-h-h-h!" gasped the flame. "You let me alone! You let me alone! If you don't, I'll go out!"

"Hear her!" said the hobgoblins; "she says she'll go out! We should like to know what she means by that. Go out, indeed! We should like to see her do it. She thinks she'd get rid of us; but she would n't; we'd go after her."



And they blew in her face again.

"I will go out," cried the poor flame; and she went out.

"She did go out, did n't she?" said the hobgoblins, as they groped about to find the broken pane.

"I wonder where she's gone to," said the last one as he crawled out.

"Hullo!" said the policeman; and he stopped whistling and looked up, in a puzzled way, at the broken lamp; "I did n't think there was wind enough stirring to-night to blow that gas out."

And there was n't.



A SONG OF EASTER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SING, children, sing !

And the lily censers swing ;
Sing that life and joy are waking and that Death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brightening
Spring ;

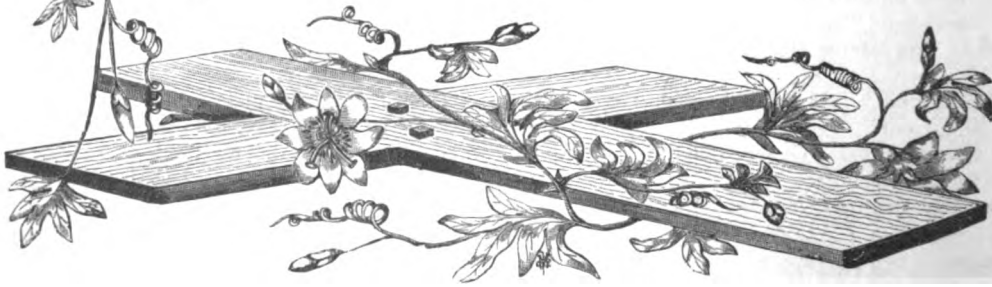
Sing, little children, sing !

Sing, children, sing !

Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes ring !
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling ;
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run ;
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the Spring ;
Sing, little children, sing !

Sing, children, sing !

The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming ;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal Spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's face !
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well ;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace,—
That Winter yields to Spring,—
Sing, little children, sing !



THE DEW IN THE ROSE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THE Dew fell into the heart of a Rose, and lay in a blissful dream.

The sun had just set, and the young moon hung in the sky, but so narrow was her silver rim that the earth was almost dark.

"It would be more blessed to die here than to live elsewhere," said the Dew, looking up at a Star, and the Star looked down at the Dew with such a bright smile that she shone, too. Soon the petals of the Rose began to close around her. She could not see them more; but she was surely being shut into the heart of the Rose, and a strange terror filled her so that she sprang up to free herself, but too late. The central petals held her fast, though the outer ones still lay blandly open. Then the Dew called piteously for the Humming-Bird, the Butterfly and the Honey-Bee, to come and set her free; but they were fast asleep and did not hear. So she sank helplessly back into her rose prison, in

the delicious atmosphere of which she soon fell asleep and forgot her troubles.

From the moment the Dew fell, an ugly sprite had been flitting around the edge of the Rose. It was the hot South-Wind, a servant of the Sun, and the sworn enemy of the Dew. The Sun left him behind that he might breathe upon the Dew to destroy her. But the Night, watchful mother over her sleeping children, bade the Rose fold the Dew close and safe from harm until morning. So when the morning came, and a West-Wind had driven away the hot South-Wind, the Rose opened her petals and the Dew awoke.

"I wonder why the Rose so unkindly shut me in," she murmured, "and now my beautiful star is gone!"

Thoughtless little Dew! That which seemed a prison was the sheltering bosom of Love, in which you lay safely shielded from the unseen Evil.

SPOILING A BOMBSHELL.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

WHEN Tom Black was in his fourteenth year, he was at school in a small village in the south of England, and was as happy a boy as any fellow ought to expect to be; and yet on his birthday, when he was really fourteen, he ran away to sea.

No one could possibly imagine why he did this, and, indeed, Tom himself could give no good reason for his conduct.

He had a half-holiday on his birthday, and he went down to the sea-port town of M—, a short trip from the school, to spend a few hours and to see the ships. There he fell in with a recruiting officer, who wanted some boys for a man-of-war in the harbor, and Tom was so much pleased with the stories he told of life at sea, that he went into a stationer's store, bought some paper and wrote two notes, one to his family at home and the other to the master of the school, informing them that he had a most admirable opportunity of going to sea and learning to be a naval officer. Such a chance might not occur again, and as he had made up his

mind to enter the navy, any way, it would not be wise to let the opportunity pass. He would lose nothing by leaving school now, for navigation, mathematics, and everything that it was necessary for a naval officer to know, were taught on the ship. Then he mailed the letters and went on board.

When Tom's father and the master received these notes, it is probable that they would have taken measures to get Tom off that ship in very short order, had it not been for the fact that the vessel sailed early the next morning after Tom made his appearance on her deck, and she was far out at sea before Mr. Black and Dr. Powers had read their letters.

So there was nothing to be done at home but to hope that things would eventually turn out for the best, and indeed this was what Tom himself had to do. For he soon found that his position on the vessel was very different from what he had supposed it would be. Instead of being taught how to sail the ship, he was taught how to coil a rope and

to help wash the decks. He was a ship's boy,—not a midshipman.

When poor Tom found out this lamentable fact, he made up his mind that he would run away the first time the vessel touched at a port. But when she did reach a port, he re-made up his mind, and concluded to stay on board.

By a little observation he found out that it would be a difficult and dangerous thing for him to try to run away, and besides he had no money to take him home. It would be better, he thought, to

But after he had been on board the "Hector" about six months, he got a short letter, which pleased him more than anything in the letter line he had ever received. This told him that, as his friends had become convinced that he was really very much attached to a life on the sea, and that as his officers had reported well of him, they had obtained for him an appointment as midshipman.

Now Tom was happy. Now he would really learn mathematics and navigation, and now he had a chance to work himself up into a good position.



"HE PICKED IT UP AND HURLED IT INTO THE SEA."

stay on board the ship, where he had made some friends, and where he was getting on a good deal better than any other ship-boy. For the under-officers soon found out that Tom was made of better stuff than the other boys, and they could not help thinking, too, that he had been a great fool to come on board in such a position. But they did not tell him so, for that would have helped no one, and might have spoiled a very good ship's-boy.

Tom wrote home whenever he had a chance, and he had some long letters from his family, which were forwarded to him with the other letters for the ship.

It would seem as if this thoughtless boy had been rewarded for running away from school, and giving his family so much anxiety and trouble. But things sometimes happen that way, though it does not do to trust to any such good fortune. In after years, Tom often regretted that he had not staid at school, and finished portions of his education which had to be entirely neglected on board ship. And he also had some immediate cause for repentance, for he found that some of his companions were very willing to joke about the ship's-boy who had come among them, although they knew that he was just as much of a gentleman as any of them.

In about a year after Tom's appointment, war broke out with Spain, and the "Hector" was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in a vigorous fashion, sending bombshells and cannon-balls all around them, and sometimes knocking off a spar or crashing through some timbers. But the "Hector" fared very well. She was more advantageously placed than the other ships, and while she could readily pour in her fire on the fort, she received fewer shots in return than her consorts.

But, after a time, the enemy began to think that the "Hector" needed rather more attention, and additional guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the "Hector's" deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

But the boy was not frightened. That was not his nature. He rushed around, carrying orders and attending to his duties, very much as if he was engaged in a rousing good game of cricket.

While he was thus employed, plump on board came a bombshell, and fell almost at the foot of the mainmast. The fuse in it was smoking and fizzing. In an instant more it would explode and tear everything around it to atoms!

Several men were at a gun near by, but they did not see the bomb. Their lives were almost as good as gone.

The captain stood just back of the gun. He saw the smoking bomb, and sprang back. Before he had time to even shout "Look out!" along came Tom. He was almost on the bomb before he saw it.

It never took Tom long to make up his mind.

We have seen that. His second thoughts always came up a long way after the first ones. He gave one glance at the smoking fuse; he knew that it was just about to explode, and that it would kill everybody round about it, and he picked it up and hurled it into the sea.

When the captain saw Tom stoop, and grasp that hot, heavy bomb in his two hands; when he saw him raise it up, with the fuse spluttering and fizzing close to his ear,—where, if it had exploded, it would have blown his head into pieces no bigger than a pea,—and then dash it over the ship's side, so that the fuse was, of course, extinguished the instant it touched the water, he was so astonished that he could not speak.

He made one step, a warning cry was on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over.

When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that had been so strangely interrupted, the captain took him by the arm.

"My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service and had been in many a fight, the captain could not help his voice shaking a little; "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile, "I have spoiled a bombshell."

"And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the captain.

If you should ever meet Captain Tom Black of Her Majesty's ship "Stinger," you might ask him about this incident, and he would probably tell you that he has heard about it a great deal himself, and that he believes, from what happened afterward, that the affair of the bombshell was a very good thing for him, but that it was all over so quickly that he has really forgotten almost all about it.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

BY V. Q. SMITH.

His dear little eyes were full of tears,
But his dear little mouth was smiling.
With his dear little fists in his dear little eyes,
He was really quite beguiling.

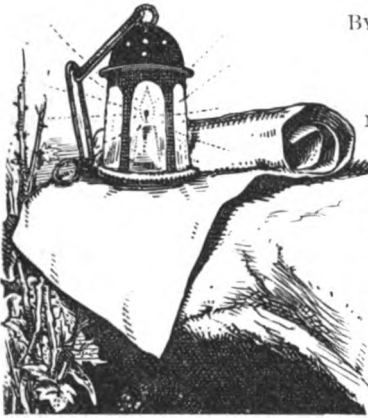
He wanted a dear little candy dog
Which belonged to his dear little sister,
And his father called him a dear little pig,
Till he gave up teasing and kissed her.

He could n't help crying a little still,
But he felt like a dear little hero;
Then his sister promised to give him a taste,
And called him a dear little dear O.

THE BOY ASTRONOMER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

[IN TWO PARTS. PART I.]



NE cold starlit night, Johnny was coming from a neighbor's, whither he had gone proudly with a lantern to bring his sister home through the fields, when the wind blew the

light of the lantern out. This was very provoking.

"Never mind," said the school-master, who had happened to be at the neighbor's, too, "the wind cannot blow the stars out."

"Only when it blows up clouds and storm," said Johnny.

"'Behind the cloud is the sun still shining,' " sang his sister, wrapping her cloak about her.

"There is Jupiter shining now behind that little cloud," said the school-master. "There he comes. How large he is close to the horizon!—he will be gone in a few minutes. It's a pity we can't see his four moons,—what a grand sight he would be now with his four moons clustered about him, and all going below the horizon in company!"

"Pooh! I don't believe it! There is n't but one moon," said Johnny, whose grammar was not his strong point, and whose familiarity with the school-master his sister could explain as well as I.

"Don't believe what?" said the school-master. "That Jupiter has moons? Perhaps you don't believe that each one of those fixed stars is a sun?"

"Of course not," said Johnny. "How can they be suns? They're nothing but stars, any way."

"They are suns with stars revolving round them, just as the earth revolves round the sun. Perhaps you don't believe that the earth is a star?"

"The earth?" cried Johnny breathlessly. "I guess so! Oh, come now, you can't sell me! This brown, dirty earth!"

The school-master laughed. "How easy disbelief is!" he cried. "It settles all difficulty at once. What a new world of pleasure the urchin has before him!" he said to Johnny's sister. "Come,—are you well wrapped?—let us show him a few of the constellations. Constellations, Johnny," he added, looking up at the stars that shook in the frosty wind

like diamonds hanging on dark threads from the deep heavens, "are groups of stars that rise and set together, or nearly so, year after year, as seen from our earth, and have a resemblance to some object or other, as the ancients fancied, and as few of us can see. Seen from some other star, they would look entirely different. Some of them are very distinct, though. Do you see the Dipper—the Great Dipper? There it is," and the school-master stooped behind Johnny, and pointed up with his cane; "four large stars and a crooked handle. Here, turn this way; now, look there!"

"Yes, yes. I—see it. I see it now!" cried Johnny. "It's a jolly big one!"

"That constellation is somewhere to be seen on every clear night, by us. Some poet describes it, at this season, as a vase, out of which all the other stars are poured about the sky. There are two stars in it called the pointers,—those two,—because they always point at the North Star——"

"I know that," cried Johnny. "That North Star is the one the darkies used to make for. I always knew the North Star and the Milky Way."

"Did you know that the earth was one of the stars of the Milky Way?"

"The earth? Oh, come now!" said Johnny.

"Indeed she is, hanging down from it like a lamp in chains," said Johnny's sister.

"Oh, my! Truly? Now you're fooling me!" returned Johnny.

"Why should we 'fool' you?" asked the school-master. "Do you think because a thing is strange it can't be true? Do you think, because it is strange, that there can't be such a thing as double and triple stars, all different colors, all revolving round each other, so that as a blue sun sets, a red sun is high in the sky, and a green sun is rising?"

"I should think you thought I was a little boy, to be amused with fairy stories!" said Johnny (who was not a very big boy).

"The fairy tales of science and the long results of time," said the school-master. "Well, let us find another constellation. In the south there is a wonderful one called the Southern Cross, brighter than any jewels. But that is on the under side of our globe, and we on this side cannot see it, of course. Look along the Milky Way now; see if you can find a Northern Cross. There it lies,—a long line of bright stars, almost straight up and down, just leaning a little, and two arms,—the per-

fect outline of a crucifix. It is the constellation of the Swan, where it flies down the Milky Way."

"It is the prettiest of them all, I think," said Johnny's sister. "It does look so like a piece of jewelry."

"Now let us find Orion, the hunter of the heavens. See, Johnny, if you can discover a great giant anywhere up there, with a sword dangling from his belt, holding a round shield before him, and fighting a wild bull, with his dog at his heels. No? Well, look now, just where I point. There is a big letter V, with a brighter star at the first tip; that bright star is named Aldebaran,—almost all the stars have names. Sailors use that star a great deal in finding out where they are at sea. That letter V is called the Hyades,—the rainy Hyades, the ancients had it, supposing they brought wet weather. They make the Bull's face. You see that little group of fine stars, near by, close as forget-me-nots on a stem,—seven of them? Those are the Pleiades——"

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid,"

said Johnny's sister, who was rather sentimental and very fond of poetry.

"Your verse in the Bible reading this morning in school spoke of them," said the school-master. "'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?' There's more in that verse than meets the eye, when we remember that one of those seven stars has the same influence over all this universe of stars that the sun has over the earth. Well, well! Now, Johnny, follow my finger; you have seen the Pleiades hanging on the side of the Bull like a swarm of bees; you have seen the Hyades

are in his shoulders, and they make a triangle with a smaller one in his neck. Now, lifted up, half round the whole, is a great, faint circle of stars,—the shield. Here, like this," and the school-master with his cane dotted out holes on the snow in the right shape. "Now see if, by the help of those stars, you can make out the great outline of a hunter leaning along the sky there. And that blazing star, with a pale-green luster, is Orion's hound,—Sirius, the dog-star——"

"Yes, I've heard tell of the dog-star."

"And now you've seen it."

"Well, I never!" said Johnny. "Is that all?"

"All? It's not the beginning. But I fancy your little pitcher has all it can hold to-night. We will come out again for another lesson."

"Lesson?" said Johnny, with a falling face. "I did n't know it was a lesson."

"You would n't have liked it so well, if you had? That's the way with all of us, Johnny. But you'll find, my boy, that there's no one moment in life when you can declare yourself free from lessons."

"It's pleasanter to learn it so than in books, any way," said Johnny. "Would n't it be a jolly go, if a fellow could have wings and explore it all for himself?"

"Like the comets."

"Comets? Nicholas says that when the comet comes next time, it will send this world as high as Gilderoy's kite."

"It will slip by like a cloud, and do us no harm; and we shall only see it shining in the sky on summer nights, hurrying to pay its visit to the sun."

"I guess so!"

"I was just reading a charming little story about



making the Bull's face, as he butts against the hunter's shield. Now, go on. You will see three stars, rather in a slanting line, like a belt. You have found them? Yes? Then, dropping from that belt are two fainter stars in a line,—the sword. Below those, some distance apart, shine two separate, bright stars, which are in the giant's knees; above the belt, some way up, are two others, which

a comet," said the school-master to Johnny's sister. "Come, pick up your lantern, Johnny, and we'll trudge along. This comet, it seems, ages and ages ago, traveling this way, saw a little star rolling along, that was n't here when she came by before. It was the earth; but such a strange earth—all fire and steam and red-hot lava and molten rock, and not a living thing but fire and steam upon it. So

the comet said, 'Good-morrow and good-bye. I hope you'll be more tranquil when I come by again,' and shook her silver hair and was gone. Ages and ages afterward, the comet, keeping up her perpetual travel, came this way again. There was the earth, a world of white vapor now, through which she saw dimly huge trees, like palms and enormous ferns, waving heavily to and fro, and strange, horrid, uncouth monsters, of vast bulk and hideous shape, sliding in and out of the waters and morasses. 'Why, this is interesting!' said the comet. 'The little thing is really shaping out. I am quite curious to see what it has in view. Well, good luck to you!' and off she went again. Ages and ages afterward, the same comet came along once more; there was the earth, shining out of her azure atmosphere, marble temples were gleaming under the boughs of graceful trees, fine men and lovely women were walking over grassy slopes smooth as velvet, and little rosy children were tumbling among fruit and flowers. 'Oh!' said the comet, 'what would n't I give to rest here a little! You lovely earth, don't change any more till I come back again!' and, looking behind her, very likely, the comet went on her tireless way. Now, what do you suppose she'll see when, ages and ages hence, the comet comes back again, Johnny?"

"She won't see me!" said Johnny. "I don't suppose she will. But I wish I had wings to go after her."

"Well, we have almost the same thing as wings—those of us that have telescopes. Did you never look through one,—not through a spy-glass? Then the next time your father goes to Boston, perhaps he will take you, and let you look through the telescope on the Common. You will see the spots on the sun in the day-time, and after dark you will have a chance to see the rings around Saturn and the belts and moons of Jupiter."

"I'll tease till he takes me," said Johnny, scuffing the snow along before him.

And he did.

When Johnny came home from Boston with his father, some weeks afterward, he kept up a great thinking and a great whistling, and it was presently noticed that he had grown alarmingly industrious; alarmingly, because he demanded pennies for every little act he did, and the family purse was threatened with bankruptcy, in consequence. He sawed the small wood, and piled it, and brought it in, and picked up the chips, and fed the fire; he foddered the cows and took care of the pigs,—always for a consideration. He shoveled the paths in the snow; he brought the water; he was ready to hold anybody's horse anywhere; he put up a dreadful-looking notice in the post-office, to the purport that Johnny Parsons ran errands for five cents. He

picked up pins and sold them to the boys for old nails, and sold the nails to the junk-man for old iron. He took his savings-bank to pieces every night to count his pennies, his silver, and his scrip. It was growing into a grand sum total, leaving the domain of cents and mounting close upon that of dollars.

This continued for several weeks, and every day the hoard grew. The family laughed at Johnny's miserliness; his mother worried; but, on the whole, they congratulated themselves on the energy he was showing, on the way in which he would evidently get along in the world. But one night Johnny screwed his savings-bank together triumphantly, and climbed to set it on top of the clock. From that moment not one errand did he run, nobody's horse did he hold, no cows did he fodder, no pennies did he earn, and no wood did he handle, except two long, round, mysterious sticks, through which he was boring with an auger.

Johnny had now a little book on astronomy,—easy astronomy,—which had been given him by the school-master, who frequently came in, of an evening, to explain it to him, while his sister leaned over the other side of the book, as much interested as he in the school-master's words. This book was Johnny's *Vade Mecum*; it was tucked under his pillow at night when he went to sleep, and was pulled out in the morning when he woke up; and the school-master had to threaten to take it away from him, unless some little attention were paid to his other books as well.

"What are you doing, Johnny?" said his mother, one day as she saw him heating the iron hasp of a sharp knife-blade, and then plunging it into a long rod, a slender hole in which had been filled with rosin, so that, when the rosin cooled, the blade was fixed securely in the rod. "What are you doing, Johnny?"

"Making wings," said Johnny; and he ran the rod, with the knife-blade fixed to it, into the hollow he had bored in the bigger of the two long, round sticks, and whirled it round and round, smoothing off the hole that the auger had made. "Making wings, Ma. I'm going to call on Jupiter and his moons. I'm going to get up early and be off with Miss Venus, while she's playing morning star. Great larks, Ma! I'll let you see before long."

Johnny's labors now began to grow somewhat like a nuisance in the family. Somebody was always upsetting something of his, either a paint-pot or a glue-pot,—for the knife-blade kept coming out of the long rod, and had to be as often replaced,—and there was always a little track of fine whittlings and sawdust following him from garret to kitchen. He had bored the hole in the longer and bigger stick,—it was now a tube,—had smoothed it

and smeared it with black paint inside, as well as he could, and was busy on the smaller stick; and it became evident that that was meant for another tube, which the hole completed in the larger tube was just big enough to receive; and he bored and smoothed and smeared, without wasting many words, till people were fairly growing sick of the sight of his sticks, his shavings, and his tools, to say nothing of himself, with his fingers stained beyond the power of soap, and his trousers ruined

Johnny shut one tube exultingly within the other, took the precise measurements of the ends, brought the money out of his savings-bank, and, while he waited till his father should go again to Boston to buy goods, beguiled the time with conundrums. "Pa, why is Saturn the most dishonest of the planets? Give it up? I'll tell you. Because he's in two or three rings at once." And when the thing grew tedious, and he was sent from the room under penalties, he would put his head back and sing out,



AT WORK ON THE TELESCOPE.

with blotches of rosin and paint and with cuts from his implements, which were sharpened to such an extent that his father expected to see the grind-stone explode any day. He had left the bark on the first stick; but the second one must be made smooth on the outside as well as on the inside, as it had to slide in and out of the larger. He peeled it carefully; rubbed it on the outside with rotten-stone, painted it black, and with a dry cloth wiped off as much of the paint as would come off; painted it over, and wiped off the paint again; painted it over, and wiped it off again, and so on, till at last the little round, hollow stick was as smooth and shining as the lacquered panel of a coach. He had already smoothed and blackened it inside. Then

"Sis! I guess you can't tell why Jupiter's the champion star! Eh? eh?"

"I'm sure I can't! And I don't want to!" would be the impatient reply.

"Because he's got the Belt! But, say, look here, any of you,—what constellation's John the Baptist like?"

"Oh, you bad, bad boy!"

"Too much for you? The Great Dipper!" Johnny would exclaim, and slam the door just in season.

But as it grew toward the time for Mr. Parsons to take the journey that he took only twice a year, words cannot describe the docility of Johnny's behavior. He brushed his hair before coming to

the table, without being told; he made superhuman exertions not to thrust his knife down his throat, even going to the point of putting the crisp fried potato on his fork with his fingers before carrying the fork to his lips; he went about on tiptoe, shut the doors carefully, forgot to whistle, asked no conundrums,—determined if good conduct could do it to make it impossible for his father to refuse him a favor. Mr. Parsons had not the least intention of refusing; and he took the money at last, and the little scrap of directions, which Johnny with abject fear and trembling handed to him, and mounted the stage in which he drove to the distant railway station, and took all Johnny's hopes with him.

Johnny could hardly say he lived in the days while his father was gone; he took no note of anything but the going and coming of the stage; he paid no heed to his lessons; he hardly ate nor drank nor slept; his nerves were so stretched with impatience that he felt like exclaiming at any noise and crying at any sharp word. He grew so white and thin in that prolonged fortnight, that his mother had to talk seriously with him, and he forced himself to eat, under threats of the doctor and Stoughton's Elixir.

But at last the stage drove up, and his father slowly clambered down from it. Before he spoke a word to his father, Johnny undid the parcel that he tossed him,—his father might have broken it,—and then the revulsion came, and he sprang into his father's arms and burst into tears.

It was a tiny parcel after all,—just the brass pieces and the lenses. Johnny knew he could hardly make the lenses himself before he was an old man, and he had found out where they were to be had, and had sent for them. He got out his tubes and proceeded to fit them; his hands shook so it was impossible at first; but he would not let his father or the school-master help him; he waited,—in what suspense!—and steadied his hand, and tried again; and they fitted to a nicety!

All the neighbors, meanwhile, had heard of Johnny's work, and the news spread like wild-fire that at length it was completed and was going to be tried that night—a long six-months' work. But that night a thunder shower came up, and it settled into a long rain, and it was not till sunset of the third day that clear sky was seen again, and only on the sky was first trial to be made.

What a splendid sunset it was with the great clouds driving away before the west wind and all aflame with color,—Johnny's heart was dancing like the rainbowed drops upon the leaves. He took his bread and milk to the doorstep to eat it there while he watched the twilight fall, the dark-

ness gather, and one by one the stars steal out blossoming like flowers upon the dusk.

"There's Lyra," said Johnny, throwing back his head so far that his bread nearly choked him. "There's Vega, straight overhead. And there's—yes, there's Jupiter, the great beauty!"

Once Johnny would have said "old Jupe"; but there was an unaccountable bashfulness upon him to-night; he hardly dared take any liberties with the planet he was so soon to visit, one of whose satellites was going into eclipse,—and if he was to be privileged to attend that ceremony dignity and decorum were in order. What a night it was!—scarcely a breath stirring, the air rich with fragrance that the late rain had rolled in, and so clear that the stars swung great and golden and shining above the little earth as if they were only made to canopy her. Johnny went in and got his treasure.

"Come," he said to his mother. "I'm going to try my wings."

He saw them all come out and follow him, but he dared not speak another word. What if the thing was wrong; what if it failed; what if it showed him nothing! There were the neighbors, here and there, coming up the field in the dim dark. There were the school-boys, down in the hollow. Everybody knew that Johnny Parsons had made a telescope, and was going to try it to-night,—everybody had come to see. It was very kind of them,—but if they had only staid away!

How heavy the thing seemed now! It was all he could do to get along. He reached the fence at last, where he had driven a couple of spikes to help support it, and carefully wiped the glasses with the bit of chamois leather in which they had come, and lifted it to its place. He waited then to take breath, and then to take another. It was an awful moment. What if it showed him nothing; what if those were only pictures pasted in the telescope on the Common; what if it was all a fairy story, and there was in reality nothing to see! And then, on the other hand, what if he looked and saw the great golden globe there on the black field, with its four pale moons floating about it, and one just slipping into the shadow! It was the initiation into another life, the entrance into a world as new and strange and almost as grand as death gives. His hand trembled so that he could not steady the telescope. He put his eye there, and for one instant an indistinguishable multitude of all sorts of blazing things were dancing before it; he looked away again and up into the calm, deep heavens that seemed waiting on the scrutiny of his little tubes with a mute mockery.

"Here, you look!" he said, pushing it toward the school-master. "I dars n't!"

And Johnny thought the school-master had it,

and the school-master thought Johnny had it; and between the two it fell from the fence to the rock, and rolled down the hill, bounding from stone to stone, and the glasses were broken to splinters, and the heavens, that had been going to answer Johnny's search, heard only his lamentations.

When Johnny went to sleep that night, he had been comforted by the promise of being taken as companion on part of the wedding-journey of his

sister and the school-master, the next fall, and of a visit to the great observatory, where swung a telescope that brushed the silver dust off the very stars,—for the school-master wisely thought that permission would hardly be refused to the boy who at Johnny's age had made a telescope himself.

But as nobody really saw anything through it, nobody to this day knows whether Johnny made a telescope or not!

THE LITTLE BIG WOMAN AND THE BIG LITTLE GIRL.

By M. M. D.



A LITTLE big woman had a big little girl,
And they merrily danced all the day;
The woman declared she was too small to work;
And the girl said: "I'm too big to play."

So they merrily danced
While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

"We must eat," said the little big woman. "Why not?"
"Why not?" said the big little girl;
So they sipped as they skipped when they wanted a drink,
And swallowed their cake in a whirl.

And they merrily danced
While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE BLACK DOG HAD HIS DAY.

"YOU 'VE got the black dog on your shoulder, this morning; that 's what 's the matter with you," said Wealthy.

This metaphorical black dog meant a bad humor. Eyebright had waked up cross and irritable. What



EYEBRIGHT HAD WAKED UP CROSS.

made her wake up cross I am not wise enough to explain. The old-fashioned doctors would probably have ascribed it to indigestion, the new-fashioned ones to nerves or malaria or a "febrile tendency"; Deacon Berry, I think, would have called it "Original Sin," and Wealthy, who did not mince matters, dubbed it an attack of the Old Scratch, which nothing but a sound shaking could cure. Very likely, all these guesses were partly right and all partly wrong. When our bodies get out of order, our souls are apt to become disordered too, and at such times there always seem to be little imps of evil lurking near, ready to seize the chance, rush in, fan the small embers of discontent to a flame, make cross days crosser, and turn bad beginnings into worse endings.

The morning's mischances had begun with Eyebright's being late to breakfast,—a thing which always annoyed her father very much. Knowing this, she made as much haste as possible, and ran down-stairs with her boots half buttoned, fastening her apron as she went. She was in too great a

hurry to look where she was going, and the result was that presently she tripped and fell, bumping her head and tearing the skirt of her frock half across. This was bad luck indeed, for Wealthy, she knew, would make her darn it as a punishment, and that meant at least an hour's hard work in-doors on one of the loveliest days that ever shone. She picked herself up and went into the sitting-room, pouting, and by no means disposed to enjoy the lecture on punctuality, which papa made haste to give, and which was rather longer and sharper than it would otherwise have been, because Eyebright looked so very sulky and obstinate while listening to it.

You will all be shocked at this account, but I am not sorry to show Eyebright to you on one of her naughty days. All of us have such days sometimes, and to represent her as possessing no faults would be to put her at a distance from all of you; in fact, I should not like her so well myself. She has been pretty good, so far, in this story; but she was by no means perfect, for which let us be thankful; because a perfect child would be an unnatural thing, whom none of us could quite believe in or understand! Eyebright was a dear little girl, and for all her occasional naughtiness, had plenty of lovable qualities about her; and I am glad to say she was not often so naughty as on this day.

When a morning begins in this way, everything seems to go wrong with us, as if on purpose. It was so with Eyebright. Her mother, who was very poorly, found fault with her breakfast. She wanted some hotter tea, and a slice of toast a little browner and cut very thin. These were simple requests, and on any other day Eyebright would have danced off gleefully to fulfill them. To-day she was annoyed at having to go, and moved slowly and reluctantly. She did not say that she felt waiting on her mother to be a trouble, but her face, and the expression of her shoulders, and her dull, dawdling movements said it for her; and poor Mrs. Bright, who was not used to such unwillingness on the part of her little daughter, felt it so much that she shed a few tears over the second cup of tea after it was brought. This dismayed Eyebright, but it also exasperated her. She would not take any notice, but stood by in silence till her mother had finished, and then, without a word, carried the tray down-stairs. A sort of double mood was upon her. Down below the anger was a feeling of keen remorse for what she had done, and a voice inside

seemed to say: "Oh dear, how sorry I am going to be for this by and by!" But she would not let herself be sorry then, and stifled the voice by saying, half aloud, as she went along: "I don't care. It's too bad of mother. I wish she would n't!"

Wealthy met her at the stair-foot.

"How long you've been!" she said, taking the tray from her.

"I can't be any quicker when I have to keep going for more things," said Eyebright.

"Nobody said you could," retorted Wealthy, speaking crossly herself, because Eyebright's tone was cross. "Mercy on me! How did you tear your frock like that? You'll have to darn it yourself, you know; that's the rule. Fetch your work-box as soon as you've done the cups and saucers.

Ordinarily, Eyebright was very proud to be trusted with this little job. She worked carefully and nicely and had proved herself capable, but to-day her fingers seemed all thumbs. She set the cups away without drying the bottoms, so that they made wet rings on the shelves; she only half-rinsed the teapot, left a bit of soap in its spout, and ended by breaking a saucer. Wealthy scolded her, she retorted, and then Wealthy made the speech, which I have quoted, about the black dog.

Very slowly and unwillingly Eyebright sat down to darn her frock. It was a long, jagged rent, requiring patience and careful slowness, and neither good-will nor patience had Eyebright to bring to the task. Her fingers twitched, she "pshawed," and "oh deared," ran the needle in and out and



SHE PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE CALL.

Eyebright almost replied "I wont," but she did not quite dare, and walked, without speaking, into the sitting-room, where the table was made ready for dish-washing, with a tub of hot water, towels, a bit of soap, and a little mop. Since vacation began, Wealthy had allowed her to wash the breakfast things on Mondays and Tuesdays, days on which she herself was particularly busy.

in irregularly, jerked the thread, and finally gave a fretful pull when she came to the end of the first needleful, which tore a fresh hole in the stuff, and puckered all she had darned, so that it was not fit to be seen. Wealthy looked in just then, and was scandalized at the condition of the work.

"You can just pick it out from the beginning," she said. "It's a burning shame that a great girl

like you should n't know how to do better. But it's temper—that's what it is. Nothing in the world but temper, Eyebright. You've been as cross as two sticks all day, Massy knows for what, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself," whereon she gave Eyebright a little shake.

The shake was like a match applied to gunpowder. Eyebright flamed into open revolt.

"Wealthy Ann Judson!" she cried, angrily. "Let me alone. It's all your fault if I am cross, you treat me so. I wont pick it out. I wont darn it at all. And I shall just tell my father that you shook me; see if I don't."

Wealthy's reply was a sound box on the ear. Eyebright's naughtiness certainly deserved punishment, but it was hardly wise or right of Wealthy to administer it, or to do it thus. She was far too angry to think of that, however.

"That's what you want," said Wealthy, "and you'd be a better girl if you got it oftener." Then she marched out of the room, leaving Eyebright in a fury.

"I wont bear it! I wont bear it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Everybody is cruel, cruel! I'll run away! I'll not stay in this house another minute—not another minute," and, catching up her sun-bonnet, she darted through the hall and was out of the gate and down the street in a flash. Wealthy was in the kitchen, her father was out, no one saw her go. Rosy and Tom Berry, who were swinging on their gate, called to her as she passed, but their gay voices jarred on her ear, and she paid no attention to the call.

Tunxet village was built upon a sloping hill whose top was crowned with woods. To reach these woods, Eyebright had only to climb two stone walls and cross a field and a pasture, and as they seemed just then the most desirable refuge possible, she made haste to do so. She had always had a peculiar feeling for woods, a feeling made up of terror and attraction. They were associated in her mind with fairies and with robbers, with lost children, red-breasts, Robin Hood and his merry men; and she was by turns eager and shy at the idea of exploring their depths, according to which of these images happened to be uppermost in her ideas. To-day she thought neither of Robin Hood nor the fairies. The wood was only a place where she could hide away and cry and be unseen, and she plunged in without a thought of fear.

In and in she went, over stones and beds of moss, and regiments of tall brakes, which bowed and rose as she forced her way past their stems, and saluted her with wafts of woody fragrance, half bitter, half sweet, but altogether pleasant. There was something soothing in the shade and cool quiet of the place. It fell like dew on her hot mood, and pres-

ently her anger changed to grief, she knew not why. Her eyes filled with tears. She sat down on a stone all brown with soft mosses, and began to cry, softly at first, then loudly and more loud, not taking any pains to cry quietly, but with hard sobs and great gulps which echoed back in an odd way from the wood. It seemed a relief at first to make as much noise as she liked with her crying, and to know that there was no one to hear or be annoyed. It was pleasant, too, to be able to talk out loud as well as to cry.

"They are so unkind to me," she wailed, "so very unkind. Wealthy never slapped me before. She has no right to slap me. I'll never kiss Wealthy again,—never. O-h, she was so unkind——"

"O-h!" echoed back the wood in a hollow tone. Eyebright jumped.

"It's like a voice," she thought. "I'll go somewhere else. It is n't nice just here. I don't like it."

So she went back a little way to the edge of the forest, where the trees were less thick, and between their stems she could see the village below. Here she felt safer than she had been when in the thick wood. She threw herself down in a comfortable hollow at the foot of an oak, and half-sitting, half-lying, began to think over her wrongs.

"I guess if I was dead they'd be sorry," she reflected. "They'd hunt and hunt for me, and not know where I was. And at last they'd come up here, and find me dead, with a tear on my cheek, and then they'd know how badly they had made me feel, and their hearts would nearly break. I don't believe father would ever smile again. He'd be like the king in the 'Second Reader'—"

"But waves went o'er his son's bright hair,
He never smiled again."

Only, I'm a daughter, and it would be leaves and not waves! Mother, she'd cry and cry, and as for that old Wealthy—"but Eyebright felt it difficult to imagine what Wealthy would do under these circumstances. Her thoughts drifted another way,

"I might go into a convent instead. That would be better, I guess. I'd be a novice first, with a white veil and a cross and a rosary, and I'd look so sweet and holy that all the other children,—no, there would n't be any other children,—never mind!—I'd be lovely anyhow. But I'd be a Protestant always! I would n't want to be a Catholic and have to kiss the Pope's old toe all the time! Then by and by I should take that awful black veil. Then I could never come out any more—not ever! And I should kneel in the chapel all the time as motionless as a marble figure. That would be beautiful." Eyebright had never been able to sit still for half an hour together in her life, but that made

no difference in her enjoyment of this idea. "The abbess will be beautiful, too, but stern and unrelenting, and she'll say 'Daughters' when she speaks to us nuns, and we shall say 'Holy Mother' when we speak to her. It'll be real nice. We sha'n't have to do any darning, but just embroidery in our cells, and wax flowers. Wealthy'll want to come in and see me, I know, but I shall just tell the porter that I don't want her, not ever. 'She's

a heretic,' I shall say to the porter, and he'll lock the door the minute he sees her coming. Then she'll



ASLEEP IN THE WOODS.

be mad! The abbess and *Mère Généfride*—Eyebright had just read for the fourth time Mrs. Sherwood's exciting novel called "The Nun," so her imaginary convent was modeled exactly after the one there described—"the abbess and *Mère Généfride* will always be spying about and listening in the passage to hear what we say, when we sit in our cells embroidering and telling secrets, but me and my Pauline—no I won't call her Pauline—Rosalba—Sister Rosalba—that shall be her name—we'll speak so low that she can't hear a word. Then we shall suspect that something strange is taking place down in the cellar,—I mean the dungeons,—and we'll steal down and listen when the abbess and the bishop and all of them are trying the sister, who has a Bible tied on her leg!" Here Eyebright gave an enormous yawn. "And—if—the—mob—does come—Wealthy—will be sure to—sure to—"

But of that we shall never know, for at this precise moment Eyebright fell asleep.

She must have slept a long time, for when she waked the sun had changed his place in the sky, and was shining on the western side of the village houses. Had some good angel passed by, lifted the

"black dog" from her shoulder, and swept from her mind all its foolish and angry thoughts, while she dreamed there under the trees? For behold! matters and things now looked differently to her, and instead of blaming other people and thinking hard things of them, she began to blame herself.

"How naughty I was," she thought, "to be so cross with poor mamma, just because she wanted another cup of tea! Oh dear, and I made her cry! I know it was me—just because I looked so cross. How horrid I always am! And I was cross to papa, too, and put my lip out at him. How could I do so? What made me? Wealthy had n't any business to slap me, though—"

"But then I was pretty ugly to Wealthy," she went on, her conscience telling her the truth at last, as consciences will, if allowed. "I just tried to provoke her—and I called her Wealthy Ann Judson! That always makes her mad. She never slapped me before, not since I was a little mite of a girl. Oh dear! And only yesterday she washed all Genevieve's dolly things—her blue muslin, and her overskirt, and all—and she said she did n't mind trouble when it was for my doll. She's very good to me sometimes. Almost always she's good. Oh, I ought n't to have spoken so to Wealthy—I ought n't—I ought n't!" And Eyebright began to cry afresh; not angry tears this time, but bright, healthful drops of repentance, which cleansed and refreshed her soul.

"I'll go right home now and tell her I am sorry," she said impetuously, and, jumping from her seat, she ran straight down the hill and across the field, eager to make her confession and to be forgiven. Eyebright's fits of temper, big and little, usually ended in this way. She had none of that dislike of asking pardon with which some persons are afflicted. To her it was a relief—a thing to be met and gone through with for the sake of the cheer, the blue-sky-in-the-heart, which lay on the other side of it, and the peace which was sure to follow, when once the "forgive me" was spoken.

In at the kitchen door she dashed. Wealthy, who was ironing, with a worried frown on her brow, started and exclaimed at the sight of Eyebright, and sat suddenly down on a chair. Before she could speak, Eyebright's arms were round her neck.

"I was real horrid and wicked this morning," she cried. "Please forgive me, Wealthy. I won't be so naughty again—not ever. Oh, don't, don't!" for, to her dismay, Wealthy, the grim, broke down and began to cry. This was really dreadful. Eyebright stared a moment; then her own eyes filled, and she cried, too.

"What a fool I be!" said Wealthy, dashing the drops from her eyes. "There, Eyebright, there! Hush, dear; we wont say any more about it." And she kissed Eyebright, for perhaps the tenth time in her life. Kisses were rare things, indeed, with Wealthy.

"Where have you been?" she asked presently. "It's four o'clock and after. Did you know that? Have you had any dinner?"

"No; but I don't want any, Wealthy. I've been in the woods on top of the hill. I ran away and sat there, and I guess I fell asleep," said Eyebright, hanging her head.

"Well, your pa did n't come home to dinner, for a wonder; I reckon he was kept to the mill; so we had n't much cooked. I took your ma's up to her; but I never let on that I did n't know where you was, for fear of worrying her. She has worried a good lot, any way. Here, let me brush your hair a little, and then you'd better run upstairs and make her mind easy. I'll have something for you to eat when you come down."

Eyebright's heart smote her afresh when she saw her mother's pale, anxious face.

"You've been out so long," she said. "I asked Wealthy, and she said she guessed you were playing somewhere, and did n't know how the time went. I was afraid you felt sick, and she was keeping it from me. It is so bad to have things kept from me; nothing annoys me so much, and you did n't look well at breakfast. Are you sick, Eyebright?"

"No, mamma, not a bit. But I have been naughty—very naughty indeed, mamma; and I ran away."

Then she climbed up on the bed beside her mother, and told the story of the morning, keeping nothing back—all her hard feelings and anger at everybody, and her thoughts about dying, and about becoming a nun. Her mother held her hand very tight indeed when she reached this last part of the confession. The idea of the wood, also, was terrible to the poor lady. She declared that she should n't sleep a wink all night for thinking about it.

"It was n't a dangerous wood at all," explained Eyebright. "There was n't anything there that could hurt me. Really there was n't, mamma. Nothing but trees, and stones, and ferns, and old tumbled-down trunks covered with tiny-weeny mosses,—all green and brown and red, and some perfectly white,—so pretty. I wish I had brought you some, mamma."

"Woods are never safe," declared Mrs. Bright, "what with snakes, and tramps, and wild cats, and getting lost, and other dreadful things! I hardly take up a paper without seeing something or other bad in it which has happened in a wood.

You must never go there alone again, Eyebright. Promise me that you wont."

Eyebright promised. She petted and comforted her mother, kissing her over and over again, as if to make up for the anxiety she had caused her, and for the cross words and looks of the morning. The sad thing is, that no one ever does make up. All the sweet words and kind acts of a life-time cannot undo the fact that once—one bad day far away behind us—we were unkind and gave pain to some one whom we love. Even their forgiveness cannot undo it. How I wish we could remember this always before we say the words which we afterward are so sorry for, and thus save our memories from the burden of a sad load of regret and repentance!

When Eyebright went down-stairs, she found a white napkin, her favorite mug filled with milk, a plateful of bread and butter and cold lamb, and a large pickled peach, awaiting her on the kitchen table. Wealthy hovered about as she took her seat, and seemed to have a disposition to pat Eyebright's shoulder a good deal, and to stroke her hair. Wealthy, too, had undergone the repentance which follows wrath. Her morning, I imagine, had been even more unpleasant than Eyebright's, for she had spent it over a hot ironing task, and had not had the refreshment of running away into the woods.

"It's so queer," said Eyebright, with her mouth full of bread and butter. "I did n't know I was hungry a bit, but I am as hungry as can be. Everything tastes so good, Wealthy."

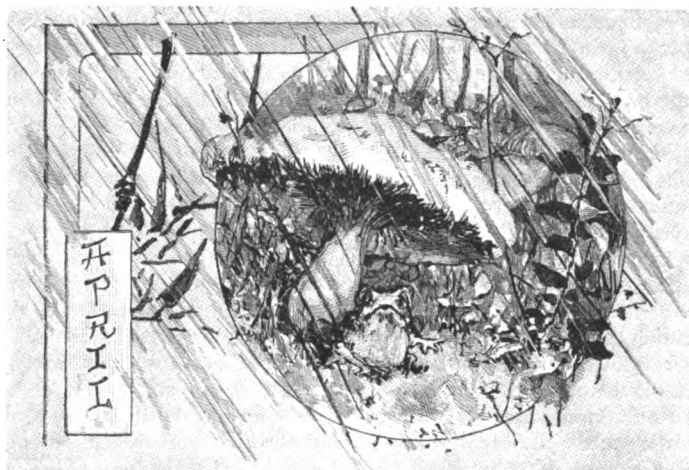
"That's right," replied Wealthy, who was a little upset, and tearful still. "A good appetite's a good thing,—next best to a good conscience, I think."

Eyebright's spirits were mounting as rapidly as quicksilver. Bessie Mather appeared at the gate as she finished her last mouthful, and, giving Wealthy a great hug, Eyebright ran out to meet her, with a lightness and gayety of heart which surprised even herself. The blue sky seemed bluer than ever before, the grass greener, the sunshine was like yellow gold. Every little thing that happened made her laugh. It was as though a black cloud had been rolled away from between her and the light.

"I wonder what makes me so particularly happy to-night," she thought, as she sat on the steps waiting for papa, after Bessie was gone. "It's queer that I should, when I've been so naughty—and all."

But it was not queer, though Eyebright felt it so. The world never looks so fair and bright as to eyes newly washed by tears of sorrow for faults forgiven; and hearts which are emptied of unkind feelings grow light at once, as if happiness were the rule of the world and not the exception.

(To be continued.)



BEATING THE BOUNDS.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

Author of (Tom Brown's) "School-days at Rugby."

"HALLOO! Hie! Look out! There he goes!" "Loo! loo! loo! Hie at him, Vic!" "Hie at him! Loo! loo, Toby!"

Away went the rabbit for dear life, from the furze bush, where the boys and dogs had just started him, across the fifty yards of turf which lay between it and the neighboring copse. Away went the rabbit, and after him the two terriers, and after them the three boys, every one of them as hard as he could pelt. Master Bunny saved his scut by some two yards, and gave a last saucy flirt of his white-marked hind legs, almost in the dogs' faces, as he dashed into a small run in the fence, too narrow for them to get through, and this Vic found to her cost. For that little creature rushed at the run, and stuck fast, howling and struggling; while Toby, more cunningly, topped the fence, and dashed into the tangled mass of weeds and brushwood on the other side, from which he sent back eager yelps to tell his young masters of his whereabouts, and assure them of his devotion to duty.

The boys are not far behind. First over the fence and into the copse comes Plump, a great boy for a short rush, but not good at staying. Close to him his cousin, Peter, a town-bred boy, but all the keener for ratting, rabbiting, or any other country pastime which his uncle's vicarage

could afford in the holidays. Pip is a second or two after them, having stopped to tug Vic back out of her *cul-de-sac* and pitch her into the copse, to help Toby in his quest. This is animated and bewildering, the dogs rushing hither and thither, and drawing the boys this way and that after their music.

Suddenly they are silent; not a yelp can be heard. They have run Bunny to his earth, at which they are furiously tearing with teeth and scratching with paws.

But instead of the musical cry of pursuing dogs, another cry, or rather a howl, of mingled rage and pain, now rises straight up into the pleasant summer air from the midst of the densest tangle of the underwood. The boys, who had got scattered, turn toward the place, Pip and Peter both wondering "what in the world can have come to old Plump now."

The next moment, forcing their way through the green and russet tangle, they come upon him, squat at the bottom of a dry ditch which crosses the copse; his round face just clear above the nettles, which form the chief part of his surroundings; throwing his whole soul and energy into the doleful wail, while good, round, oily tears course rapidly down his indignant cheeks.

"Hullo! at it again! All hands to the pumps,

Peter!" calls out Pip. At which summons the two jump down, one on each side of Plump, and, seizing an arm each, begin working them as if they were pump-handles. After a moment of struggle and resistance on the part of the patient, the prescription works wonders. Plump's wailings cease as suddenly as they had begun; his jolly, fat face clears, and almost breaks into a grin, as he stands up between them, and begins to pull himself together and rub various parts of his stout person.

"Well, but what's the matter, Plump? You were n't boo-hooing about the nettles, I should hope?"

We may say parenthetically that one of the most striking peculiarities of Master Plump was his perfect command of the water-works. He could roar at a moment's notice and on any pretext, and had hitherto practiced the accomplishment with a shamelessness which somewhat scandalized his male relatives, and particularly his brother Pip, scarcely a year older than himself. So they had invented this method of "all hands to the pumps," by way of controlling the water-works, and it was beginning to tell. At the same time, any one who presumed on this habit to treat Plump as a milk-sop, found himself quite in the wrong box. He had just been to school for his first half, and had turned upon and fought a boy bigger than himself, roaring loudly all the time, but working away like a wind-mill with his strong arms, till his assailant was glad to cry enough.

"No, 't was n't the nettles; but if you were pitched into a bed of them like this, you would n't like it—at least, your face and hands would n't," saying which, Plump grasped the stick he had let fall in his somersault, and began thrashing the bed of nettles all round him.

"What was it, then? How did you get such a cropper?"

"A beastly post there, just by where you are. Look at my leg."

"Well, that is an ugly place," said Peter. It was a big bruise on the shin, which was already swelling up and looking angry.

"But what post? I can't see any," said Pip. However, after thrashing down the docks and nettles about the place from which Plump had taken his header into the ditch, there, sure enough, was a stone post, about two feet high, firmly bedded in the ground. This Plump ascertained by pulling at it with all his might.

"I'll go and get a pick-ax," he said, "and grub it up, and have old Gaffer Giles break it up for mending the roads."

"But look here, there are letters upon it," said Pip, the observer of the party; "an M, and underneath, B S, and some others I can't make out."

"P'raps it's a tomb-stone," suggested Peter.

"Shut up! Why, this is n't a church-yard," said Plump.

"Well, but I've heard they sometimes bury fellows in the country at cross-roads, with a stake in them," Peter persisted.

"But they're suicides; and there are no cross-roads here, and no stake," said Pip.

"Suppose it should turn out to be a Roman stone," said Peter gravely.

And so the boys went on speculating, but could make nothing of the "beastly post," against which Plump still muttered direful threatenings. So, after determining that there was no chance of getting at the rabbit without ferrets, and having, with much difficulty, pulled Vic out of the burrow, in which she had by this time nearly buried herself, and cleansed her eyes and mouth a little from the dirt, the boys turned out of the copse into the high road which skirted it, on their way home to the vicarage. About one hundred yards down the road, they came on old Gaffer Giles, seated on a heap of stones, his legs wide apart, engaged in breaking the bigger ones with a long hammer. He did not hurry himself at his work; as, indeed, why should he?—the parish allowed him three shillings a week for his labor. On the heap by him lay several pick-axes and road-scrapers. At these Plump rushed at once, seizing on the biggest pick-ax.

"I may take this, may n't I, Gaffer?" he said.

"Nay, nay! Maester Gaarge. Thaay picks beant mine. Thaay belongs to the gang as is mending the roads."

"But Gaffer, we only want it just to go into the copse and grub up an old stone," urged Plump.

"Perhaps you know the stone, Mr. Giles?" interposed the politer Pip. "It stands by the dry ditch, and has got some old letters on it—an M and a B S."

"Kneows un! aye to be sure—I kneows un sure enough; I seed un sunk there a matter o' seventy year back, when I wur a leetle chap, smaller 'n either o' you be."

"Well, but what is it then? Tell us all about it, Gaffer. What are the letters for?"

"An M, beant there atop? Ees, ees, I minds, and B S down below? Thaay stands for 'bounds' stwun,' and M for 'Moreton parish.'"

"And we're going to grub him up, Gaffer, and you must break him up for the road."

The old man chuckled, "Whoy, 't w'u'd take the likes o' you a month to grub!"

So Plump gave up his notion of moving the parish land-mark, and the boys sat down to pump old Giles as to his memories connected with the stone, which, translated from his dialect, were much as follows:

When he was a little chap at the parish school, they had a holiday every year on "Gang Monday." He did n't just mind when it came round, but somewhere about Whitsuntide. Well, on Gang Monday morning, all the boys went to the church-yard, and there was the lord's steward with a map, and the parish constable, and a smart few men and women, too, who had a mind to beat the bounds—"possessioning" they called it, or some such name. He was no scholard, but minded the name for all that.

So the "possessioners" started with the steward in front and the constable ringing a bell, and the rest following in a row. They marched all round the parish, and now and again the steward would stop, and sometimes they drove a stake or set up a stone like that one in the copse. That was in places where there was a dispute about the parish-line. Then they'd used to catch a boy or two, and take him by the arms and legs and bump him up against the stone or a tree, so as he should remember the place afterward.

At the brook, too, along that part of it where the parish line struck it, and ran down it for, might be, two or three furlongs, there was a scramble to see who should be pushed in to wade down. It was n't more than knee-deep for any one as knew which side to keep and where to cross. But now and again some young chap as did n't know would be in, and they as knew called him wrong so as he should go plump into the holes above his middle, for all the folk to laugh at; and sometimes they caught a boy and chucked him in. But the boys mostly were too knowing, and kept away from the men when they got near the brook.

There was a deal of waste land too, there, and the steward, he had an eye to it all sure enough, as they went along, to see that no poor man had run up a bit of a place for his jackass or pig, or fenced round a rood of taters or cabbages. He minded one time when they came across a bit of a styce as Israel Willis, the charcoal burner, had put up, and how at the steward's bidding they had pulled it down and chased Israel's sow and her litter on to the common. No, he knew better now. Israel had gone to the bad, and ended in the county jail all along of that business. 'T was no business of their'n to help clear the lord's waste, and now 't was all took in and fenced off these forty year, and no man the better but the lord, and no place left for poor folk to cut a bit of furze, or turn out a goose or a pig, or pick a few bits of stick for a fire.

Then on Gang Mondays when they got back, there was bread and cheese and ale for all, and buns and a glass of ale for the boys, and the bells ringing all the afternoon, and two shillings apiece for the ringers. He had heard tell of a piece of land

called Gang Monday's land, as was left in old times to pay for beating the parish bounds. What had come of that now? there was no holiday, nor bread and cheese and ale, nor buns nor bell-ringing.

So old Giles crooned on, breaking a stone now and then with a whack of his hammer to ease his feelings, and glad of such attentive listeners to his budget of old stories and grievances, as the boys were proving themselves to be.

They sat about him all ears, till the church-clock in the distance struck five and warned them of tea-time at the vicarage. Then they jumped up and hurried off, leaving old Giles sitting on the stone-heap and thwacking away with more than usual diligence, as the thoughts of vanished holidays and the wrongs of the poor came thronging back once more across his awakened memory.

As they trotted along toward the vicarage, the boys bandied their chaff as usual backward and forward, agreeing in nothing but this one thing, that it would be great fun—or "real swagger," as Plump would call it—to have a "Gang Monday" next year in Moreton parish.

The vicar's daughter, in broad-brimmed hat and thick leather gauntlets, was trimming her rose-trees on the vicarage lawn as they neared the house.

"Oh look, there 's cousin Carrie; let 's tell her!"

And Peter made for the girl, followed slowly by the other two Ps, who seemed indeed more inclined to make straight for the house.

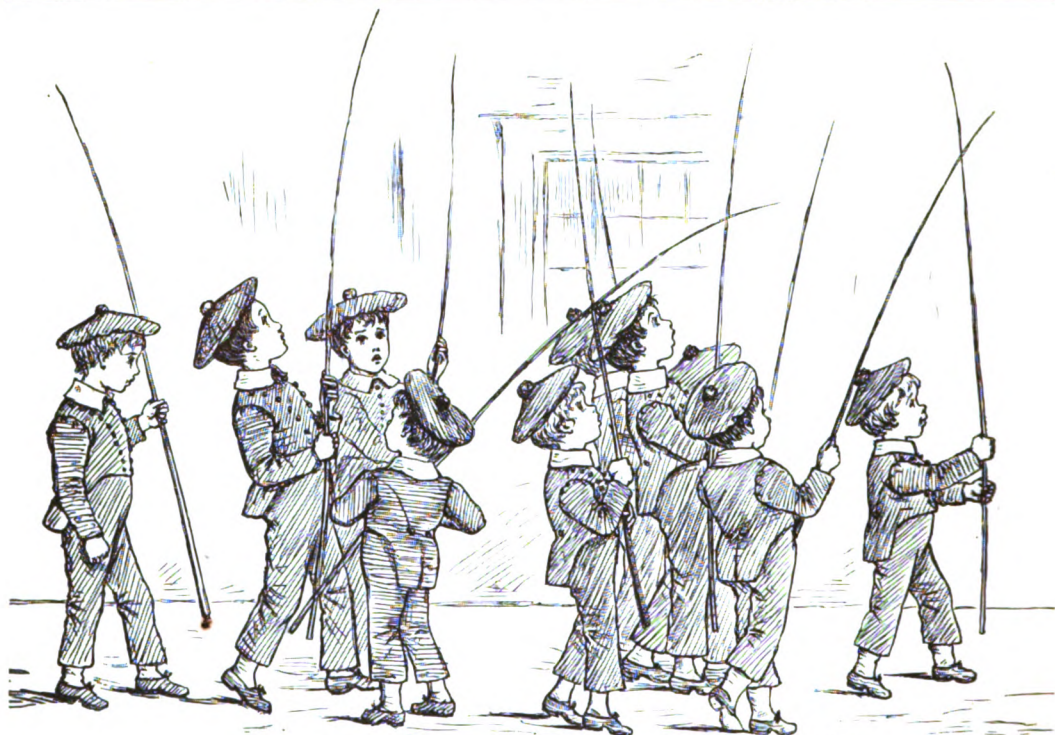
"O Carrie, here we are, and we 've been having such a jaw from old Gaffer Giles about beating the parish bounds, and Plump has tumbled over the bounds' stone, and cut his breeches, and broken his shin, and stung himself all over with nettles; and we want you to help us persuade uncle to have a Gang Monday."

Carrie stopped her work, and turned round a face as fresh and bright as her own roses.

"With all my heart, Peter," she began; but then her face fell and she shook her little gauntleted fist at her two brothers. "You wretched boys! what have you been doing with Vic?—setting her after rabbits again, I do believe."

The small terrier, her special delight, sidled round toward her young mistress, with tail drooping, casting appealing looks at her, and reproachful ones at the boys, as much as to say, "you know now it was all your fault."

"Well, Carrie, you see she *would* come. We did n't know she was following till we were close to the copse, and then we found a rabbit quite by chance; and you know, Carrie, nobody can stop her when once she sees a rabbit," Plump put in.



READY FOR THE MARCH. [SEE PAGE 394.]

"Now, it really is too bad of you," she said, bending down and putting back the dragged masses of long hair which hung over Vic's eyes. "It took me two days to get her tidy again after your last hunt, and that only a week ago. It's too bad. You have ruined her so that I can't take her a walk in the village for fear of her running off into the coverts; and the keepers will shoot her or trap her. Ah, you naughty Vic! you're nearly as bad as the boys. You'll be found smothered, I know, in a burrow, or the old Fox will catch you and eat you."

Carrie was really annoyed, but sisters are the most forgiving and long-suffering of our race, and so the boys soon made their peace with her, and got a tub of hot water, and helped to wash the dirt out of Vic's eyes, and comb her hair, and by the time tea was ready, Carrie was as interested in Gang Monday as was any of the three Ps.

The vicar's was a well-ordered house in which boys of the age of the Ps were still kept in their proper places, and only appeared after dinner in their best clothes and manners, at dessert. The vicar was a hard-working man, who liked his quiet dinner at the end of his hard day's work, and liked to have a friend or two to share it. He followed St. Paul's maxim, and was given to hospitality, and on the day of our story, besides his wife and daughter,

there were two guests at his table,—his brother from London, Peter's father, and his own curate.

In due course, the table was cleared and places were set for the three Ps, who entered demurely after grace, and set to work upon the fruit and biscuits in decorous silence. Presently, at a pause in the conversation, the vicar began:

"Well, boys. Carrie tells us you've been pumping old Gaffer Giles about beating the bounds?"

"Yes, papsir," said Pip (the Ps had invented "papsir" as a compromise between papa and sir, the former being too babyish in their opinion, and the latter too formal, while the vicar entirely declined to be addressed as "governor"), "and we want to know why you don't have beating the bounds now every year."

"It must have been such fun," Plump put in.

"But what made old Gaffer call it 'possessioning,' uncle?" said Peter.

"'Possessioning' my boy? 'Processioning,' you mean," said the vicar. "Not but what 'possessioning' would have been the best word for it latterly, for no one got any good from it but the lord of the manor; but 'processioning' was the old word, or 'rogationing,'—sometimes one, sometimes the other,—both good, both older than the Reformation."

"'Rogationing'! what a rum word, papsir," said Plump, taking a large and demure bite at an apple.

"Not rum at all, Plump,—quite the natural word for the thing. The squire called it 'processioning' because of the procession that looked after his property, the parson 'rogationing' because of the rogations, which were his part of the business."

"But what are 'rogations,' sir?" asked the curate. "I confess I'm as ignorant as the boys, though I do remember, by the way, that there are rogation days named in our rubric, but what they are I have n't an idea."

"Rogations' were the liturgies which were chanted in processions and perambulations by the clergy. The rogation days were amongst the most popular and best observed vigils in the times of Roman Catholic supremacy, here, in England. They came over with St. Augustine, and were as old, I take it, as the fifth century."

"Older a good deal, I fancy," said Peter's father. "The rogation days, with their perambulations and processions, were just a revival of the heathen Terminakia, the festival of Terminus, the god of boundaries. Roman, rather than Romish, I should say, brother."

"Well, Roman, or Romish, or Catholic, or whatever you like to call them," said the vicar, "they were no bad custom. Queen Bess was no dull judge, and, when she abolished processions, specially retained these perambulations, and proclaimed that the curate and substantial men in each parish should make them once a year, as they were wont, walking the circuit of the parish and returning to the church to make their common prayer, they were to stop at convenient places where cakes and ale should be distributed for the refreshment of the body, and the curate was to admonish the people to give thanks to God on the beholding of his benefits, and for the increase and abundance of his fruits on the face of the earth, with the saying of the 103d Psalm. I was only reading them the other day, oddly enough. Here's the book and the very passage," the vicar went on, getting up and taking a volume from his writing-table and reading: "At which time also the said minister shall inculcate these or such like sentences, 'Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and dolles of his neighbor,' or such other order of prayer as shall be lawfully appointed."



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

"None was ever appointed, I suppose, sir?" asked the curate.

"Not that I ever heard of," replied the vicar.

"I should doubt whether any, but Papist clergy ever made any real use of them," said Peter's father.

"You're mistaken," said the vicar; "Hooker for instance"—

"What, 'The Judicious'?" inquired Peter's father.

"Yes, 'The Judicious,' if you please," went on the vicar,—

"Richard Hooker, the great man who left his preferment in London, and all his great prospects, for the small country living 'where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noises.' He, we are told, 'would

by no means omit the customary time of perambulations, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and of their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation,—and most did so.—in which perambulations he would usually express more pleasant discourses than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations, to be remembered against next year, especially by the boys and young people.' Do you hear that, boys?"

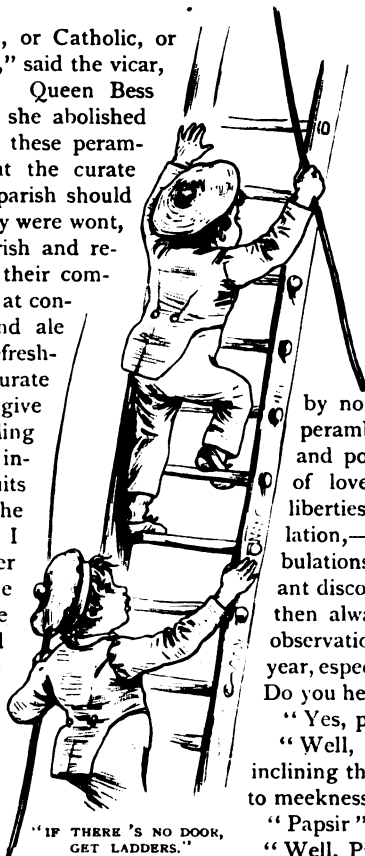
"Yes, papsir; yes, uncle;" said the three.

"Well, then, listen to what follows: 'Still inclining them and all his present parishioners to meekness and mutual kindness and love.'"

"Papsir"—began Pip anxiously.

"Well, Pip; what is it?"

"Did ever—I mean do you think Mr. Hooker"—



"IF THERE 'S NO DOOK, GET LADDERS."

"'Doctor' Hooker, Pip, you irreverent imp."

"Well, uncle, 'Doctor' Hooker then. Do you think, papsir, that they threw any of Doctor Hooker's boys into the brook?"

"Or bumped them on the parish bounds' stone to make them remember the place?" put in Peter.

"But, sir," the curate struck in, "it really seems a pity so good a custom should have fallen into disuse."

"What! you would like the processioning, eh, Gordon?" said the vicar, smiling. His curate was rather "suspect" in the parish,—“not much better than a Papist,” the farmer who supported Little Bethel, and sometimes preached there, had been heard to say.

"Then you'll go in for Gang Monday next year, wont you, sir?" said Plump to the curate.

"Softly, softly," interposed the rector. "No; I fear the custom is dead and buried, and any attempt to revive it would be misunderstood in the parish,—the reason, that is, the secular reason for it, is gone, since we have got the Government Ordnance Survey maps, and in our days the religious work must be done in the church."

"Why, brother, you seem to think the custom is stone dead. But you're wrong. We beat the bounds every year in my London parish."

"Ah, really? I thought it was quite given up," said the vicar.

"Not a bit of it," replied his brother; "it's a great holiday for the charity children, and the beadle rises on that one morning a great man once more,—a sort of parochial representative of the old heathen god, Terminus."

"Oh jolly!" said the Ps together; "do tell us all about it, uncle."

"Well, there's not much to tell. The beadle, in his cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and silver-headed staff, musters the charity boys in the vestry hall, and serves them out a long peeled willow-wand each."

"What 's that for?" asked Pip; "what do they do with the wands?"

"Poke off one another's caps, and switch the cats in the areas when the beadle's back is turned. Well, as soon as they get a vestryman to carry the parish map, they start behind him, the beadle leading, the boys two and two after him, with the school-master bringing up the rear. And they hold their own, too. All the traffic has to stop while the procession is crossing a street."

"What fun!" said Plump. "What, omnibuses and carriages and all?"

"Yes, carriages and all, Plump. A year or two back a grand carriage was drawn up right across the parish boundary line, and when the fat coachman would n't move on, the beadle and school-master

ran to the horses' heads and held them, while the charity boys all scrambled through the carriage."

"Oh, what a lark!" cried the boys.

"Yes; but that day the churchwarden who went with the procession happened to be a titled lord."

"I wish he was papsir's churchwarden," said Pip.

"But how can they follow the boundary line in the middle of the town?" asked the curate.

"Oh, they go through houses and out at the back; and if there's no door, get steps and ladders, and the boys scramble over, carrying their wands. At one place there is a big oven in an outhouse through which the boundary line runs. There the cry is, 'Who's the boy for the oven to-day?' and once or twice a small boy has run home roaring that he was going to be baked."

"Boo-hooing like old Plump in the nettles to-day,—eh, Pip?" interjected Peter.

"Shut up, I say!" said Plump, trying to get at Peter's leg under the table, for a good pinch.

"And so, when they get back to the vestry hall, the beadle serves out buns and ginger-beer to the boys all round."

"And is there no sort of service in the parish church, sir?" asked the curate.

"Not that I know of," replied Peter's father.

"A foolish and unmeaning custom," said the vicar. "And the sooner it is put an end to, the better."

"But, sir," said the curate, "I really think we might make it of some use in the country."

"As a procession, eh?" asked the vicar. "No, no; we should have our friend from Little Bethel denouncing us, and the whole parish by the ears. Let well alone, Gordon; you've got your processioning in the church on Sunday, and I don't quite like that. Let well alone."

"But, sir, I don't mean as a procession. I mean as a lesson in geography."

"A lesson in geography! Well, that's another matter," laughed the vicar; "but I think you must stick to your maps and globes. If you want anything more, there's George Grove's primer, the best little big book ever written on geography. I had no notion how ignorant I was till I had read it."

"Yes, sir. But I find it so hard to make the boys understand anything with the maps and globes. Now, it would be quite different if one were to go round the parish with them, and show them how it is bounded, and how the streams lie, and why the village was built here, and not there."

"But I don't know that, myself," said the vicar.

"I declare, I think Mr. Gordon's right," said Peter's father.

"Yes, and so do we," chimed in the three Ps.

"Of course you do, you young rascals," laughed

the vicar; "but there's the drawing-room bell ringing us to tea, and your mother and Carrie wondering what in the world has kept us so long. Bless me," looking at his watch, "why, it's past nine o'clock. Time for you boys to be in bed. Off with you!"

"Oh, bother!" muttered Plump, who hated going to bed almost as much as getting up.

"But, papsir, you'll think about having a geography lesson next Gang Monday?" said Pip.

"Very well, boys; I'll think about it," was the encouraging reply. "Good-night!"

"'Politics,' I think," said Peter.

"Yes, that's it, 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Politics,' bound in Russia leather, on papsir's third shelf, where he keeps his favorite books, only yesterday."

Plump was silenced, but not convinced, so changed the subject with—

"But, I say, did n't Mr. Gordon come out strong on our side?"

"Did n't he, just?" said Peter. "I declare, I think uncle will come round."

"And we'll carry old Gaffer round the parish in



THE BRADLE LEADS THE PROCESSION.

"Good-night, papsir. Good-night, uncle. Good-night, Mr. Gordon."

"I say," said Plump, as they went upstairs to their attics, "was n't papsir just prosy about old Hookem, and all that?"

"Hooker, Plump, not Hookem—the great Dr. Hooker," said Pip reprovingly.

"Well, Hooker or Hookem, it's all the same. Much you know, I dare say, Pip, about the great Dr. Hooker,—or Peter either."

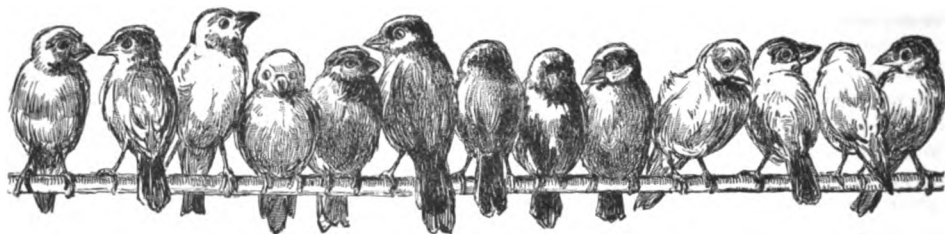
"Don't we, though? Why, did n't we see his great books, 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical'—something or other—what was it, Peter?"

a chair, and give him a pot of ale and a pound of baccy at the end."

"And we'll give Plump a good bumping on the 'beastly post,'" said Peter laughing, as he opened his bedroom door.

"And chuck him into the nettles in the dry ditch," added Pip, as he disappeared behind his.

Plump paused a moment, to send defiantly after them his favorite ejaculation, "Shut up!" and then rolled into his own small dormitory. And in ten minutes the three Ps were sleeping the sleep of the young and the eupeptic—sweeter even, I fear, than the sleep of the just.



A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

By E. MÜLLER.



SUCH a narrow, dirty, noisy street! A miserable place for a boarding-school, you would say; yet there it was, and filled, too, with scholars from all parts of the world. Over the door hung a sign, which said "Bird Emporium," but it might just as well have said "Boarding-School." There they were, the boarding-schoolers, in cages all along the sides of the room, chattering, singing, eating, swinging, just as other boarding-school scholars do.

A little old man, with kind, bright eyes, was the principal, the president, and the professor, all in one. He

taught some of the canaries to draw up all the water they drank, in little pails, which came up when the bird pulled a string; and others he had taught to ring a little bell, when they wanted anything.

The way the little bird learned his lesson, was this: The professor first hung the little bell in his cage, and took all his seed and water away. After a while, he came and rang the bell, and within a few minutes after he brought the seed and water. He went through this performance every day for a week, till, at the end of that time, the bird began to see that first came bell, and then came breakfast; so when he felt hungry, one morning early, he rang the bell himself, as a gentle hint. Finding that brought breakfast, he improved upon

the idea, and rang the bell whenever he wanted anything.

There were dozens of canary-birds at the boarding-school, though only a few were taught anything. Most of them were kept in little box cages, ready to be sold; and there they hopped and ate and sang, day after day, just as happily as if they had been in fine, large wire cages. The professor also gave singing lessons. Does it not seem odd, to think of teaching birds to sing? He had a little box like a tiny hand-organ, called a bird-organ; and, instead of songs and dance music, it played only a bird song, like a most accomplished canary. When the professor turned the handle, the organ piped its song, and all the singing class began to sing; so they learned their lesson.

But beside the birds who sang and those who learned accomplishments, there were many other boarders living in this strange boarding-school. In one cage were thirteen tiny little birds, much smaller than canaries. They were happy little things, and it was a pretty sight to see them all nestling close together on the long perch, like a large family of loving brothers and sisters. Then there were little green parrots, who did nothing but hop about and eat; and white parrots, who sat still and looked wise; and, funniest of all, large green parrots, who hung themselves upside down by their claws, and laughed. You could not have helped laughing yourself, if you had heard them, they did seem to enjoy it so much. There was one old parrot who was sick; he was not in a cage, but sat outside on a perch, looking very cross and miserable, and occasionally he would say, in a harsh, disagreeable voice, "Hard times!" or "Be quiet, children, my head aches." He especially scolded the monkey. For there *was* a monkey, though why monkeys should be part of a bird emporium, no one has found out. The monkey was chained to the top of the Guinea-pigs' cage (for there were Guinea-pigs, too); but his chain was

almost too long, for he could reach into the cage and poke the poor little Guinea-pigs till they would squeak and jump and tumble over each other. He could even reach the cross parrot, just enough to pull his tail, when the parrot would turn around and scold at him till all the other parrots were scolding and laughing, too. And there was a frog. Such a frog! (I'm sure that, by this time, you agree with me that "Bird Emporium" was not the right name for this boarding-school.) Surely there never was such a big frog as this. He sat in a large glass jar, and did nothing but blink his eyes and look conceited. No doubt he felt proud of being such a big frog, and never took into consideration the fact that he was distressingly ugly. I

don't know why he was there. Perhaps boys buy frogs; or may be he was put there to show the monkey how to be quiet and dignified. At any rate, he was there. There were many queer, bright-colored birds from South America, hopping about their cages as contentedly as if they were in their own beautiful forests in Brazil. Yet all around, outside the house, were the noise and dust and confusion of a great city.

Strange boarding-school, and still stranger scholars! Perhaps some of the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS have one of these boarding-school birds. Or may be some of the boys have a monkey or Guinea-pigs who were in the same class, so to speak, with these you see here.

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

DOWN the little drops patter,
 Making a musical clatter,
 Out of the clouds they throng:
 Freshness of heaven they scatter
 Little dark rootlets among.
 "Coming to visit you, Posies!
 Open your hearts to us, Roses!"
 That is the Raindrops' song.

Up the little seed rises:
 Buds of all colors and sizes
 Clamber up out of the ground.
 Gently the blue sky surprises
 The earth with that soft-rushing sound.
 "Welcome!"—the brown bees are humming!
 "Come! for we wait for your coming!"
 Whisper the wild flowers around.

"Shower, it is pleasant to hear you!"—
 "Flower, it is sweet to be near you!"—
 This is the song everywhere. ●
 Listen! the music will cheer you!
 Raindrop and blossom so fair
 Gladly are meeting together
 Out in the beautiful weather:—
 Oh, the sweet song in the air!

KING WICHTEL THE FIRST.

(Translated from the German of Julius Sturm.)

"If you only knew what I know!" said a poor laborer's son to his sister many years ago.

"It must be something very important," said she, snappishly.

But the brother replied:

"It is indeed something very important, and, if you knew it, you would jump high as the ceiling for joy."

"Oh, then, tell it to me," said the sister, coaxingly.

The brother smote his breast proudly with his hand, and said:

"To-night I can become a king, if only I will."

The sister laughed outright, and said:

"You, in your torn jacket, would make a beautiful king."

"I shall not wear the old jacket," replied the future king; "I shall have a red mantle embroidered with gold, and a gold crown also; and, sister, if you desire it, you can become a princess, and have a beautiful dress; and when I am seated on my gold throne, you will sit near me on a silver one. We shall live in a gold castle, where we can eat nice meat all day, and where we shall not have to pick up any more dry sticks."

"But how will it all come about?" asked his sister, quite astonished and puzzled. "Our parents are very poor people."

The brother gave a knowing look, and said:

"I dreamt last night, that——"

He got no further, for a shrill laugh interrupted him, and his sister cried:

"Oh, then, it is all a dream! Thank you, but I don't care to be a dream-princess."

She would have run away, but her brother held her by the dress, and spoke eagerly.

"Let me finish," he cried. "The principal thing is yet to be told. What I tell you I saw only in a dream; but this is what happened to me: I woke up; the moon shone into my room, and before my bed stood a little man, who had a long gray beard and a brown face full of wrinkles. He looked at me with clear, bright eyes, and laid his finger on his mouth, as if he would say: 'Now be still! quite still!' Then he asked me in a whisper, if I wished to have the dream come true, and if I would like to be a king, and live with you in a gold castle? I nodded to him, and he went on: 'If you decide to have what you have dreamt really happen, come with your sister this evening, when the moon rises, to the wood, and wait for me under

the great fir-tree, of which you know. But remember there is one condition: In the gold castle you must let no tears fall on the floor, for, if you do, all is lost, and we gnomes are once more without a king.' You will promise—wont you, sister?—not to cry in the gold castle. You always cry easy,—right off."

The sister gave her hand upon it that she would not cry, because she wanted so much to be a princess. The children had now decided that they would go to the wood that evening, and wait till the moon rose. Before dusk, however, they slipped unnoticed into the wood; for they feared that their parents, when they came from their work, would keep them at home. It was a Saturday, and there was a great deal to be done about the house. They went with each other, hand in hand, till they came to the great fir-tree. Then they sat down on the soft moss, meaning to wait till the moon should rise.

After a while the sister said:

"I'm thinking all the time of our parents, and I am so sad that I must cry. May I cry now?"

"Certainly," said the brother; "we are not in the gold castle yet. Cry all you want to, as long as we are in the woods."

And the sister cried till she fell asleep with red eyes. The brother sat near her, and his one thought was, how nice it would be when once he should be a king! At last he, too, got tired and sleepy, and began to nod.

When the brother and sister awoke, they looked around, very much astonished, for they were dressed most beautifully. The brother had on fine black velvet stockings, and a glittering coat of dark blue silk. Around his shoulders hung a red mantle, embroidered with gold, while on his black curly head shone a golden crown.

The sister, on the other hand, wore a sky-blue dress, dotted with silver stars; and on her blonde hair rested a coronet, sparkling with precious stones. While they gazed at each other, mute with amazement, the little man with the gray beard stood before them and cried out:

"Welcome! welcome! I am right glad you have come."

Then he blew a little silver horn that he wore at his side, and at the signal came a long train of gray-bearded little men, who bore a splendid canopy, and under it a gold sedan-chair and a silver one, each resting on glistening poles of ebony.

The brother must sit in the gold chair, and the sister in the silver one. Slowly and with pomp the train moved through the woods till it came to a mountain, covered with old and stately fir-trees. At the foot of this mountain opened a great wide cavern, in which burned numerous lights. This the train entered, and then proceeded further on, through a long passage, till at last it came to a spacious, lofty hall, in which it was light and clear as day.

In the middle of this vast hall stood a golden castle, much more beautiful than the one the little king had seen in his dream. Here the brother and sister got down from their chairs, and went, accompanied by the little men, up the steps of rock-crystal to the portal of the castle. The door sprang open, and the little men conducted the two into a saloon, in which were two thrones, one of gold, and one of silver. The feet of the gold throne represented four lions, and on the back of it was a golden eagle with outspread wings. The silver throne was upheld by four silver lilies, and on its back stood a silver swan. On the first throne the brother sat, and on the second, the sister.

Hardly were they seated when a buzzing sound went through the assembly, and the little men came over to the thrones, and cried with loud voices:

"Long live our king, Wichtel the First!"

At this cry the king rose angrily, and said:

"My name is not Wichtel; it is Fritz. Just ask my sister; she knows as well as I."

The sister nodded, but the little man, who had first spoken to the children in the wood, came before the throne, bowed low, and said:

"Pardon me, your majesty, but, if I may be permitted to say it, from this day forth your majesty is no longer Fritz but Wichtel the First; for now, you are King of all the Wichtel men."

"If that is so," said King Wichtel, "it shall be my pleasure to have it so."

Hardly had he said this, when a little man came before the throne, bearing in his hand a staff with a great knob, and announced that the table was ready.

"I am glad of that," replied King Wichtel, "for I am very hungry."

Thereupon opened a golden door, revealing a long table, set out with nice dishes and dainty food. The king and his sister stepped down from their thrones, and took their places at the table; and then the Wichtel men sat down.

To the brother and sister the viands tasted very nice; and when the supper was over, one of the Wichtel men led them into an elegant room where stood two beds,—one of gold, the other of silver. King Wichtel lay down in the gold bed, and his

sister in the silver bed. As they rested on the soft pillows, the brother said:

"Sister, how does the gold castle please you? Nothing in the world can be more beautiful."

That the sister thought also, but sighed and said:

"If father and mother were only here!"

"That is my one wish, too," said the brother.

"I wonder what our dear parents are doing now."

"Oh," sighed the sister again, "they are looking for us, and when they can't find us they will be anxious, and cry."

"Yes," was the answer, "that they will certainly do, since they loved us so much. When we do not come back to the house again, they will think the wolf has eaten us, just as he ate little Red Riding-Hood. You do not cry yet, sister, do you?"

In a low voice the sister replied:

"I have let a few tears fall on the bed, but none on the floor. Do not be angry with me, but I could not help crying, for I thought I heard our good mother weeping. You are so still, that you, too, must be crying."

"Yes," said a voice from the gold bed, "I thought I heard our good father calling us, and his voice sounded so sad, and so full of anxiety! But I catch all my tears in my hand, so that none can fall on the floor."

Both children wept quietly for a time; at last the sister asked, with a tearful voice:

"Will you, then, always be king, and shall we never go back to our dear parents? That I can never endure; I would rather not be a princess any more, for I should die for longing after them, and then you would be alone in the gold castle."

"Ah!" sighed the brother, "I thought it was much easier and better to be a king, but the gold crown has made my forehead all sore, and I would rather pick up dry wood in the forest than always sit on the gold throne; it is so tiresome!"

"What say you?" said a voice from the silver bed; "let us each drop a tear on the floor, and then all will be over, and we will go back to our parents."

The idea was quite after the brother's liking; so they each let fall a great tear on the floor. Hardly had they done this, when a great cry of lamentation went through the gold castle, and there was a loud crash, and it thundered so fearfully that brother and sister sprang out of bed screaming, and became unconscious.

The castle had disappeared. The children lay as if dead in the great cavern on the cold rock, and around them stood sadly the little Wichtel men. One of them, who had a snow-white beard, and must have been very old, said to the rest:

"Did I not tell you that we could not keep our king this time, any more than on former occasions when we were disappointed? The children of men"

The Wichtel men bowed their heads sadly, for they would have liked very much to have as a king one of the children of men. At last they



"WELCOME! WELCOME! I AM RIGHT GLAD YOU HAVE COME."

are all alike. Even the poorest love their parents so much that they long for them, and cry, and this they would do though one should offer them all the magnificence in the whole world."

re-clad the children in their old clothes, took them softly out of the hole in the mountain, and then laid them under the great fir-tree on the soft moss.

When the brother and sister woke up, it was

clear day. The sun shone pleasantly through the green fir-branches, and the birds sang gayly. The children looked wonderingly at each other; then sprang up rejoicing, for they saw in the distance their parents, who had been searching for them all night. They ran and embraced father and mother, and told them of the strange things that had happened to them. But the parents assured them it was all a dream, for there were no Wichtel men. The children, however, looked at each other as if they would say, "We know better, for we were with them in the gold castle."

Some time after, when the children were again gathering wood in the forest, the brother said:

"Do you still remember my having a red mantle round me, my wearing a crown and sitting

on a gold throne, and being called King Wichtel the First?"

"Of course I remember," said the sister; "for I sat near you as a princess on a silver throne, and wore a blue dress dotted with silver stars. I shall never forget how beautiful everything was."

Then said the brother:

"If we had n't dropped any tears on the floor, I might have been a king to-day, and you a princess. But I don't care," added he, and laughingly held up his old jacket.

"Neither do I," said the sister; "with father and mother it is a thousand times better than with the Wichtel men in the gold castle."

"That is so," said the brother; "but I am glad that I have been a king just for once!"

A MORNING CALL FROM A PANTHER.

BY DAVID KER.

"I SUPPOSE you're wondering why I keep that ugly old chest," said Mrs. R——, "and I must own that it's not very ornamental; but it saved my life once, for all that. I see you think I'm making fun of you, but I'm not, indeed; and when you hear the story, I think you'll agree with me that I have good reason to value it, ugly as it looks.

"This was how it happened. When we first came out to India, my husband was sent to make the survey of the Nerbudda Valley, one of the wildest bits in all Central India; and we really were, just at first, the only white people within forty or fifty miles. And such a time as we had of it! If my husband had n't been as strong as he is, and a perfect miracle of patience as well, I don't know how he could have stood what he had to do. It was dreadful work for him, being up sometimes for a whole night together, or having to stand out in the burning sun, when the very ground itself was almost too hot to touch. And as for the native workmen, I never saw such a set,—always doing everything wrong, and never liking anybody to put them right. When the railway was being made they used to carry the earth on their heads in baskets; and when Mr. R—— served out wheelbarrows to them, they actually carried them on their heads in the same way!* I could n't help laughing at it, though it was terribly provoking, too. And that was just the way they all were: if

there was a wrong way of using anything they'd be sure to find it out. Even our butler, or *khit-mutgar*, who was much better than most of them, came one day and begged a pair of old decanter-labels that my husband was going to throw away; and when the man came in next morning, he had positively turned them into ear-rings, and went about quite gravely with 'Port' in one ear and 'Sherry' in the other!

"However, if the native men worried me, the native beasts were fifty times worse. It was no joke, I can assure you, to be awakened in the middle of the night by the roar of a tiger close under the window, or by an elephant crashing and trumpeting through the jungle with a noise like a mail-coach going full gallop into a hot-house. Well, as soon as that was over, the jackals would set up a squealing and whimpering like so many frightened children; and then a dreadful native bird, whose name I've never found out (I suppose because nobody could invent one bad enough for it), would break out in a succession of the most horrible cries,—just like somebody being murdered,—until the noise fairly drove me wild.

"And then the ants! but you've seen them for yourself, and I need n't tell you about them. I shall never forget how I felt one day on finding my beautiful new work-box, which my sister had given me as a birthday present just before I left England,

a perfect international congress of ants of all colors and all sizes,—

“ ‘Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,—’

and I was n't much comforted by my husband's assurance that ‘that sort of thing happened every day,’ and that I would ‘soon get used to it.’ But all this while I'm neglecting my story.

‘One day (it will be long enough before I forget it) my husband was out as usual at his work, and the nurse had gone down to the other native servants at the end of the ‘compound,’ as we call this big inclosure; and I was left alone in the house with my little Minnie yonder, who was then just about a year old. By this time I had got over my first fears, and did n't mind a bit being left by myself; indeed, all the lower windows having bars across them, I thought that I was safe enough; but I little dreamed of what was coming!

“I must have been sitting over my sewing nearly an hour, with the child playing about the floor beside me, when suddenly I heard a dull thump overhead, as if something had fallen upon the roof. I did n't think anything of it at the moment, for one soon gets used to all sorts of strange sounds in the Indian jungle; but, presently, I thought I could hear a heavy breathing in the next room but one, and then I began to feel frightened in earnest. I rose as softly as I could, and crept to the door-way between the rooms. This door-way was only closed by a curtain, and gently pulling aside the folds, I peeped through—and found myself within a few paces of the largest panther that I ever saw, and he was looking straight into my eyes!

“For one moment I was too frightened to move, and then the thought came to me just as if somebody had spoken it: ‘The big chest!’

“I knew that this chest would hold me and my child easily, and that I could leave a chink of the lid open to let us breathe, for the overlapping edge would save my fingers from the panther. In a second I had it all clear before me; but had the brute not stopped short at sight of the curtain, I should never have had a chance of trying it. Luckily for me, the Indian panther, savage as he

is, is a terrible coward, and suspicious as any detective. I've seen one go round and round a trap for more than half an hour, before he made up his mind to spring at the bait. So, while my friend was puzzling himself over the curtain, and wondering whether it was meant for a trap or not, I took up Minnie (who, poor little pet, seemed to know there was something wrong, and never uttered a sound) and into the chest I crept, making as little noise as I could.

“I was hardly settled there when I heard the ‘sniff-sniff’ of the panther coming right up to where I lay, and, through the chink that I had left open, the hot, foul breath came steaming in upon my face, almost making me sick. It seemed to bring my heart into my mouth when I heard his great claws scraping the edge of the lid, and trying to lift it up; but, happily, the chink was too narrow for his paw to enter. But if the paw could n't, the tongue could; and soon he began to lick my fingers, rasping them so that I hardly knew how to bear it. Still, the touch of Minnie's little arm around my neck seemed to give me courage.

“But there was far worse than this to come; for the panther suddenly leaped right on top of the chest, and his weight pressed down the heavy lid upon my fingers, until the pain was so terrible that, unable to stand it any longer, I screamed with all my might.

“The scream was answered by a shout, from just outside, in which I recognized my husband's voice. The panther heard it, too, and it seemed to scare him, for he made a dash for the window, either forgetting or not noticing the iron bars;

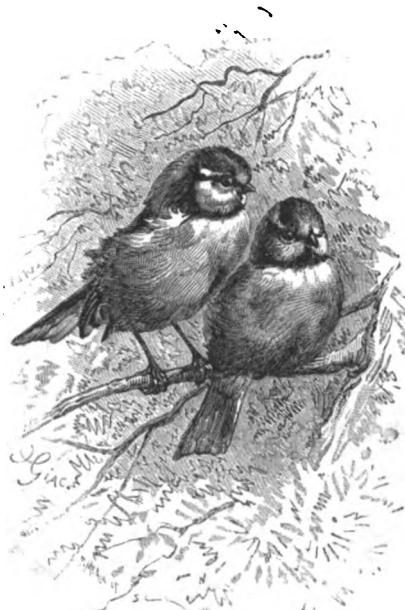
but just as he reached it, there came the crack of a rifle, and I heard the heavy brute fall suddenly upon the floor. Then all the fright seemed to come back upon me at once, and I fainted outright.

“I heard afterward that Mr. R—— had happened to want some instrument which he had left at the house; and, not wishing to trust it in the hands of any of the natives, he came back for it himself—luckily, just in time, for the bullet from his rifle killed the panther. But, as you see, my hand is pretty stiff yet.”





AN OLD BACHELOR.



A HAPPY COUPLE.

LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

OF course, you know that not all the good times come to the children of grand houses; small houses, cottages, and even "rooms," hold many happy little folk. The cost of things about us does n't add to our comfort. China dolls give as much pleasure as great play-ladies of wax; in fact the most dearly loved and cherished doll that I ever saw, was a "rag-baby."

Sometimes in the streets of the city you will see little children dressed very poorly, with perhaps an old shawl over each tumbled head. It does n't look as if any good times came to them; but you will be glad to learn that even to the children of that class who live in New York, happy days have really come. It is simply because one kind lady has thought of a way to make them glad every day, and while they are playing, and having delightful times, to teach them what will really open to them a better life when too old for play.

A school!—yes, even a school, but one of a new kind, where toys and games take the place of books, and so charming that the little scholars

mourn over a holiday, and fairly cry when threatened with "vacation." It is a pleasant sight, yet one that somehow brings tears to grown-up eyes, to see a room full of these little ones, gathered in from the streets and alleys of the great city, hands and faces washed, and all at happy play, while really learning to be neat little housemaids, ready when big enough, to become busy with honest work, instead of with mischief. I wish every one of you could look in on the scene, but at least you may see part of it in pictures, while you hear how this wonder is wrought.

Fancy a poor little girl, not more than five or six years old, brought in from the streets where she has never learned anything good. She is placed in a sunny, bright room, where flowers are growing and pictures hanging. She is put into a little chair, seated before a table just high enough for her, and—wonder to her—a set of toy dishes, knives, forks, napkins, glasses and all, complete, is set before her. Other little girls are around her; and, playing with these charming dishes, with the

help of kind ladies, she soon learns to set a table properly, although she has perhaps never before seen half the things used. She hears the pretty,

How the trees grow in the wood,
And for what the sticks are good?

"Then about the matches learn,
How they 're made, and how they burn;
Not to scratch them on the wall,
Nor on the carpet let them fall."

Then, with pieces of white paper, singing another song, they learn how to fold and iron napkins and table-cloths, towels, handkerchiefs, and other things; and last comes a stand-up play, a very nice one, called "Waiting on the door," about which I must tell you.

The girls stand in a ring, excepting one who has a small bell in her hand, and is alone outside. The piano strikes up a lively air, and the children all join hands and move in a circle, singing:

"Here goes a crowd of merry little girls,
Who've lately come to school;
They're going to learn to sing the kitchen song,
And mind the kitchen rule.
As they go round, and around, and around,
As they go round once more;
And this is the girl, the very little girl,
Who's learning to wait on the door."

The verse ended, the circle stands still, and the outside girl, who is the "visitor" in the play, rings her bell,—a make-believe door-bell. The girl who stands next to her is the "servant," and she at once turns around to face the visitor, who asks:

"Is Mrs. Brown

at home?"

"Yes, ma'am,"

is the reply.

"Please let me
the parlor, and
her."

show you to
I'll speak to

She then leads the visitor across the circle to a pretended room, and asks:

"Will you please give me your name?"

Having done this, the servant takes the bell, and prepares to become visitor. The circle goes around once

"THEY LEARN HOW TO FOLD NAPKINS."

more, singing the song over, and the new visitor rings. This time the servant replies politely:

"Mrs. Brown is in, but wishes to be excused."

The visitor takes leave, and hands her bell to the next. After the song again, the bell rings the third time, and an answer like this is given:



bright songs; she learns to march and to skip—or "hip-pity-hop"—to the sound of music; she jumps the rope; she sweeps with pretty little brooms; she washes in tiny tubs and scrubs with baby scrubbing-brushes; she cleans the toy dishes; she makes a doll's bed; and all the work is joined to music and merry songs,—face all smiles, and eyes all sparkles.

This strange and delightful school has but six lessons in all; each lesson is packed full of songs, exercises, and plays, and there's a whole month to learn it in. The first month, playing with little bundles of sticks, tied with bright colored strings, the little girls learn to kindle fires, and handle matches; how to use ashes and charcoal; how wood grows; how to keep wooden things clean, and many other things, useful to a little housemaid; while all the time they think they're only playing a new, and very nice, game, with several kind and pleasant young ladies to teach them how. And with each lesson they sing some lively song, like this:

"Little children can you tell,
Do you know the story well,

"IS MRS. BROWN AT HOME?"



"Mrs. Brown is out. Will you please leave a message?"

Sometimes there is one message, sometimes another, and the little girls try hard to say it just right, because if one fails she cannot take the bell and be visitor next time. They think this play

"Yes, ma'am; please walk in," was the reply of a shy little door-tender, about eight years old. But another little girl about six, who was wiping off the stairs, did not approve of this shortening of the proper reply, so she prompted, in a low voice, yet with a funny elder-sisterly air:



"THESE ARE LITTLE BREAKFAST-TABLES."

great fun, and they are as dignified and polite while playing visitor or servant, as though it were all earnest—as, indeed, it is, for after a while when these little players come to open real doors for real visitors, they will know just how to do it, and will not be rude nor make blunders. In fact, they do it nicely now, and each one of them considers it a treat to wait on the door of the school building, which they do by turns. A few days ago a lady rang the bell, and asked if the principal was in.

"Let me show you to the parlor, and I'll speak to her."

The second lesson brings new joys to the little learner. Before each smiling maiden, whether with the tow braids and blue eyes of the "Fatherland," the black, flying hair from the "Emerald Isle," the deep, solemn eyes from Italy, or the queer little brown face from China, is set a complete array of breakfast dishes, with table-cloth, napkins, and small round table to match.

Ah, what bliss! the first toys they ever had! With these before them, they learn how to lay the table, to put on the cloth, to place knives and forks, glasses and napkins. When all is arranged, they repeat the lesson together, pointing to each article as they name it.

"These are little breakfast-tables. This is the coffee-pot; it should be scalded before the coffee is put in. This is the sugar-bowl; it should be filled when taken from the table. These are the knives. This is the fork; we eat with the fork. These are



the breakfast-plates; they should always be hot," and so on with the whole.

Think how many useful lessons in that one exercise for little girls who hope some day to work in real kitchens, and who began by calling the tines of a fork its teeth; and who once set the breakfast-table to their own satisfaction by placing the coffee-pot—that being the tallest article—in the middle of the table, and the rest of the service in a ring around it!

Next comes clearing the table, teaching what to take away first, how to collect and pile up silver and dishes, and brush and fold the table-cloth so that it will retain its creases and its fresh appearance.

Then another toy—a dish-pan of the most "cunning" sort—is placed before each small housemaid, and she plays wash the dishes, rinsing them in clear water, and drying each article on its special towel, while she sings:

"Washing dishes,
Suds are hot.
Work away briskly,
Do not stop.

"First the glasses;
Wash them well;
If you do them nicely,
All can tell.

"Then the silver
Must be bright," etc.

You'll better see the use of this careful teaching when I tell you that many of the girls, at first,

breathe on the glasses to polish them! They are taught here to not only wipe a glass on the glass-towel, but also to set it down with the towel, without touching it with the hands. So thorough is the training in this school.

The play ends with each little worker placing her clean dishes in their two small boxes, setting the boxes on the round table, and turning the dish-pan upside down over all. Then a march strikes up, and the girls rise, take up the articles they have used, march around the room, and leave them in a cupboard at one side.

"Bed-making and sweeping" does n't promise much fun, does it? But you should see these happy children, each with a doll's bedstead, which has nice bedding, like a regular bed; you should hear them sing:

"When you wake in the morning,
At the day dawning,
Throw off the bedding, and let it all air;
Then shake up the pillows
In waves and in billows,
And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair."

For this play, the little maiden lays the clothes from the bed over two small chairs, folding the spread and the "pillow-shams," laying off pillows and turning mattresses to air. Then she begins over and makes up, spreading everything ing in, and making a bed; while the teacher, by questioning the class,



MAKING THE BED.

makes the others tell why each thing is done.

Strange as you may think it, the sweeping is one of the prettiest exercises they learn. To a lively song, the delighted children, in couples, skip around the room, each receiving at one point a pair of brooms, tied with

gay ribbons; and after various performances with them, singing a song, they sweep, form into line again, and skip around through an arch formed by part of the class with their raised brooms, and, at last, leave their brooms where they received them. The lesson

teaches the different uses of a broom, whisk-broom, hair-brush, feather-duster, dust-cloth and dust-pan; how to sweep and dust and wipe the wood-work; in fact, how to put a room in perfect order. May be that's more than many of you girls know, though your opportunities have perhaps

been much better.

The fourth leaguer little maid-genuine Monday scene, and for the

son takes the ens into a morning

SHINING BRIGHT!

the next ten minutes the school-room is as busy a laundry as you could wish to see. The tiny tubs and shining little wash-boards are brought out and distributed, and the fresh white clothes-line is hung from clothes-posts set into the four corners of the table. Then each small washerwoman rolls up her sleeves and devotes herself very earnestly to her bag of soiled clothes. And now the scene is lively enough, I assure you, while the busy workers are sorting the clothes rapidly and getting them ready for the hard tussle with the wash-board which they will soon have to undergo. Every part of laundry-work gets its share of attention in this useful play,—for the girls make-believe to heat the water and to boil, rinse and blue the clothes,—but the prettiest sight it affords, I think, is the two rows of sturdy little bare arms, rubbing the clothes up and down, for dear life, over the little wash-boards, and keeping time to the music of this lively song, while the merry voices sing it, to the tune of "Barberry Bush":

"This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes.
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning."



UNDER THE BROOMS THEY SKIP, TWO BY TWO.

You would laugh, too, to see the queer little garments, which are of dolls'-size, dangling from the clothes-line in true wash-day style, and fastened to it by the funniest of baby clothes-pins, each not over an inch and a half long. Taken down from the line with busy little fingers, the



clothes are supposed to be ready for sprinkling, and

"This is the way we sprinkle our clothes,
Sprinkle our clothes, sprinkle our clothes,"

sing the little washerwomen, pretending to sprinkle; then follows

"This is the way we iron our clothes,"

and the fourth lesson ends with the proper motions for ironing.

Scrubbing follows washing, of course, and the little workers, with their three-inch-long scrubbing-brushes polish the table in front of them while they sing with spirit:

"Scrubbing away
At break of day
To make our homes look neatly;
For a good hard scrub is the very best way
To make all smell so sweetly.

Chorus: Then scrub away in your very best way
With face so bright and cheerful;
For a cheery face meets much more grace
Than one that's always tearful."

Nothing that's nice to play is forgotten in this most wonderful school. After the scrubbing, comes jumping the rope, when each girl skips round the room with a rope tied with gay colors, and keeping time to a galop. And then a play where two girls in the center hold one end of the rope of each girl in the ring, thus forming a wheel, and all sing a

song about the rope,—how they skip with it, hang clothes on it, and so forth.

Now the girls have been playing, and having a nice time for four months,—one month's lesson each week,—and they have learned enough to be trusted with a dinner-table, its different sets of plates, different courses, etc. They learn the proper way of changing the plates and removing the courses, brushing the crumbs away, arranging dessert, and so on; while a "pricking lesson" teaches, in the kindergarten way, the parts of beef and mutton, and how to cut and cook each.

Now, saved to the very last—you'll be amazed!—comes the one crowning delight of you country youngsters—*mud-pies!*

"This is really—really"—says shocked Mamma, and "What can a child learn that is useful in that way, I should like to know," says Aunt Jane, severely.

Truly, dear Mamma and Auntie,—to make real pies. Watch them: the clay (molding-clay, my dears, is the grown-up name of mud) is nice and soft, and the smiling children roll it out, cover their toy pie-plates, cut out their baby biscuits, knead their dolls'-size bread and rolls, play pat-a-cake, and sing a song of the salt, so that they'll never forget to use it when they are big enough to have dough to knead instead of mu—clay:



"We need it in bread and we
need it in butter.
When boiling potatoes we put
it in water:
We use it in meat and we use
it in pudding.
Indeed we can't cook without
salt."

Then the mud-pie play is over; but is n't it good that even these poor little city babies, who never saw nice country mud,—that is, wet sand—should really have the fun of pie-making, even though it has to be played in-doors, and is called "molding."

The last play of all is a very pretty "Muffin-ring Exercise," in which the girls sing another lively song, telling how to make muffins for breakfast. Here is a verse:

"Plump little hands you wash them all clean,
And roll up your sleeves till your elbows are seen,
Then in a large apron all cooks should be dressed,
And now you are ready to learn all the rest."

This school, called the Kitchen Garden, is the result of a "happy thought," which arose in this way: Miss Huntington is at the head of the Wilson Industrial School, in which there are two hundred and fifty German girls. The school gives dinner to the scholars every day, and as it was not found practicable to hire enough help to do all the work, four girls were selected from the school-room every day to assist the cook about this meal. To the surprise and dismay of the teacher they were almost utterly useless, because they did not know how to wash a dish nor peel a potato.

Miss Huntington found that she needed to spend

her whole time in the kitchen teaching them, and, as there were two hundred and fifty to be taught, and only four in the kitchen at a time, so that it would take more than two months to get around once, you can see what a task was before her. Besides, she



was appalled to think of the girls growing to be women, so ignorant of housework and nice house ways. Looking one day at a kindergarten, the happy thought flashed

"THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH
OUR CLOTHES."

into her mind that kitchen-work could be taught in the same delightful way by plays and songs.

This idea was thought out and put in practice by the earnest woman, and the school has been in operation for three years. You will like to hear how it works, and whether the little ones really learn to do anything. It is simply doing wonders. Poor mothers, whose lives are all hard work, come to the schools and thank the teachers heartily for what their children have learned. The kitchen work of the big school goes on beautifully. When a bed is to be neatly made, or a room properly arranged, one of the little kitchen-gardeners can do it nicely. To the teachers of another Kitchen Garden, at "The Old Brewery Mission" of Five Points,—a most interesting and useful school,—the mothers cannot be thankful enough; they have been taught better ways of doing common things by their little daughters, who have become much more helpful at home, and more neat and pleasant in their ways. One mother was so pleased with the remark of her little four or five year old girl that she came to the school



"MOLDING."

Last and best of all, you will be glad to hear that a kind lady who takes a deep interest in this particular school, has promised to place each girl, who goes through the



READY TO GO TO MARKET.

on purpose to tell the teacher. The mother had lighted a match on the wall, as usual; but the child remembered her school lesson about matches, and, turning to her mother, quoted, in a reproving tone of voice, the couplet, that tells you

"Not to light them on the wall,
Nor on the carpet let them fall."

six lessons creditably and is more than twelve years of age, in a situation in a respectable family, where she can earn wages suitable to her years; thus starting her in a life that is useful, and saving her from miseries that you cannot imagine.

Besides the valuable instruction, there is over them, all the time, the influence of ladies of refinement, who teach from desire

to be of real use to them; and, without knowing it, the children learn lady-like ways, neatness of dress and of person, quiet tones of voice, and, above all, respect

for the work that true ladies are not ashamed to perform.

As Rev. Dr. Bellows says, in writing of Miss Huntington's plan: "What idea of a more valuable and urgent character has lately come into any woman's head, or any man's, than the idea that girls, poor or rich, could be taught, in great classes, and by the hundred, all the methods of setting the family table, of serving the food, of cleaning knives and forks, of washing dishes and clothes, of sweeping rooms and dusting closets and ceilings,—how to handle knife and fork, broom and duster; how and in what order to take hold of all forms of household work? There is a best way of doing these things, and only trained and experienced housekeepers, by expensively trained servants, have hitherto been able to practice it. Most domestics have proved incapable of learning it,—because they began too late."

But Miss Huntington takes these little girls in time. There is scarcely a thing in the work of an ordinary house-servant that they do not learn something about. Perhaps there was never any one thing that will do so much to help the very poor of New York as this one happy thought will do. It helps the girls themselves to better lives, does good to all with whom they live and associate, influences the parents and homes, and will, in the end, affect the big city itself.



"THE PRICKING-LESSON."

MILTON.

BY EMMA BURT.

THREE hundred years ago two men met in the library of a little villa of Arcetini, one mile south of Florence.

It was a picture for a painter. One sat quite motionless in a tall Gothic chair. His square-built, commanding figure was bent, as if at last crushed with the weight of life. His once soft chestnut hair and beard had turned to white. The dark, deep-set eyes were closed, but the face was luminous with thought.

Beside him stood a young man whose beauty had been the marvel and the jest of his associates. An erect and finely proportioned body, surmounted by a head princely in its carriage; the face was without beard, the light-brown waving hair flowed backward. The features were finely cut. The complexion was pure and delicately tinted, and the eyes were a clear, dark gray.

The one was Galileo, philosopher and mathematician, now, in his seventy-fourth year,—after all his toils, and triumphs, and distinguished honors,—prisoner of the Inquisition, confined in his own house, and—blind!

The other was Milton, twenty-nine years of age.

It was a gentle pathway the young man had come. First, his peaceful London home in Bread street, where he was born in the year 1608, at the sign of the "Spread Eagle"; for in those days houses were known by signs instead of numbers. A lovely home, with its books, its music,—of his own father's composing,—the pleasant bustle from his father's business, and the good cheer, and loving-kindness of all. And then, did not the gentle poet, Shakspeare, pass the door now and then on his way to the "Mermaid"?—a house of entertainment near.

Here dwelt the child Milton, a little hard-headed boy, with close-cut hair; clad in a black-braided dress, fitting close around his little neck and arms, and with a lace frill about the neck. Already a studious boy, with a "lovable seriousness" in his face. Here he lived with indulgent parents, his brother and sister, and his Puritan tutor.

Those were royal days, when the attractive child was the beloved center of interest to the household and its circle of genial friends. We can see him watching the grand processions in the street, and feeding the sparrows at the windows, and playing with his games, or bending over his picture-books; or sitting perched on the high stool before the old

organ picking out some melody to please his ear, or leaning attentively beside his fond tutor.

Afterward, he is the lad going daily to St. Paul's school, eager for learning, devoted to his masters, and striving to excel. All along are still that fond mother and father, and that happy home.

Farther on he is the youth in Christ's College, at the University of Cambridge, and has donned its picturesque gown. Here he speeds like a young conqueror through the realms of philosophy, mathematics and letters. But to be a master of these forces is not enough. He must create. He finds all about him thoughts and beauty that have never been told. Language is rich, and it is his. What he finds he turns into a world of words full of power and music. He stands before the gowned masters and fellows, and grand, gay lords and ladies. They listen breathless to his eloquence, and when he ceases there is great applause, and they call him *the* orator and poet of Cambridge.

But his best strength does not come from books nor the grave masters, nor the jovial fellows of his class. He has still his happy and his good father and mother.

At this time his home is transferred from the busy London street where his father had gained a sufficient competence, to the charming village of Horton, with its green meadow, its sky-larks, and primroses beside the trim hedges; its old, old trees, its neighboring gentry, and the distant view of Windsor Castle.

When Milton, therefore, at the age of twenty-three, had finished with Cambridge, he went to Horton and lived at home six years. Those were six golden years. In that quiet rural spot he became, for the first time, thoroughly acquainted with Nature. Nor was he an idle dreamer. Never was there greater mental activity than his. He massed and systematized the vast learning he had gained, and added to his store. Nor was it "all work and no play." There was a delightful charm in the brilliant trappings, the grand music, and romantic doings of his courtly neighbors, who drew him into their high festivities, and made him the poet of their masques. Here he wrote some of his finest verse.

But for what was he preparing? His honesty would not permit him to enter the Church, which then enforced that which he disapproved. In this the father's cherished wish was disappointed. It

was not yet clear to the young man himself what he should do.

Here also, in the quiet of contemplation, became immovably fixed the belief which had grown and strengthened with him, and which is the key to all that is called "Miltonic." It was this:

That a man to be strong must be absolutely pure. That great courage, magnanimity and achievement, are based upon self-respect. That a man should be as perfect as his ideal of a woman. That self-mastery, with disdain of the finical, luxurious and immoral, must be the first conquest. That a great man must be himself unblemished. That a great poet must be himself a poem.

When, therefore, after these six years of steady growth, Milton leaves the home and the loved ones at Horton to travel upon the continent, and presents himself before the aged Galileo, we have in him a picture of a perfect manhood; a poet, the basis of whose nature is solid and fixed; a man among men, with a stoic scorn of temptation; a courageous and self-reliant man, who has earned a spotless title to self-respect, which dignifies his whole bearing and gives it a nobleness that crowns his glorious personal beauty.

Yet was this same man's nature full of grace and melody, and, with all his grandeur of intellect, he had humility before God.

At this time he believed that all his past had been



MILTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

but preparation, and that before him was a great work to do, which, when finished, the world "would not willingly let die."

Milton, seated beside Galileo, puts questions, and

listens with eager and intense interest to the discourse of the brilliant philosopher. And then they go forth into the garden, the broken man leaning upon the strong, young arm; and, as they go, Galileo talks of his vines, which he used to prune, of his "lady mule," of the two pigeons in the dove-cote, of the vases holding the orange-trees, which were shattered by a storm while he was in Rome by order of the Inquisition. And he points to the distant convent of St. Matthew, where but now his beloved daughter, Celeste, had died. He calls her a person of "most exquisite mind," for whom he continually grieves. She who, though parted from him, had cared for him, and fed him on courage and strength out of her deep love,—she had gone out of the world along with his liberty and his daylight. Her sweet, homely attentions,—the chocolate biscuit, the baked pear or quince, or cup of preserved citron, the stitches taken by her fingers,—the persistent forgetfulness. He misses her in every way.

He speaks of his former delight in his garden and his pleasure in a rural life.

"The book of Nature," he says, "is written in the characters of geometry; when once their meaning is revealed, we may hope to penetrate Nature's deepest mysteries." To young Milton the book of Nature seems equally written in characters of poesy.

They continue their way past the bean-vines and the pear and plum and lemon trees, to the tower where reposes unused the famous telescope. And the blind man says sadly:

"We can ill afford to lose one of our senses. The principal doors into the garden of natural philosophy are observation and experiment, and these are opened with the keys of our senses.

"I am hopelessly blind, so that this heaven and this earth—which I, by my discoveries and demonstrations, had enlarged a hundred thousand times beyond the belief of the wise men of by-gone ages—henceforward is shrunk for me into such small space as is filled by my own sensations.

"I must be content. Of all the sons of Adam, none yet have seen so much as I."

And then they leave the tower, and return to the room whence they had come, and the aged man continues: "I have studied and wept too much! Sir, you cannot know the great difference between using one's own eyes and those of another."

Then the blind old man sits down to his lute, and comforts his soul with its sweet music.

Next, Milton takes rooms in London, and gathers his books about him; and, while teaching his nephews, begins to lay out great literary schemes.

Among numerous other subjects, he thinks of "Paradise Lost," and even writes out a plan of the great poem. He decides that it shall be written in English rather than Latin, the language of learned Europe.

changes in his home affairs,—his marriage with Mary Powell; the births of three children, Deborah, Anne, and Mary; and the death of his wife. His domestic life often was clouded. Twice again



MILTON IN MANHOOD.

Soon he sees that these poetic thoughts must be abandoned. His country is in distraction; civil war is coming. And when his country and his God require him, shall he be "dumb as a beast"? The need of strong prose, written on every subject that affected liberty, was now greater than the need of an immortal poem.

Thus, in his thirty-third year, his public life began. He wrote pamphlet after pamphlet in the interest of freedom and the Commonwealth. But while the clear and glowing eloquence of those writings aided the Puritans greatly, it also enraged the Cavaliers. By his bold utterances at this time, Milton brought upon himself a storm of fury which lasted through the best years of his life.

During this time there were speedy and great

he married. Afflictions and cares beset him. Never was his own home so peaceful as that of his young life. But private troubles were put aside in his zeal for the public good.

He saw his king, Charles I., beheaded, and thought the deed a just one. The Commonwealth was set up, and then Milton was made Secretary of State. Next the Commonwealth went down and the young king went up, and Milton was hunted and persecuted and impoverished. The money he had lent parliament was lost. He was robbed by fire and imperiled by the plague, and, like Galileo, he at last became blind.

Fourteen years before his death he left public life, with the decision he had come to when entering it. His battle was now fought. He retired to the

shelter and seclusion of his home, and in his blindness, composed the greatest epic that was ever sung—his “Paradise Lost.”

What is great and abiding does not grow up effortless. There had come to Milton, too, at last, the slow years of groping without sight. Other

wrote for him, hour after hour, and day after day, while he listened with that seeing ear, and dictated his immortal lines.

But as the years rolled on, his daughters often became weary of reading languages they did not comprehend, only for the purpose of aiding him



“THEY READ AND WROTE FOR HIM, HOUR AFTER HOUR.”

eyes must find his material; other voices must make it known to him; other fingers must hold the pen.

His daughters felt “great tenderness” for this man—so beautiful in age. They were charmed with his “delightful company, his flow of subject, and unaffected cheerfulness.” And they read and

in writings that seemed to them very grand and beautiful, but not, they thought, of any great use further than to divert his mind; for if ever finished and sold, the poem, very likely, would bring only a few pounds into the family treasury.

So he leaves his daughters more and more to

their girlish interests, and takes such other helps as come to hand; yet he never deviates from his purpose.

Great was the anguish of groping to control the petty details of his matchless work. From inaccuracy of words, down to punctuation, it was the pitiful sight of a giant in chains.

Now he remembers the words of Galileo about the difference between using your own hands and eyes and those of another.

But while those eyes, seemingly perfect as ever, saw nothing, the mind grew boundless and prophetic in vision.

And with this man, long used to mastery, at last, "neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic

patience." "The strength of his mind overcame every calamity."

These are the words of Macaulay, and he adds, "we can almost fancy we are visiting him, in his small lodgings, that we see him sitting at the old organ, beneath the faded green hangings * * that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction."

Down the years to us "is echoed his poem on his blindness, with these closing words:

"Doth God require day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait!"

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XI.

REGAL PROJECTS.

THE next morning, we all went around to see the queen, and on the way we tried to arrange our affair. I was only sorry that my old school-fellows were not there, to go into the thing with us. There could n't have been better fun for our boys, than to get up a revolution, and set up a dethroned queen. But they were not there, and I determined to act as their representative as well as I could.

We three—Corny, Rectus and I—were agreed that the re-enthronement—we could think of no better word for the business—should be done as quietly and peacefully as possible. It was of no use, we thought, to make a great fuss about what we were going to do. We would see that this African ex-sovereigness was placed in a suitable regal station, and then we would call upon her countrymen to acknowledge her rank.

"It is n't really necessary for her to do any governing," said Rectus. "Queens do very little of that. Look at Queen Victoria! Her Prime Minister and Parliament run the country. If the African governor here is a good man, the queen can take him for a Prime Minister. Then he can just go along and do what he always did. If she is acknowledged to be the queen, that's all she need want."

"That's so," said Corny. "And above all there must be no blood shed."

"None of yours, any way," said I; and Rectus tapped his bean, significantly.

Rectus had been chosen Captain of this revolutionary coalition, because Corny, who held the controlling vote, said that she was afraid I had not gone into the undertaking, heart and soul, as Rectus had. Otherwise, she would have voted for me, as the oldest of the party. I did not make any objections, and was elected Treasurer. Corny said that the only office she had ever held was that of Librarian, in a girls' society, but as we did not expect to need a Librarian in this undertaking, we made her Secretary and Manager of Restoration, which, we thought, would give her all the work that she could stand under.

I suggested that there was one sub-officer or employé, that we should be sure to need, and who should be appointed before we commenced operations. This was an emissary. Proper communications between ourselves and the populace would be difficult, unless we obtained the service of some intelligent and whole-souled darkey. My fellow revolutionists agreed with me, and, after a moment of reflection, Corny shouted that she had thought of the very person.

"It's a girl!" she cried. "And it's Priscilla!"
We all knew Priscilla. It would have been

impossible to be at the hotel for a week and not know her. After breakfast, and after dinner, there was always a regular market, at the entrance of the hotel, under the great arched porch, where the boarders sat and made themselves comfortable after meals. The dealers were negroes of every age,—men, women, boys, and girls, and they brought everything they could scrape up, that they thought visitors might buy,—fruit, shells, sponges, flowers, straw hats, canes, and more traps than I can remember. Some of them had very nice things, and others would have closed out their stock for seven cents. The liveliest and brightest of all these, was a tall, slim, black, elastic, smooth-tongued young girl, named Priscilla. She nearly always wore shoes, which distinguished her from her fellow country-women. Her eyes sparkled like a fire-cracker of a dark night, and she had a mind as sharp as a fish-hook. The moment Corny mentioned her she was elected emissary.

We determined, however, to be very cautious in disclosing our plans to her. We would sound her, first, and make a regular engagement with her.

"It will be a first-rate thing for me," said Corny, "to have a girl to go about with me, for mother said, yesterday, that it would n't do for me to be so much with boys. It looked Tom-boyish, she said, though she thought you two were very good for boys."

"Are you going to tell your father and mother about this?" asked Rectus.

"I think I'll tell mother," said Corny, "because I ought to, and I don't believe she'll object, if I have a girl along with me. But I don't think I'll say anything to father just yet. I'm afraid he'd join."

Rectus and I agreed that it might be better to postpone saying anything to Mr. Chipperton.

It was very true that the queen did not live in a palace. Her house was nearly large enough to hold an old-fashioned four-posted bedstead, such as they have at my Aunt Sarah's. The little room that was cut off from the main apartment, was really too small to count. The queen was hard at work, sitting on her door-stone by the side of her bits of sugar-cane and pepper-pods. There were no customers. She was a good-looking old body, about sixty, perhaps, but tall and straight enough for all queenly purposes.

She arose and shook hands with us, and then stepped into her door-way and courtesied. The effect was very fine.

"This is dreadful!" said Corny. "She ought to give up this pepper-pod business right away. If I could only talk to her, I'd make her understand. But I must go get somebody for an interpreter."

And she ran off to one of the neighboring huts.

"If this thing works," said Rectus, "we ought to hire a regular interpreter."

"It won't do to have too many paid officials," said I, "but we'll see about that."

Corny soon returned with a pleasant-faced woman, who undertook to superintend our conversation with the queen.

"What's her name—to begin with?" asked Corny, of the woman.

"Her African name is Poqua-dilla, but here they call her Jane Henderson, when they talk of her. She knows that name, too. We all has to have English names."

"Well, we don't want any Jane Henderson," said Corny. "Poqua-dilla! that's a good name for a queen. But what we first want is to have her stop selling things at the front door. We'll do better for her than that."

"Is you goin' to sen' her to the 'sylum?" asked the woman.

"The asylum," exclaimed Corny. "No, indeed! You'll see. She's to live here, but she's not to sell pepper-pods, or anything else."

"Well, young missy," said the woman, "you better buy 'em of her. I reckon she'll sell out for 'bout fourpence."

This was a sensible proposition, and, as treasurer, I bought the stock, the queen having signified her willingness to the treaty by a dignified nod and a courtesy. She was very much given to style, which encouraged us a good deal.

"Now then," said Rectus, who thought it was about time that the captain should have something to say, "you must tell her that she is n't to lay in any more stock. This is to be the end of her mercantile life."

I don't believe the woman translated all of this speech, but the queen gave another nod and courtesy, and I pocketed the peppers to keep as trophies. The other things we kept, to give to the children and make ourselves popular.

"How much do you think it would cost," asked Corny of me, "to make this place a little more like a palace?"

I made a rough sort of a calculation, and came to the conclusion that the room could be made a little more like a palace for about eight dollars.

"That's cheap enough," said Rectus to me.

"You and I'll each give four dollars."

"No, indeed!" said Corny. "I'm going to give some. How much is three into eight?"

"Two and two-thirds," said I, "or, in this case, two dollars, sixty-six cents and some sixes over."

"All right!" said Corny, "I'll ask father for three dollars. There ought to be something for extras. I'll tell mother what I want it for, and that will satisfy him. He can know afterward. I

don't think he ought to worry his lung with anything like this."

"She wont want a throne," said Rectus, turning the conversation from Mr. Chipperton, "for she has a very good rocking-chair, which could be fixed up."

"Yes," said I, "it could be cushioned. She might do it herself."

"Some of 'em do," I said. "There was the throne of France, you know."

"Well, then, that will be all right," said Corny; "and how about a crown and scepter?"

"Oh, we wont want a scepter," I said; "that sort of thing's pretty old-fashioned. But we ought to have a crown, so as to make a difference between her and the other people."



THE VISIT TO THE QUEEN.

At this, the colored woman made a remark to the queen, but what it was we did not know.

"Of course she could," said Corny. "Queens work. Queen Victoria etches on steel."

"I don't believe Porker-miller can do that," said Rectus, "but I guess she can pad her chair."

"Do thrones rock?" asked Corny.

"How much are crowns?" asked Corny, in a thoughtful tone.

"Various prices," I answered; "but I think we can make one, that will do very well, for about fifty cents. I'll undertake to make the brass part, if you'll cushion it."

"Brass!" exclaimed Corny, in astonishment.

"You don't suppose we can get gold, do you?" I asked, laughing.

"Well, no," she said, but not quite satisfied.

"And there must be a flag and a flag-pole," said Rectus. "But what sort of a flag are we going to have?"

"The African flag," said Corny, confidently.

None of us knew what the African flag was, although Corny suggested that it was probably black. But I told her that if we raised a black flag before the queen's palace, we should bring down the authorities on us, sure. They'd think we had started a retail piratical establishment.

We now took leave of the queen, and enjoined her neighbor to impress on her mind the necessity of not using her capital to lay in a new stock of goods. Leaving a quarter of a dollar with her, for contingent expenses during the day, we started for home.

"I tell you what it is," said I, "we must settle this matter of revenue pretty soon. If she don't sell peppers and sugar-cane she'll have to be supported, in some way, and I'm sure we can't do it."

"Her subjects ought to attend to that," said Rectus.

"But she has n't got any yet," I answered.

"That's a fact," said Corny. "We must get her a few to start with."

"Hire 'em, do you mean?" asked Rectus.

"No; call upon them in the name of their country and their queen," she replied.

"I think it would be better, at first," said I, "to call upon them in the name of about twopence a head. Then, when we get a nice little body of adherents to begin with, the other subjects will fall in, of their own accord, if we manage the thing right."

"There's where the emissary will come in," said Rectus. "She can collect adherents."

"We must engage her this very day," said Corny. "And now, what about the flag? We have n't settled that yet."

"I think," said I, "that we'd better invent a flag. When we get back to the hotel, we can each draw some designs, and the one we choose can easily be made up. We can buy the stuff anywhere."

"I'll sew it," said Corny.

"Do you think," said Rectus, who had been reflecting, "that the authorities of this place will object to our setting up a queen?"

"Can't tell," I said. "But I hardly think they will. They don't object to the black governor, and our queen won't interfere with them in any way that I can see. She will have nothing to do with anybody but those native Africans, who keep to themselves, any way."

"If anybody should trouble us, who would it be? Soldiers or the policemen? How many soldiers have they here?" asked Corny.

"There's only one company now in the barracks," said Rectus. "I was down there. There are two men-of-war in the harbor, but one of them's a Spanish vessel, and I'm pretty sure she would n't bother us."

"Is that all?" said Corny, in a tone of relief.

I did n't want to dash her spirits, but I remarked that there were a good many policemen in the town.

"And they're all colored men," said Corny. "I'd hate to have any of them coming after us."

"The governor of the colony is at the head of the army, police and all, is n't he?" said Rectus.

"Yes," I answered.

"And I know where he lives," put in Corny. "Let's go and see him, sometime, and ask him about it."

This was thought to be a good idea, and we agreed to consider it at our next meeting.

"As to revenue," said Rectus, just before we reached the hotel, "I don't believe these people have much money to give for the support of a queen, and so I think they ought to bring in provisions. The whole thing might be portioned out. She ought to have so many conchs a week, so many sticks of sugar-cane, and so many yams and other stuff. This might be fixed so that it would n't come hard on anybody."

Corny said she guessed she'd have to get a little book to put these things down, so that we could consider them in order.

I could not help noticing that there was a good deal of difference between Corny and Rectus, although they were much alike, too. Corny had never learned much, but she had a good brain in her head and she could reason out things pretty well, when she had anything in the way of a solid fact to start with. Rectus was better on things he'd heard reasoned out. He seemed to know a good thing when it came before him, and he remembered it, and often brought it in very well. But he had n't had much experience in reasoning on his own account, although he was getting more in practice every day.

Corny was just as much in earnest as she was the first day we saw her, but she seemed to have grown more thoughtful. Perhaps this was on account of her having important business on hand. Her thoughtfulness, however, did not prevent her from saying some very funny things. She spoke first and did her thinking afterward. But she was a good girl, and I often wished my sister knew her. Helen was older, to be sure, but she could have learned a great deal from Corny.

That afternoon, we had a meeting up in the silk-cotton tree, and Priscilla, who had sold out her small stock of flowers in the hotel-door market, was requested to be present. A variety-show, consisting of about a dozen young darkies with their baskets and strings of sponges, accompanied her up the steps; but she was ordered to rout them, and she did it in short order. When we were alone, Rectus, as captain, began to state to her what we desired of her; but he was soon interrupted by Corny, who could do a great deal more talking in a given time than he could, and who always felt that she ought to begin early, in order to get through in good season.

"Now, Priscilla," said Corny, "in the first place, you must promise never to tell what we are going to say to you."

Priscilla promised in a flash.

"We want you, then," continued Corny, "to act as our emissary, or general agent, or errand-girl, if you don't know what the other two things mean."

"I'll do dat, missy," said Priscilla. "Whar you want me to go?"

"Nowhere just now," said Corny. "We want to engage you by the day, to do whatever we tell you."

"Cahn't do dat, missy. Got to sell flowers and roses. Sell 'em for de fam'ly, missy."

"But in the afternoon you can come," said Corny. "There is n't any selling done then. We'll pay you."

"How much?" asked Priscilla.

This question was referred to me, and I offered sixpence a day.

The money in this place is English, of course, as it is an English colony; but there are so many visitors from the United States, that American currency is as much in use, for large sums, as the pounds-shillings-and-pence arrangement. But all sums under a quarter are reckoned in English money,—pennies, halfpennies, four, six and eight-pences, and that sort of thing. One of our quarters passes for a shilling, but a silver dime wont pass in the shops. The darkies will take them—or almost anything else—as a gift. I did n't have to get our money changed into gold. I got a draft on a Nassau house, and generally drew greenbacks. But I saw, pretty plainly, that I could n't draw very much for this new monarchical undertaking, and stay in Nassau as long as we had planned.

"A whole afternoon," exclaimed Priscilla, "for sixpence!"

"Why not?" I asked. "That's more than you generally make all day."

"Only sixpence!" said Priscilla, looking as if her tender spirit had been wounded. Corny glanced

at me with an air that suggested that I ought to make a rise in the price, but I had dealt with these darkies before.

"That's all," I said.

"All right then, boss," said Priscilla. "I'll do it. What you want me to do?"

The colored people generally gave the name "boss" to all white men, and I was pleased to see that Priscilla said boss to me much more frequently than to Rectus.

We had a talk with her about her duties, and each of us had a good deal to say. We made her understand—at least we hoped so—that she was to be on hand, every afternoon, to go with Corny, if necessary, whenever we went out on our trips to the African settlement; and, after giving her an idea of what we intended doing with the queen,—which interested her very much indeed, and seemed to set her on pins and needles to see the glories of the new reign—we commissioned her to bring together about twenty sensible and intelligent Africans, so that we could talk to them, and engage them as subjects for the re-enthroned queen.

"What's ole Goliath Brown goin' to say 'bout dat?" said Priscilla.

"Who's he?" we asked.

"He's de Afrikin gubner. He rule 'em all."

"Oh!" said Rectus, "he's all right. We're going to make him prime minister."

I was not at all sure that he was all right, and proposed that Rectus and I should go to his house in the evening, when he was at home, and talk to him about it.

"Yes, and we'll all go and see the head governor to-morrow morning," said Corny.

We had our hands completely full of diplomatic business.

The meeting of the adherents was appointed for the next afternoon. We decided to have it on the Queen's Stair-way, which is a long flight of steps, cut in the solid limestone, and leading up out of a deep and shadowy ravine, where the people of the town many years ago cut out the calcareous material for their houses. There has been no stone cut here for a long time, and the walls of the ravine, which stand up as straight as the wall of a house, are darkened by age and a good deal covered up by vines. At the bottom, on each side of the pathway which runs through the ravine to the town, bushes and plants of various semi-tropical kinds grow thick and close. At the top of the flight of stairs are open fields and an old fort. Altogether, this was considered a quiet and suitable place for a meeting of a band of revolutionists. We could not have met in the silk-cotton tree, for we should have attracted too much attention, and, besides, the hotel-clerk would have routed us out.

CHAPTER XII.

RECTUS LOSES RANK.

AFTER supper, Rectus and I went to see the African governor, Goliah Brown. He was a good-natured old colored man, who lived in a house a trifle better than most of those inhabited by his



"'ALL RIGHT,' SAID GOLIAH, WITH A SMILE."

fellow-countrymen. The main room was of a fair size, and there was a center-table, with some books on it.

When we saw this, we hesitated. Could we ask a man who owned books, and could probably read, to play second fiddle to a woman who could not speak the English language, and who for years, perhaps, had devoted the energies of her soul to the sale of pepper-pods?

However, the office of prime minister was no trifle, and many more distinguished and more learned men than Goliah Brown have been glad to get it. Besides this, we considered that blood is blood, and, in monarchical countries, a queen is a queen. This was a colony of a monarchy, and we would push forward the claims of Poqua-dilla the First. We called her "The First," because, although she may have had a good many ancestors of her name in Africa, she certainly started the line in the Bahamas.

Goliah proved himself a steady-going talker. He seemed pleased to have us call on him, and

told us the whole story of the capture of himself and the rest of the Africans. We had heard pretty much all of it before, but, of course, we had to politely listen to it again.

When he finished, we asked a few questions about the queen, and finding that Goliah admitted her claims to royal blood, we told him what we proposed to do, and boldly asked him to take the position of prime minister in the African community.

At first, he did not understand, and we had to go over the thing two or three times before he saw into it. Then, it was evident that he could not see what business this was of ours, and we had to explain our motives, which was some trouble, because we had not quite straightened them out, in our own minds.

Then he wanted to know which was the head person, a queen or a prime minister. We set forth the strict truth to him in this matter. We told him that although a queen in a well regulated monarchy actually occupies the highest place, that the prime minister is the fellow who does the real governing. He thought this might all be so, but he did not like the idea of having any one, especially Jane Henderson, as he called her, in a position higher than his own. We did not say anything to him, then, about giving the queen her English name, because we supposed that he had been used to speak of her in that way, to white people, but we determined to refer to this when matters should be settled.

He was so set in his own opinion on this point of position, that we were afraid we should be obliged to give the thing up. He used very good arguments, too. He said that he had been elected to his present office by his fellow Africans; that he had held it a long time; that he did n't think the rest of his people wanted him to give it up, and he did n't think he wanted to give it up himself. A prime minister might be all very well, but he did n't know anything about it. He knew what it was to be governor, and was very well satisfied to leave things as they were.

This was dampening. Just as the old fellow thought he had settled the matter, a happy thought struck me: we might make the monarchy an independent arrangement. Perhaps Goliah would have no objection to that, provided we did not interfere with his governorship. If Poqua-dilla should be recognized as a queen, and crowned, and provided with an income sufficient to keep her out of any retail business, it was about all she could expect, at her time of life. She certainly would not care to do any governing. The few subjects that we should enlist would be more like courtiers than anything else.

I called Rectus to the door, and suggested this arrangement to him. He thought it would be better than nothing, and that it would be well to mention it.

We did this, and Goliah thought a while.

"Ef I lets her be call queen," he said, "an' she jist stay at home an' min' her own business, an' don' run herse'f agin me, no way, how much you s'pose she able to gib fur dat?"

Rectus and I went again to the front door to consult, and when we came back, we said we thought she would be able to give a dollar.

"All right," said Goliah, with a smile. "She kin jist go ahead, and be queen. On'y don' let her run herse'f agin me."

This suited us, and we paid the dollar and came away.

"More cash!" said Rectus, as we walked home.

"Yes," said I, "but what troubles me is that queen's income. I don't see now where it's to come from, for old Goliah wont allow his people to be taxed for her, that's certain."

Rectus agreed that things looked a little bluish, but he thought we might pay the income ourselves, until after the coronation, and then we could see

the army and navy, although she made light of them,—and so she thought it would be a good thing to see whether or not we should have to combat with all these forces, if we should carry out our plans. We took Priscilla along with us on Corny's account. It would look respectable for her to have an attendant. This being an extra job, Priscilla earned two sixpences that day.

The governor lived in a fine house, on the hill back of the town, and although we all knew where it was, Priscilla was of great use to us here, for she took us in at a side gate, where we could walk right up to the door of the governor's office, without going to the grand entrance, at the front of the house, where the English flag was flying. There was a red-coated soldier standing just in the doorway, and when we saw him, we put ourselves on our stiffest behavior. We told Priscilla to wait outside, in the path, and to try and behave so that people would think there was a pretty high-toned party inside. We then went up to the red-coat and asked to see the governor. The soldier looked at us a little queerly, and went back into the house.

He staid a good while, but when he came out he told us to follow him, and took us through a hall



"A SIDE GATE."

what else could be done. This was n't much of a plan, but I could n't think of anything better.

The next day, about noon, we all went to see the real governor of the colony. Rectus and I did n't care much about doing this, but Corny insisted on it. She was afraid of the police,—and probably of

into a room where two gentlemen were sitting at desks. One of these jumped up and came to meet us.

"There is the secretary," said the soldier in a low voice to me, and then he left us.

We now had to ask the secretary if we could see

the governor. He inquired our business, but we did n't seem anxious to tell him.

"Anything private?" he said, with a smile.

"Well, sir," said I, "it's not exactly private, but it's not a very easy thing to put straight before anybody, and if it don't make any difference, we'd rather not have to tell it twice."

He hesitated for a minute, and then he said he'd see, and went into another room.

"Now, look here," I whispered to Rectus, "if you're captain, you've got to step up and do the talking. It is n't my place."

The secretary now returned and said the governor could give us a few minutes. I think the probability was that he was curious to know what two boys and a girl could want with him.

The governor's office, into which we now were shown, was a large room, with plenty of book-cases and shelves against the walls, and in the middle of the floor a big table which was covered with papers, packages of manuscript tied up with tape, and every kind of thing necessary to make matters look as if business was brisk in these islands. The governor himself was a tall, handsome gentleman, not old a bit, as Corny put it afterward, and dressed all in white linen, which gave him an air of coolness and cleanness that was quite agreeable to us after our walk in the sun. He was sitting at one end of the long table, and he politely motioned us to seats at one side of him. I expect the secretary arranged the chairs before we came in. We made our manners and sat down.

"Well," said he, "what can I do for you?"

If Corny had n't been along, I don't believe he would have seen us at all. There can be nothing attractive to a governor about two boys. But almost any one would take an interest in a girl like Corny. The secretary was very polite to her.

Rectus now gave his throat a little clearing, and pushed off.

"Our business with you, sir, is to see about doing something for a poor queen, a very good and honest woman——"

"A poor but honest queen!" interrupted the governor, with a smile.

"Oh, he don't mean a common queen," said Corny, quickly. "He means a black queen,—an African,—born royal, but taken prisoner when young, and brought here, and she lives over there in the African settlements, and sells peppers, but is just as much a queen as ever, you know, sir, for selling things on a door-step can't take the royal blood out of a person."

"Oh no, indeed!" said the governor, and he looked very much tickled.

"And this poor woman is old, now, and has no revenue, and has to get along as well as she can,

which is pretty poorly, I know, and nobody ever treats her any better than if she had been born a common person, and we want to give her a chance of having as many of her rights as she can before she dies."

"At any rate," said Rectus, who had been waiting for a chance to make a fresh start, "if we can't give her all her royal rights, we want to let her know how it feels to be a queen, and to give her a little show among her people."

"You are talking of an old native African woman?" said the governor, looking at Corny. "I have heard of her. It seems to be generally agreed that she belonged to a royal family in one of the African tribes. And you want to restore her to her regal station?"

"We can't do that, of course," said Corny; "but we do think she's been shamefully used, and all we want to do is to have her acknowledged by her people. She need n't do any ruling. We'll fix her up so that she'll look enough like a queen for those dreadfully poor people."

"Yes," put in Rectus, who had been getting warm on the subject, "they are dreadfully poor, but she's the poorest of the lot, and it's a shame to see how she, a regular queen, has to live, while a governor, who was n't anybody before he got his place, lives in the best house, with tables and books, and everything he wants, for all I know, and a big flag in front of his door as if he was somebody great, and ——"

"What?" said the governor, pretty quick and sharp, and turning around square on Rectus.

"Oh, he don't mean you!" said Corny. "He's talking about the black governor, Goliah Brown."

"Ah, indeed!" said he, turning away from Rectus as if he did n't like his looks. "And what does Brown think of all this?"

I thought I'd better say a word or two now, because I did n't know where Rectus would fetch us up next, if we should give him another chance, and so I said to the governor that I knew Goliah Brown would make no objections to the plan, because we had talked it over with him, and he had agreed to it.

"Well, then, what do you want that I should do for you?" said the governor to Corny.

"Oh, nothing sir," said she, "but just to make it all safe for us. We did n't know exactly what the rules were on this island, and so we thought we'd come and see you about it. We don't want the policemen, or the soldiers or sailors, or anybody, to get after us."

"There is no rule here against giving a queen her rights," said the governor, who seemed to be in a good humor as long as he talked to Corny, "and no one shall interfere with you, provided you

do not commit any disorder, and I'm sure you will not do that."

"Oh no!" said Corny; "we just intend to have a little coronation, and to ask the people to remember that she's a queen and not a pepper-pod woman; and if you could just give us a paper permission, and sign it, we should—at least I should—feel a good deal easier."

"You shall have it," said the governor, and he took some paper and a pen.

"It seems a little curious," said he to Corny, as he dipped his pen in the ink, "that I should serve a queen, and have a queen under me at the same time, does n't it?"

"Kind o' sandwiched," remarked Rectus, who had a face like frozen brass.

The governor went on writing, and Corny and I looked at Rectus as if we would singe his hair.

"You are all from the Statcs, I suppose," said the governor.

I said we were.

"What are your names?" he asked, looking at Corny first.

"Cornelia V. Chipperton," said Corny, and he wrote that down. Then he looked at me.

"William Taylor Gordon," said I. When the governor had put that on his paper, he just gave his head a little wag toward Rectus. He did n't look at him.

"My name is Samuel Colbert," said Rectus.

Corny turned short on him, with eyes wide open.

"Samuel!" she said in a sort of theater-whisper.

"Now then," said the governor, "this paper will show that you have full permission to carry out your little plans, provided that you do nothing that may create any disorder. If the woman—your queen, I mean—has been in the habit of earning her own livelihood, don't make a pauper of her." And he gave us a general look as if the time had come to say good-bye. So we got up and thanked him, and he shook hands with us, Rectus and all, and we came away.

We found Priscilla sitting cross-legged on the grass outside, pitching pennies.

"That thar red-coat he want to sen' me off," said she, "but I tole him my missy and bosses was inside, and I boun' to wait fur 'em, er git turned off. So he le' me stay."

Corny, for a wonder, did not reprove Priscilla for giving the sentinel the idea that her employers hired penny-pitchers to follow them around, but she walked on in silence until we were out of the grounds. Then she turned to Rectus and said:

"I thought your name was Rectus!"

"It is n't," said he. "It's Samuel."

This was no sort of an answer to give Corny, and so I explained that Rectus was his school name; that he was younger than most of us, and that we used to call him Young Rectus; but that I had pretty much dropped the "young" since we had been traveling together. It did n't appear to be needed.

"But why did you call him Rectus, when his name's Samuel?" asked Corny.

"Well," said I, laughing, "it seemed to suit him."

This was all that was said about the matter, for Priscilla came up and said she must hurry home, and that she'd like to have her sixpence, and that changed the subject, for we were out of small money and could only make up eleven halfpence among us. But Priscilla agreed to trust us until evening for the other "hoppenny."

Corny did n't say much on the way home, and she looked as if she was doing some private thinking. I suppose, among other things, she thought that as I considered it all right to call Rectus Rectus, she might as well do it herself, for she said:

"Rectus, I don't think you're as good at talking as Will is. I move we have a new election for captain."

"All right," said Rectus, "I'm agreed."

You could n't make that boy angry. We held a meeting just as we got to the hotel, and he and Corny both voted for me.

(To be continued.)



THE HOTEL AT NASSAU.

ARTHUR AND ROMEO.



ARTHUR likes to play that he is a street-car driver, that Romeo is his horse, that a chair turned upside down is the car, and that Jemima is a young lady taking a ride on her way to do some shopping. You can see Jemima in the picture, sitting with her back to the driver.

Romeo, it is true, does not look in the least like a horse. But it's just as much fun to drive him, and Arthur knows that there are places where people ride on elephants, and use them to drag carts and wagons; and he says: "An elfant is a gweat deal stwonger than a horse; and pootty fast, too. Why should n't a elfant dwaw a stweet car? Get up, Womeo!"

But, this time, Romeo went too fast; so Arthur called to him: "Whoa—whoa! Hold up now, Womeo! Don't you hear the lady on the back seat wants to say somefing? I never did see such a elfant. Whoa, I say!"

Then he turned around to Jemima, and asked in a polite voice:

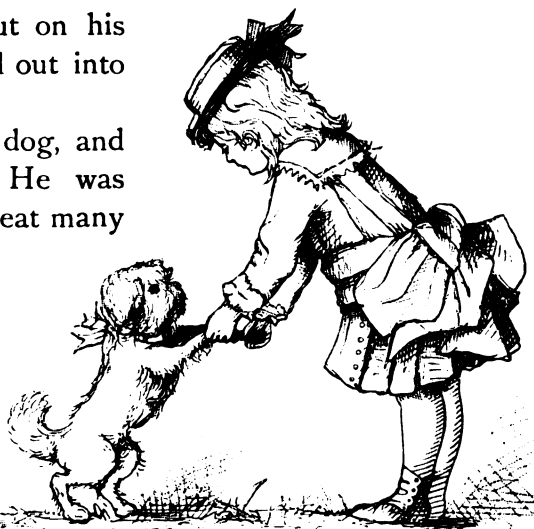
"What did you say, ma'am? The car makes such a noise, bumping on the stones, I can't hear a word! I s'pect you've got the cwoup, or somefing. Well, ma'am, I can't make out what you say; and oh, there's about seventy-'leven people waiting on the corner!"

"Miss Jemima says that Billy is coming up the street and through the gate," said Arthur's mamma, who sat by the window reading.

"Oh, goody—goody—goody!" cried Arthur, as he jumped off the car. Jemima fell on her face, and Romeo on his back; but Arthur did

not stop to pick them up. He put on his hat and ran just as fast as he could out into the yard, and there he met Billy.

Billy was his Uncle Tom's little dog, and Arthur was very fond of him. He was never cross nor ugly, and knew a great many pretty tricks. He could stand on his hind legs, and shake hands, and "speak," and jump backward and forward through a little hoop, and be "dead," and come "alive" again, and do ever so many other things. Arthur was never tired of playing with Billy, though Billy was sometimes a little tired of going through his tricks for Arthur. While Billy stayed, poor Romeo and Jemima were forgotten; but as soon as he went away, Romeo had to go to work again, and Jemima took another ride.



TICK, TOCK! TICK, TOCK!

HARKEE, harkee to the clock,—

"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"

This the pretty clock doth say
All the night and all the day.

"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"

Tell me, tell me, pretty clock,—

"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"—

Is this all that you can say
All the night and all the day?
And the clock makes answer quick,

"Tock, tick, tock, tick!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now the noisy winds are still;
 April's coming up the hill!
 All the Spring is in her train,
 Led by shining ranks of rain:
 Pit, pat, patter, patter,
 Sudden sun, and patter, patter!—
 First the blue, and then the shower,
 Bursting bud, and smiling flower,
 Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
 Birds too full of song to sing;
 Dry old leaves astir with pride,
 Where the timid violets hide,—
 All things ready with a will,—
 April's coming up the hill!

That's the way your Jack feels about it, you see; and he is n't an April fool, either,—that is, not if he knows himself. But may be he does n't know.

Now you shall have another sort of April story:

DR. RABELAIS' FREE JOURNEY.

The learned and famous Frenchman, Dr. Rabelais, once found himself in Marseilles without money. He wished to travel to Paris, but could not contrive a way to do so. At last, however, he hit upon a plan.

He started, one first of April, carrying with him some full phials labeled "Poison for the King and the Royal Family." At the city gates, according to the custom in those days, the traveler was searched, and these suspicious-looking bottles were found, as he intended. The officials were horrified, and they promptly arrested him, and hurried him off as a State prisoner to Paris, there to be tried for treason.

Not long after his arrival, Rabelais and his bottles were taken before the judges. Then the doctor, who was very well known as a wit, made a little explanation, showed that the phials contained nothing but brick-dust, and was at once released,—the court, the accusers, the lookers-on, and all Paris, convulsed with laughter at the joke.

THE CAMPANERO; OR, BELL-BIRD.

I THINK, my dear children, there should be a revised edition of the Cock Robin tragedy. I never could see any propriety in the bull being at that bird-funeral. The Campanero or bell-bird could have tolled the bell, even though there had been no bell in the world. It has a fleshy "horn" on its forehead, you see, which is connected with

its palate, and at a moment's notice it can fill this with air,—and then you should hear it! It utters a solemn, clear bell-note, like the toll of a distant convent bell, pauses for a minute or two, then gives another toll,—another silence and another toll,—and the sounds can be heard three miles off.

It is a sad pity the Campanero was not at Robin's funeral, for it is a gentle creature and its dress is most appropriate for such an occasion—being snow white, while the "horn" is jet black with a few white feathers. True, they would have had to send to the country of the Amazon for it, but the birds could have managed that.

TOO FOND OF MUSIC.

THAT story told by Dr. Hayes about Greenland seals and icebergs—printed in last month's ST. NICHOLAS, I believe—reminds me of another story, also about a seal, only it was a seal of a large kind, called "ookjook" by the Esquimaux who hunt it. Here is the story:

Captain Tyson, the Arctic explorer, once espied an ookjook who had come up through a hole in the ice to breathe. The explorer beckoned to a companion to bring a gun as quietly as possible and shoot the creature. Meanwhile, the captain whistled a plaintive tune as musically as he could. The ookjook was so charmed by the pleasant sound that he lingered and listened until the gun came and he was killed.

Now, I'm told that all seals are fond of sweet sounds, whether made by instruments, sung, whistled, or, sometimes, merely spoken, and that they will keep still and listen, giving a hunter time to come within shooting distance.

But perhaps there is a slight mistake, and the seal is only watching for a good chance, while he grumbles to himself, something like this:

"Pshaw! Only let me catch that troublesome fellow, and I'll soon put an end to his noise!"

THE FINEST EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

DEAR JACK: Here is a little story which you may like to know:

An interesting feature of a number of the foreign sections at the Paris Exhibition was the soldiers who had been sent there by their respective governments, nominally to guard the exhibits, though principally as a sort of ornament, they being simply required to stand round and be looked at by the curiosity-seeking visitors. Some economical governments, thinking that wooden soldiers would answer the same purpose at a less expense, accordingly displayed figures representing soldiers in the various uniforms, and people in the different costumes of the country. These figures were sometimes quite well made, and were placed in such positions as often to appear very life-like. We have more than once seen people open their mouths to ask their way of one of these wooden soldiers; and we ourselves on one occasion deeply apologized to a wooden Chinese mandarin, whom we had carelessly run into and almost thrown off his balance.

Sergeant Jones, of the United States Marine Corps, had doubtless witnessed similar laughable mistakes, and this is probably what suggested to him the idea of playing a little trick at the expense of the visitors.

At all events, one fine afternoon, as we were passing through the American Section, we found the sergeant standing perfectly straight, and absolutely still, near one of the show-cases. Rather perplexed at his attitude and at the seriousness of his expression, we sought a post of observation and waited.

For a while no one noticed him, but as he continued immovable, some one presently stopped before him and stared. Then two, three, four, six idlers stopped to see what the first idler was looking at. There stood the sergeant, grave, silent, and motionless. An incredulous smile appeared on the faces of the observers, and their number doubled, trebled, quadrupled. The sergeant had not moved. Some one ventured to touch his hand, another followed, and presently a

dozen curious people were feeling him from head to foot. Not a muscle relaxed—he had not so much as winked. An exhibitor who was dusting the contents of his show-case seeing what was up, sauntered carelessly along and carefully dusted off the sergeant. This settled the question beyond a doubt: it *was* a statue! There were now about three hundred people of all nationalities gathered about this marvelous piece of workmanship!

"C'est bien une statue!"—
 "Quel merveilleux travail!"—
 "Awh weally, now you know, those Yankees are jolly clever people!"—

"Wal, I reckon there aint anything can beat this in the whole show!"—

"Chin a ting chop stick young hyson peking yang tse kiang!"—

"Amiodo naga sakito kio yeddo!"—
 "Stamboul mahio metali ya tibé loublou!"—came from three hundred throats in twenty different languages.

(These last three exclamations, as you will readily understand, dear Jack, are expressive of the utmost wonder and admiration in the Chinese, Japanese and Turkish languages. I might multiply these expressions of delight to an unlimited extent, and give you a high opinion of my linguistic powers. But I believe that modesty is a virtue—to be proud of.)

The last man had barely opened his lips to have his say, when the look of admiration suddenly departed from the three hundred faces, and the three hundred throats simultaneously sent out a guffaw which fairly shook the vast edifice, and attracted hundreds of visitors from all sides.

The statue had turned on its heel and quietly marched off.
 Truly yours, J. H. F.

THE MAGIC LEAF.

NOW, my serious young botanists, here is something for you, and for everybody else who has a magnifying glass,—to look at carefully,—a Magic



Leaf, which your Jack presents to you with the compliments of the season.

The Leaf has the necromantic power of revealing the secret most important for a person to know; but it will act only on three conditions: First, that the inquirer be quite alone; second, that every line on the leaf be examined through a good magnifying glass, and with the left eye only, the right eye being kept closed by a gentle pressure from the middle finger of the left hand, which must first be passed around by the back of the head; and third, that the secret, when known, be faithfully kept by the lucky finder.

If you will follow these simple rules closely, my young wiseacres, the secret no longer will be a mystery to you.

THE FEAST OF KITES AGAIN.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the April number, 1878, you asked if any one knew anything more about the Feast of Kites. I asked a Japanese gentleman to tell me about it. He did not know of such a day by that name. In the place where he lived they fly kites until the 10th of March, and from then until September the farmers are growing the rice, and they are not allowed to play games in the fields, as they would destroy the crops. Sometimes they have kites eight feet high. He said men fly them as well as boys, and become very angry about them. The boys try to get all the kites they can from each other. Sometimes my friend would gain half a dozen in a day, and sometimes he would lose as many. They get on each side of a river and try to pull one another's kites into the water. Sometimes a man will swim across the river and cut the string of his enemy's kite. In Tokio they fly kites all the year round, because in the city there are no crops to prevent.—Your friend, BELLE W. BOTSFORD.

TREE-PLANTING CROWS.

ONE autumn day, several crows alighted under an oak-tree near my pulpit, and began to search among the fallen leaves. Presently, one of them picked up an acorn in his bill, flew off some distance to where the ground was soft, dropped the acorn into a little hole, and then, with his bill, pushed earth into the hole until it was full.

Now, that was a useful thing to do, and, if this planting of trees is a habit with all crows, it is generous pay in return for the few kernels of grain they eat and the thimbles, scissors, jewels, and such little things, which they may steal from time to time.

As for the corn which the crows pick out of the newly sown fields in spring,—why, your Jack's opinion is that it's pretty small wages for keeping down field-mice, worms and insects while the rest of the grain is ripening.

FLOWERS ON THE PRAIRIES.

DEAR JACK: Here are some things I think your readers may like to hear about the plants of the prairies.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin I have seen the prairie colored for miles with the delicate purple of the lead-plum, with the red and white prairie-clover, with sun-flowers, asters, the iron-weed, or by the golden-rod, or a species of purple liatris.

One day, I was riding along a prairie lane. There was a narrow wagon-track, and on either side of this, as far as I could see ahead, there were two broad ribbons of bright yellow formed by the prairie coreopsis. It took up all the lane, from the wagon-track to the green osage-orange hedges, above which its bright head was often lifted, as if it stood on tip-toe, for a look over; and beyond the hedges, in the meadows, right and left, were blotches of the same gay yellow, covering acres and acres. The strong colors of the prairie blossoms, and their unsheltered position, make them striking to the eye.

Many persons think that it is only trees that do not grow on the prairie, but, for every tree or tree-like plant not found there, you miss also a dozen of the smaller kinds of plants. Nearly all the ferns and lichens are absent, and mosses and fungi, as well as most herbs and shrubs.

Although there are great numbers of plants on the prairie proper, they are not of many different kinds; but in the timbered belts of the prairie, and along its rivers, there is more variety.

Wherever there are mountains, many rivers, and forests, there are sure to be also many kinds of plants. New England, with rugged features and large patches of old woods, although in great part cultivated as farm-land, has three times as many varieties of different sorts of plants and animals as can be found in any equal extent of prairie, although the prairie may have greater quantity of its few kinds, by reason of its being vastly more fertile and bathed by a more genial climate.—Yours truly, S. W. K.

THE LETTER-BOX.



MY BIRD-HOUSE.

I HAVE just read the directions for making a bird-house in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877, and feel like setting to work at once to see if I can make anything as pretty as that little picture. But before getting out my hammer and saw, I want to tell you boys and girls about my bird-house, which is a much simpler affair, and would perhaps turn out better, with beginners, than the one already described for you.

My bird-house, by the way, is not my own invention. I read in some newspaper that an oyster-keg made a good bird-house, and an oyster-keg is what you must have in the first place. Most of you know what these kegs are, and can easily get one from some store or some oyster-man. Leave the heads in, and stop up the bung-hole; then cut a round hole, two inches in diameter, in the side, about two inches from the end you design for the floor of your house, and nail this end firmly to a square piece of board large enough to project a couple of inches all round, like a little platform. Next, cover the outside of the keg with pieces of rough bark. If you have a wood-pile to go to, you can probably find logs from which you can pry off wide, curving pieces that will go half round your little house; but if not, you must get smaller bits from trees in the woods, and trim them with a knife to fit side by side; no matter if the joinings are not very close, when the house is fastened on some arbor or trellis, no eyes but the birds' can possibly see the crevices, and they are not critical, bright as they are. Use small brads for nailing on the bark, and if driven in a little on the slant, they will hold the bark more securely. For a roof, nail two wide strips of bark to the upper rim of the keg in such a position that their upper edges will meet to form a gable just in the

middle above the door. It is not necessary to have this roof water-tight, because the head of the keg will keep out the rain; trim off the upper edges of the bark roof-sides so that they will meet closely, but if they do not stay together well, bore a few holes and take several stitches with fine wire, and your work will be better.

The house will look prettier if you make the roof both wide and deep, giving what, in a real house, would be called "overhanging eaves."

Last of all, fill up the open spaces under the gables with bits of bark trimmed to fit, and nailed to the sides of the keg. Now, your bird-house is complete! Nail it on top of the grapearbor, or in the crotch of a tree, and hang a bit of cotton-wool and a few hairs about the door, which the birds will read as we read the sign "To Let," and see if you do not have wrens and blue-birds coming to look at the vacant house, and, at last, some nice little couple "concluding to rent it for the summer."

No matter if your house is not ready until late in the season. I do not think all the birds get to housekeeping before June, and you know, often they build more than one nest in the course of the summer; so, unless there are too many cats about, I think you may be pretty sure of a tenant.

When I made my little house, I had no idea it would last more than one summer, but it has weathered the storms of four winters and still looks well. Every spring the wrens and blue-birds squabble and fight for possession of it, the wrens, I am sorry to say, always coming off conquerors! And every spring I watch the nest-building from my window with great satisfaction.

O'A.

Stockton, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ever so glad that you printed my letter, and the picture of my house, in the January number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I write this to tell you my thanks.

On New Year's day my friend Fannie and I received calls at my house; we had sixteen callers. We gave them coffee, candy, popcorn, macaroons, raisins, oranges and apples.

We had a real nice time.—Your friend, NELLIE LITTLEHALE.

TO C. LINDSLEY, JR.—An article about the house-fly will appear in ST. NICHOLAS before very long, and when it does, you will be able to find in it the answer to your question.

THE illustrated article about "Little Housemaids" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS was prepared after repeated visits to the so-called Kitchen-Garden classes of New York both by the author and the artist. We think all our boys and girls—and their parents, too—will be entertained by the account of this novel school; and we shall be glad if some of our older readers are prompted to take a practical interest in similar work.

Every class of twenty-four scholars at the Kitchen-Garden has four teachers, and a dozen or more classes in New York alone are taught by about fifty volunteers, who have been trained by Miss Huntington herself. There is plenty of room for more schools, and it is a good work for young girls to do, if they have leisure time and fit qualifications at command. The position of servant-girl becomes a grade of honor when once its duties are faithfully learned and cheerfully performed, and it is delightful to think of poor little street waifs being thus led to know the dignity of household service, and helped to enjoy its full benefits.

Miss Huntington has just printed a book by the aid of which any band of girls can start a Kitchen-Garden school in the right way and at almost no expense. No doubt any necessary questions will be cheerfully answered by the lady herself at 125 St. Mark's Place, New York, —though correspondents should bear in mind that her time is very much occupied by daily duties.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a rhyme which came from a young reader and admirer of yours in Wisconsin. The mercury there stood at 30 deg. below zero,—almost too cold for us, here, to imagine. Still, your magazine reaches many who can appreciate the lines if you print them.

S. H. JOHNSON.

THIRTY BELOW ZERO.

We sit and wish
That we, like fish,
Could live beneath the weather;
But sometimes go
To a hole to blow,
And wriggle back together.—LIZZIE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl that lives 'way down in Louisiana; I will tell you how I had the yellow fever this summer.

The yellow fever for a month had been all around us, and we were strictly quarantined from everybody, and never went outside our yard. One afternoon, when my sisters and I were walking up and down the yard, I felt cold and came back to the house and went to bed with a slight headache. The next morning I woke up with the yellow fever; it was late in the day before we could get a doctor to come.

They kept me in bed without allowing me to put my hands outside of the cover, and all the time they were giving me foot-baths and hot bricks to keep up the perspiration; I had nothing but orange-leaf tea and hot lemonade until my fever left me; and it lasted fifty-four hours. I was very sick the second night, but the third night, thanks to the care of a good nurse who sponged me, my fever was broken.

Then they began to give me a little nourishment, a spoonful every two hours; at last, on the tenth day, I was well enough to sit up and be washed, and have my things changed, but it was a whole month before I was allowed to eat dry bread. Does not that seem funny?

My little brother was taken shortly after I was, but, his fever being lighter, he would soon have been well had he not had a relapse. The good God kindly preserved us both and most miraculously spared the rest of our family from taking it.

I shall never forget the dreadful scenes of this summer.

I forgot to say that the very day I was taken sick my ST. NICHOLAS

came and mother read it to me; after the first day the doctor would not let them read to me for a long time, so I often remember those pretty little stories.

EDITH EUSTIS PUGH.

THE stars and star-groups or constellations named in Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's story, "The Boy Astronomer," of which the first part is published this month, will be found fully described and pictured in Professor Richard A. Proctor's illustrated astronomical articles published in ST. NICHOLAS for October and December 1876, and in all the numbers from January to October, 1877, inclusive.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in Professor W. K. Brooks' article, "How Birds Fly," the statement that "birds also make use of the wind to aid them in flight, and by holding their wings inclined like a kite, so that the wind shall slide out under them, they can sail long distances without flapping their wings at all," etc. Is this correct in the sense here used?

Wind is air in motion in relation to objects on the earth's surface; while it is the motion, or velocity of birds in relation to the air which enables them to sail as described.

Professor Brooks remarks that the principle of this sailing is the same as the flight of a kite. This is true. The bird's inertia acts the same to it as the string acts to the kite. But the inertia of the bird is the same whether the bird is in motion and the air is at rest, or whether the bird remains "stationary" with the air in motion. Hence, the state of the air, whether at rest or in motion, has nothing to do with the number of minutes a bird can sail. The Professor also said that the wind drove the bird upward, and at the same time forward. If this were the case, why could not the bird sail as long as the wind lasted? I have always been told that no matter how great a gale is blowing, to persons sailing through the air in a balloon there always seems to be a perfect calm, unless, indeed, when the balloon suddenly passes from one current of air into another. Is this not so with birds floating in the air?

Can it be otherwise, since they sail equally well in all directions? Hoping you do not disapprove of my stating my views, I remain your reader,

EDWARD C. MERSHON.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: My young correspondent seems to be able to think out for himself the problem of flight, and I know that if he will examine the subject again, watching the flight of birds, especially of the larger water-birds, with and against the wind, he will find that many of them are good sailers. He must bear in mind, though, that a bird is not a light body floating in the air like a balloon, but is heavy, and does not float, and that its weight, pulling it down upon the air beneath its wings, is the most important of the forces which drive it forward.—Yours truly,

W. K. BROOKS.

Orange, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just heard this true story of two little girls, children of the principal of a boys' school.

They had always been in the habit of playing boys' games, and knew nothing of the delights of dolls. When they were three and four years old, their mother, thinking it a shame that they did not know how to play dolls, bought one for each of them. She spent the whole morning in teaching them to play. After a time she left them, thinking that they would be all right. When she came back, she found them using one of the dolls for a ball, playing "One old cat." The girl that had the bat was saying, "Pitch me a low one, Jennie," and the other replied, "No, Carrie, now it's my innings."—Yours truly,

E. S. M.

EXPLANATION OF THE FROZEN PUZZLE.

(See March "Letter-Box" for the Puzzle.)

THE wires supporting the ice, in the frozen puzzle, melt the ice where they touch it, and it settles down, upon and around them, by its own weight. The wires, being very slender, melt only narrow, shallow grooves which they leave in the ice behind them. The water, running down from the ice, gathers in these grooves, and, being surrounded by the ice and protected from the air, the water freezes again, and thus closes up the grooves just as fast as the wires cut into the ice. Re-freezing like this happens whenever two wet surfaces of ice come close together, and we call it "regelation." It is this property of regelation that explains some of the strange movements of those great rivers of ice called "glaciers." Men used to think the ice bent and twisted round the sharp corners as it slipped down its crooked valleys. Now they know that ice never bends, but that the

ice-river breaks and re-freezes, breaks and re-freezes, into new shapes, again and again, under this strange process of regelation. Lumps of ice swimming in hot water and touching one another, will freeze together in this way.

Break up some ice into small bits, close your hand tightly over a number of them, and plunge the fist into warm water. Hold it in the water a moment; then take it out and open the fingers, and you will find the bits of ice frozen together into a single lump.

AN AUDACIOUS young contributor sends us the following picture and juggle:



This figure
Is a nigure,
Made sick
By a brick.

EDWARD C. M. will find most of his questions more than answered in the article entitled "Little Puritans" which opens the present number.

As to the voyage of the "Mayflower,"—the ship left Delfthaven, Holland, in July, 1620, and did not cast anchor off the shore of the New World until December 11 of the same year. The children on board must indeed have been tired of their five months' voyage, cooped up with so many stern-looking men and sad-faced women in such a little vessel. Why, there are disagreeables enough even nowadays, in a nine-days' trip by a fine ocean steamship! However, the little Puritan boys no doubt had some good times in the few sunny hours of their weary journey, for sailors were fun-loving folk even in those days of hard, solemn living.

The voyagers left home in the middle of the beautiful summer, to come to a land about which they had heard little besides pleasant things; and they tossed and rolled and struggled through those long months of storm and calm, slowly buffeting their way to the home that was so bright in their fancy, only to land, one bleak wintry day, beneath a leaden sky, upon a rocky shore where there were no kind friends to welcome them into snug houses, but danger and want, and fierce red-skinned savages, to meet them. How disappointed all of them must have been! And yet, no doubt they were glad to land, and walk about, and feel the firm earth under foot once more.

LOISEL PAPIN.—Hobson was a keeper of a large livery-stable in the university town of Cambridge, England, in his time the center of a famous fox-hunting district. He let out horses for hire, and, as he had none but good horses, he was well patronized, especially by students from the university. The customers used to haggle about terms, and some never would have any horses but the particular ones they liked, so the hostlers were bribed, some horses were overworked, others not worked at all, and vexatious quarrels sprang up, giving the stable a bad name. To cure these troubles, Hobson at last decided to have but one scale of prices, and made a rule that any person who should wish to hire a horse of his, must either take the one that came next in order in the stable or go without. After that, these

regulations were never broken, and the stubborn old fellow became rich as well as famous on account of them and of the goodness of his horses.

And now, whenever you are obliged to take some one thing of a number, or else to go without, you are said to have "Hobson's choice."

Elmira, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: The inclosed metrical rendering by S. Young of a little incident in a nursery school of this city seems to me to have merit.—I am, yours respectfully,

THOS. K. BRECHER.

A CRUMB.

THERE were nine mothers'-darlings all gathered for school,
Where they learned to sit still for ten minutes by rule;
There was one little boy who three crackers had brought;
For eating was better than lessons, he thought;
When recess time came, then he brought out his lunch,
But eight other wee mouths there had nothing to munch.
We had always supposed his stomach was all
The organ he had, for his body was small;
But we were mistaken; for we did not know
That a generous heart was beginning to grow;
First he looked all around, then he nodded his head,
And "shevived" his crackers,—that's just what he said,
And those nine little people were every one fed.
Will some of our wise men, when given to thought,
Please to tell what they think? Was a miracle wrought?
For the boy and the crackers were both very small,
But I saw for myself, there was plenty for all.
If we all were as ready as he to "shevide,"
If we looked all around with our eyes open wide,
If we did what we could to feed all that we meet,
And were willing to learn as a child at His feet,
Why might not many "wonderful works" now be done
Every day 'twixt the rising and setting of sun.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Mabel Jenks and her brother—Lucy R. and Ella Robinson—Tecumseh—Edward Vultee—"Tulpohecken"—W. E. Ward—O. C. Turner—each of whom answered all the puzzles correctly. Answers were received also from Fanny Seaver—J. Arnot Palmer—Bessie Hard—Jesse Robertson—C. Dorsey Gioninger—Albert T. Emery—Florence Wilcox—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—M. E. L. and Y. T. L.—Archard D. Tillett—Daisy Wakelee—Flavel S. Mines—"H. M. S. Pinafore and Baby Mine"—Fannie M. Beck—Otho F. Humphreys—"The Mr. Flint Man"—"Fordyce Aimée"—Mabel Gordon—John V. L. Pierson—Dora N. Babbitt—Agnes Nicholson—Freddie T. Kraft—Florence Wilcox—Camille Giraud—Golden-haired Flaxie—A. T. Stoutenburg—Severn P. Allnutt—Mary G. Arnold—Frankie T. Benedict—Fannie F. Smith and A. F. Freeman—Harry Noel—Stephen Wray—Bertha Potts—Bessie S. Hosmer—Maggie J. Gemmill—Willie H. Meeker—Bertie H. Jackson—R. R. Blydenburgh—Bessie and Constance Myer—Bessie C. Barney—James F. Bullitt—Katie Burnett—Sarah Gallett—Harold Bald—Bertha E. Kesterstein—Ronald K. Brown—Frances Hunter—Edward Roome—A. H. Howard.

Eggroe Nohairs sends proof showing that the Domino Puzzle in the February number may be solved in 40,320 different ways; and F. H. R. explains how 5,040 solutions may be made. Following are the names of the other answerers, and the numbers of solutions they sent: Forty solutions; James F. Bullitt—Sixteen solutions; H. W. Blake—Twelve solutions; O. C. Turner—Eight solutions; William R. Springer.

Seven solutions; Hattie A. Connor—Bessie C. Barney.

Four solutions; Georgie J. Anderson.

Three solutions; Jessie Robertson—K. Hartley—Belle Cole—Mabel Gordon—W. E. Ward.

Two solutions; Lucy R. and Ella Robinson—Belle and Kittie Matson—Mabel G. Buffington—Flora A. Crane—Bertie H. Jackson.

One solution; A. E. Davis—Fanny Seaver—J. M. Roberts, Jun.—"Helen"—Helen A. Deakin—Florence Cleaver—Fanny Elliott—Emma C. Fitch—Nallie Colvin—Fred Wanner—Helen L. Rogers—Frank S. Clarke—Samuel Adams—Albert H. Barrows—Charlie Blauvelt—Seth Hayes—Mabel Jenks and her brother—Willie F. Preston—Alice M. Harding—W. Tiptitt Mausan—Will Whitford—Ned Whitford—Eddie S. Stetson—Bessie and Hattie Faulkner—Florence Wilcox—Freddie Shirley—Frankie Hart—"Hobart"—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—M. E. L. and Y. T. L.—Nellie M. Cunningham—Fanny Eaton—Fred L. Bancroft—"H. M. S. Pinafore and Baby Mine"—Fannie M. Beck—Otho F. Humphreys—"J. M. A."—Georgie Kohler—Howard T. Garrett—Tecumseh—Edward Vultee—Seward M. Coe—Walter J. Connor—C. B. Keeler—Louisa W. Kirkland—H. R. T.—Helen Ristein—Agnes Nicholson—"Arrowroot"—Jas. Walter Turner—A. T. Stoutenburg—Laura C. Iown—Harry K. Zust—Frank Dennis—Harry Burrows—Mary F. Hitchcock—"Tulpohecken"—May Parsons—Harry Noel—Flora Jones—Willie J. Warner—Willie H. Meeker—Vee Cornwell—Joseph B. Brock—R. R. Blydenburgh—P. L. Smith—Freddie Willets—R. Bishop—C. C. Gallup.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In unconstitutional. 2. Human beings. 3. A sour fruit. 4. A negative word. 5. In superincumbent.

VERY EASY ENIGMA.

My first is in cotton, but not in silk;
My second in water, but not in milk.
My third is in noble, but not in peer.
My fourth is in sword, but not in spear.
My fifth is in mail, but not in post.
My sixth is in slide, but not in coast.
And now you will see, if you rede this aright,
My whole is something which gives you light.

E. G. W.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

1. SYNCOPATE a thread-like substance and leave to shoot. 2. Syncopate the shore and leave expense. 3. Syncopate the name of a wise Greek and leave shortly. 4. Syncopate part of a flower and leave a loud sound. 5. Syncopate tumult and leave part of the face. 6. Syncopate a round roof and leave an animal. 7. Syncopate to languish and leave to fall. 8. Syncopate a kind of play and leave part of the head. 9. Syncopate a relative and leave a city of Lombardy. The syncopated letters, read in order, name an American sea-port.

A. B.

SHORT-WORD METAGRAM.

1. I FLOAT upon the water, and my parts are a drink, a person, and a shout. 2. Change the drink into a river, and I become what a man did in search for buried treasure. 3. Change the river into a vegetable, and I become an impudent-looking animal. 4. Change the vegetable into an insect and I become another insect. 5. Change the insect into a bird and I become a vessel, such as is celebrated in a popular Irish song. 6. Change the bird into a pet name for a girl and I become a drinking-vessel. 7. Change the pet name into a French measure of surface, and I become a kind of carpet. 8. Change it into another measure, and I become an ear. 9. Turn the person into the name of the first tone in the minor musical scale, and I become a game or label. 10. Let the shout become an insect, and I change to an article useful to washerwomen.

CUTTER.

FRENCH BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD mirth and leave a bird. 2. Behead a handsome girl and leave a personal pronoun. 3. Behead to own and leave to perceive. 4. Behead a shining body and leave one. 5. Behead a tempest and leave great anger. 6. Behead poor-looking and leave sour. 7. Behead a part of the body and leave another part of it. 8. Behead disdain and leave enchanted. 9. Behead to seize and leave to restore. 10. Behead part of the face and leave a personal pronoun. 11. Behead a domestic animal and leave a drink. 12. Behead a wise person and leave a preposition.

HOPE.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

THE answer is an adage very pleasant to remember when work is done. Every other letter is omitted.

"A-L-O-K-N-N-Y-A-M-K-S-A-K-D-L-B-Y."

K. B.

NEW WORD-PUZZLES.

In each of the following sentences, fill up the blanks with words that complete the sense, taking care that the words themselves, when joined to form one word, agree with the definition that follows the sentence. Thus:

Example: Ask Bridget if she will come on washing-day — — — for me. Definition: An old-time utensil for holding an open fire in place.

In this example, the blanks must be filled with the words "and iron," which complete the sense, and which, when joined, — forming the word "andiron," — agree with the definition that follows the sentence.

1. I came to — — — of your beautiful flowers, as I have none at all. Definition: Depart.

2. "Look at my hair," said Grandma; "this — — — has silvered already." Definition: Toll paid for passing from one level of a canal to another.

3. Let that — — — home; he is of no use here! Definition: An East-Indian fruit, usually pickled when exported to the United States.

4. Oh — oh — oh! I really don't see why my teeth — — —! Definition: A form of beard.

5. You, my poetic friend, are desired to prepare an — — — music to be recited on examination day. Definition: A name given by the ancient Greeks to a theater used for literary or musical purposes. People nowadays occasionally make a similar use of the name.

6. When those shares are at — — — care to sell out. Definition: To take one's portion with other folk.

7. — — —, that girl next to you," said the teacher; "and tell her not to tilt her chair." Definition: A small vase or dish.

8. His debts he never will — — — though he is to discharge them all at any time. Definition: Due.

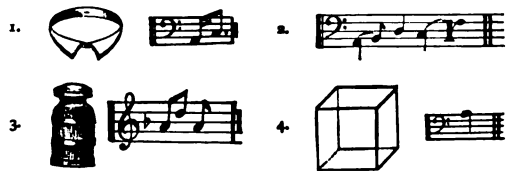
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer contains twenty-five letters, and is a quotation from Young's "Night Thoughts."

1. The 1, 16, 4, 24 is a girl's name. 2. The 7, 11, 22, 19, is an ornamental vessel. 3. The 10, 15, 3, 14, is a journey for pleasure. 4. The 13, 8, 1, 5, is a small animal, useful in gardens. 5. The 17, 23, 6, 2, is a sign of some event which is to happen. 6. The 20, 9, 12, 6, is a trick or stratagem. 7. The 25, 21, 18, 19, is a small silver coin.

ISOLA.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.



SQUARE-WORD BLANKS.

"ONE day, in former times, a — — — was dining with an eminent state official in Venice, and was enjoying a highly-seasoned — — —, when his elegant — — — flashed in the sunlight, and, unfortunately, caught the eye of the — — — himself: 'unfortunately,' for next day came a polite message from the grasping ruler, and the brilliant ornament changed owners."

In the above sentence, fill the four blanks with words of four letters each and suited to the sense. The words thus used, if written down one below another in the order of their appearance in the sentence, will form a word-square, and, reading across, beginning at the top, will have the following meanings: 1. One who is in a position of responsibility: a title derived from Anglo-Saxon words meaning "bread-keeper." 2. A dish of boiled or stewed meat: a collection of various musical pieces. 3. A hoop. 4. The title of a magnate of Italy in former times.

B.

EASY ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams contains the letters used to form a name marked upon all school-maps of North America. The problem is to re-arrange the letters of each anagram in such a way that they will spell correctly the name which has to be found.

1. Aid Nina. 2. African oil. 3. A Balaam. 4. Asses must chat. 5. Ask Abner. 6. Thorn in a coral. 7. O, no such a trial! 8. Nine atoms. 9. Sin in cows.

W.

TWO TRIPLE ACROSTICS.

I. READING ACROSS: 1. A vehicle. 2. Bustle. 3. To step quickly. Primals: A carriage. Finals: The French word for good. Centrals: A girl's name. Primals and Finals connected: Charcoal.

II. READING ACROSS: 1. A Hebrew dry measure. 2. Fuss. 3. A boy's name. Primals: A truck on wheels. Finals: A lad. Centrals: Trouble. Primals and Finals connected: A large enclosed bottle used for carrying chemicals.

C. D.

REBUS.



THE answer is a common proverb containing five words. The upper picture must be read first, then the pictures at the bottom from left to right. The central picture represents the whole proverb put in practice.

S. A. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Let there be light.” 1. Light. 2. Ether. 3. Betel.

COUPLET.—Though thou art fair, I love thee not.
Not heed my prayer, Beauty? For what?

DIALOGUE NAME-PUZZLE.—The names of the twelve authors are: Dickens, Shakspeare, Dante, Martineau, Defoe, Hawthorne, Beranger, Bulwer Lytton, Berthold Auerbach, Carlyle, Chaucer, Holmes. The names of the six personages mentioned in the works of some of the authors are: Pelham, *compel hammering*, Bulwer Lytton; Lear, *miserable arrangement*, Shakspeare; Beatrice, *be at rice*, Dante; Man Friday, *man, Friday* last, Defoe; Barkis, *dog's bark is*, Dickens; Sterling, *youngster lingering*, Carlyle.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—William Cullen Bryant. 1. Lily. 2. Wilt. 3. Nun. 4. Camel. 5. Bar.

COMPOUND SQUARE.—

C L A N E W S
L I V E V I L
A V O W I D E
N E W S L E D
E B A L A N E
W A N E N D S
S L E D E S K

DIAGONAL DIAMOND.—

A S U
P U S A F
E N E S I D F
D A R E A
E Y U
N

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—Across: 1. S. 2. FOE. 3. RaBbi. 4. NEB. R. Down: 1. R. 2. FAN. 3. SoBer. 4. EBB. 5. I.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Reflections. — CROSS-WORD.—Water. SQUARE-WORD.—1. Duck. 2. Upon. 3. Code. 4. Knee.

HIDDEN SHAKSPEARIAN SENTENCE.—“The evil that men do lives after them.” *Julius Caesar*, Act iii., sc. 2. *Yet he*. Hence, villain. *Not hate. Me now. Cord or. Live she. Hereafter. The meanest.* — PICTURE PUZZLE.—“Try, try again!”

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.—1. Webster. 2. Scott. 3. Gay. 4. Baillie. 5. Hood. 6. Sheridan. 7. Emmett. 8. Lamb. 9. Wordsworth. 10. Child. 11. Gray. 12. Crabbe. 13. Paine. 14. Longfellow. 15. Prior. 16. Brooke. 17. Cook. 18. Pope. 19. Burns. 20. Swift. 21. Bacon. 22. Lowell. 23. Coleridge. 24. Sterne. 25. Goldsmith. — CHARADE.—Fraudulent.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC ENIGMA.—Initials: Moon. Finals: Tide. Cross-words: 1. Mendican T. 2. Ossoll. 3. Onward. 4. Nightingale. TWENTY-FOUR CONCEALED ANIMALS.—1. Dog, *old Oglethorpe's*. 2. Ape, *a pebble*. 3. Lemur, *little murmuring*. 4. Toad, *into a dark*. 5. Loris, *lo's rising*. 6. Wapiti, *saw a pitiful*. 7. Camel, *came limping*. 8. Stag, *staggering*. 9. Bear, *be a rat*. 10. Chamois, *such a moist*. 11. Sable, *seems able*. 12. Goat, *to go at*. 13. Sloth, *appears loth*. 14. Doe, *do even*. 15. Rabbit, *land-crab hit*. 16. Lion, *shall I? On second*. 17. Eland, *little landing*. 18. Yak, *fly a kite*. 19. Fawn, *half-sawing*. 20. Cat, *to catch*. 21. Fox, *stiff ex-goad*. 22. Elk, *caramel Kate*. 23. Hyena, *“Oa ye nations.”* 24. Ass, *in as startling*.

For list of the answerers of the February Puzzles, see “Letter-Box.”

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**DO NOT REMOVE
OR
MUTILATE CARD**

